The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

AUGUST

25c

Clara Bow

HELP SAVE CLARA BOW!

Is Gloria's Glamor Gone?

SWANSON'S

Own Frank Opinion of her

FUTURE

NEW MEN WANTED *in Hollywood*

TANGEE

world famous because of its Marvelous Color Principle

IN an amazing way, TANGEE changes color as you apply it to your lips . . . and blends perfectly with your own *natural, individual* coloring. It is the *one* perfect lipstick for blonde, brunette or red-head!

You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. In truth it is, for TANGEE is permanent and leaves no coating or greasy smear!

Unlike other lipsticks, TANGEE has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing to the lips. And it outlasts several ordinary lipsticks!

New! *Tangee* Theatrical, *a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.*

TANGEE LIPSTICK $1. The same marvelous color principle in ROUGE COMPACT, 75c . . . CRÊME ROUGE, the most natural and most permanent of all rouges, $1. TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, $1. TANGEE NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. TANGEE DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, $1. TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-Up"

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Address.....

TRANSATLANTIC
THRILLS let loose in a super-whirlwind, on a gigantic ocean greyhound. Love and dalliance, intrigue and millions. Edmund Lowe, a gallant gambler, guarding the gorgeous Lois Moran through the tangled plots of a gang of gunmen. Radio ruin for John Halliday, as a banker at play with a famous dancer—the fascinating Greta Nissen. Gilded, glamorous, dangerous life in the palatial maze of a liner in mid-Atlantic. A great masterpiece of direction by William K. Howard—a supreme creation of heart-gripping suspense—and a voyage of superb adventure.
FOX

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

August, 1931

Vol. XXIII, No. 4

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The

GIRL

Hollywood

FEARS

Who is she?

And why does Hollywood fear her?

You'll find out in the next issue of SCREENLAND —September, on sale August first.

Don't miss this glamorous feature!

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Printed in the U. S. A.

Maurice Chevalier in ERNST Lubitsch's

"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT"

a Paramount 20th Birthday JUBILEE *Triumph*

Based upon "The Waltz Dream" by Leopold Jacobson and Felix Dormann, and the novel, "Nux Der Prinzgemahl" by Hans Muller.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

CHARLIE RUGGLES MIRIAM HOPKINS

Music by OSCAR STRAUS

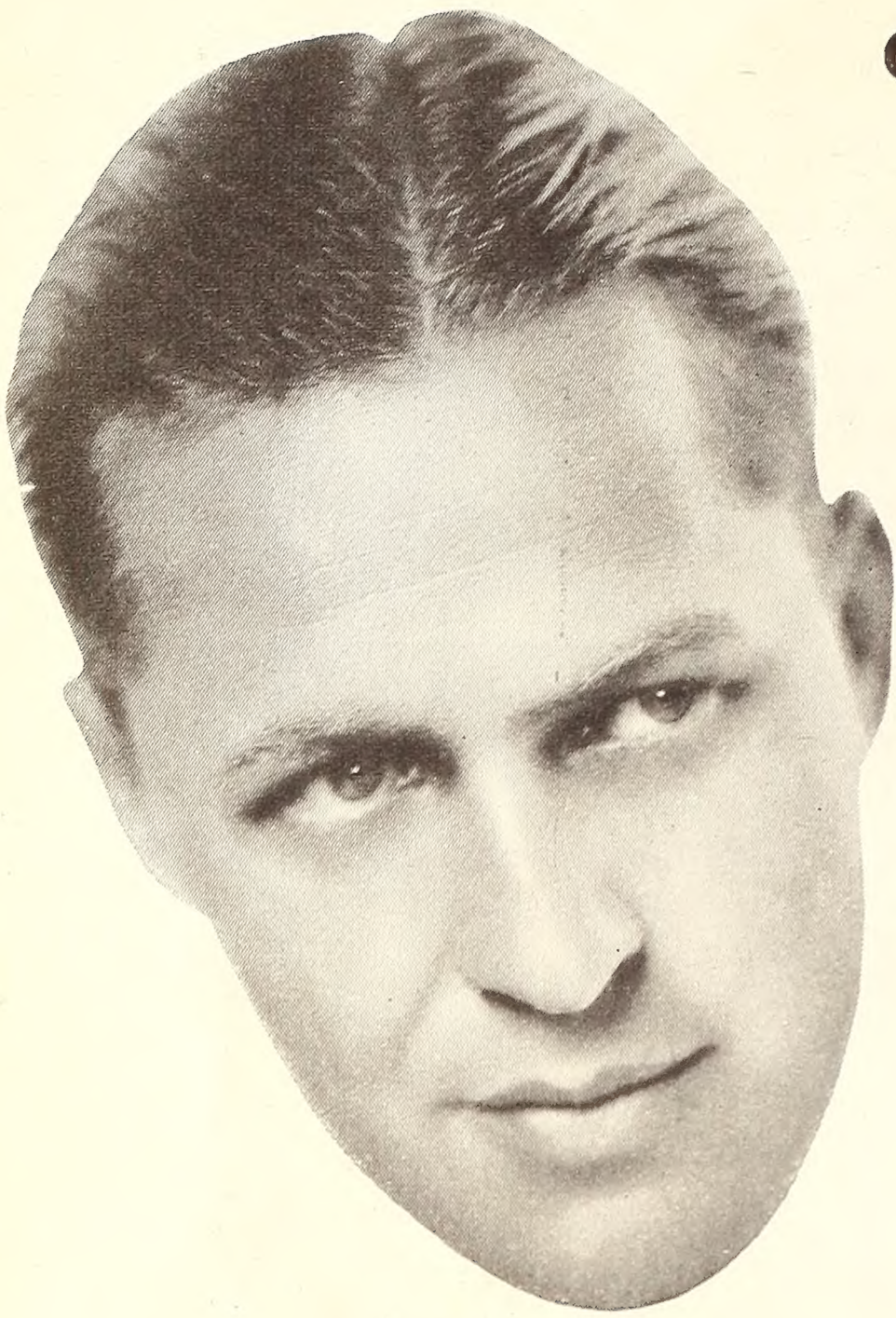
Irresistible! Gay Maurice, debonair as ever, laughing his way in and out of love as beautiful Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins play at hearts with him. Produced by Ernst Lubitsch, whose sure deft touch and surprise situations make his pictures such a delight. You'll go out of the theatre feeling happy as a lark, a sparkle in your eyes, a song in your heart. It's *that* kind of a picture—don't miss it! "*If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

REVUETTES

Let SCREENLAND help you select your film fare—read these Revuettes and let your good sense be your guide!



A new screen hero—Robert (Bobby to you) Jones, who stars in a series of twelve short features entitled "How I Play Golf." This is a new type of sports short, and stars such as Richard Barthelmess, Joe E. Brown and Zelma O'Neal, appear with Bobby. These features are amusing as well as instructive.

Make this your guide to the worth-while screenplays. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval. See page 93 for complete casts of current films

Class A:

★ **A FREE SOUL.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Mark up another winner for Norma Shearer. A modern, adult picture with Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Leslie Howard supporting the star.*

★ **CITY STREETS.** *Paramount.* A thrilling gangster story packed with action, and with Gary Cooper at his best and Sylvia Sidney, new and interesting, as the heroine.

★ **DIRIGIBLE.** *Columbia.* Spectacular air thrills with an interesting story well acted. Ralph Graves, Fay Wray and Jack Holt present the eternal triangle.

★ **FAME.** *Warner Brothers.* You'll be sorry if you miss this nicely acted and directed picture about nice, human people. Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon are excellent.*

★ **IRON MAN.** *Universal.* A plausible romance of the ring with Lew Ayres taking it on the chin from his unfaithful wife, Jean Harlow. Robert Armstrong, as the prize-fighter's manager, is excellent.

★ **SEED.** *Universal.* An intensely human mother love and triangle drama with John Boles, Genevieve Tobin and Lois Wilson doing brilliant work.*

★ **SKIPPY.** *Paramount.* Grand entertainment for the whole family. Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan are delightful. Don't miss this one.

★ **SMART MONEY.** *Warner Brothers.* Thrills and plenty of action, and lots of humor, too. Edward G. Robinson is grand as usual and Evalyn Knapp is the girl.*

★ **SVENGALI.** *Warner Brothers.* John Barrymore in his greatest rôle. Marian Marsh is an enchanting *Trilby.* See this first-rate picture.

★ **THE MILLIONAIRE.** *Warner Brothers.* Another George Arliss film treat which you'll enjoy thoroughly. Evalyn Knapp and David Manners supply the romance.

★ **THE FRONT PAGE.** *United Artists.* A high voltage newspaper yarn packed with laughs and thrills. Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Edward Everett Horton and Mary Brian are splendid.

★ **THE SMILING LIEUTENANT.** *Paramount.* Zat charming Maurice Chevalier in a uniform again—but this isn't quite up to "The Love Parade." Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins assist the star.*

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID.** *Radio.* A potent underworld drama with Richard Dix and Jackie Cooper giving great performances. Marion Shilling is the feminine interest.*

Class B:

ALWAYS GOODBYE. *Fox.* Elissa Landi's personality shines in this crook drama. However, the entire cast is good, too—Lewis Stone, Beryl Mercer, Paul Cavanaugh and John Garrick.*

BACHELOR APARTMENT. *Radio.* A naughty bachelor, Lowell Sherman, falls in love with a nice stenographer, Irene Dunne, and marries her after many complications. Mae Murray is in the cast, too.

BORN TO LOVE. *RKO-Pathé.* A commonplace story with Constance Bennett doing her best to make it interesting. Joel McCrea has the masculine lead.*

CAPTAIN THUNDER. *Warner Brothers.* All about a chivalrous bandit played by Victor Varconi. Fay Wray and Don Alvarado also ran. Fair.

DAYBREAK. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A nice romantic tale of a student prince and a girl of the people. Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler are the charming hero and heroine.

DOCTORS' WIVES. *Fox.* A sophisticated drama with no action or comedy relief. Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett do their utmost but have thankless parts.

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE. *Radio.* Robert Woolsey minus his side-kick, Bert Wheeler, tickles the customers with this one. Anita Louise and John Darrow are the love interest.

HELL BOUND. *Columbia.* A racketeer film with a different angle. Leo Carrillo, Lola Lane and Lloyd Hughes present the usual triangle.*

INDISCRETION. *United Artists.* One of those "should a woman tell" tales—but it isn't drama, it's practically all comedy. Gloria Swanson, Arthur Lake, Barbara Kent and Ben Lyon are present.*

IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A merry and risqué film with Marion Davies heading a fine cast including James Gleason, Marie Prevost, Polly Moran and Lester Vail.*

KICK IN. *Paramount.* Clara Bow gives a grand dramatic performance in her best talker to date. It's a crook yarn with Regis Toomey and Leslie Fenton featured.*

LADIES' MAN. *Paramount.* "Just a gigolo" but William Powell makes this rather depressing film interesting. Carole Lombard, Kay Francis and Olive Tell are the feminine contingent.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* An out-moded story saved by Leslie Howard's good performance. Conchita Montenegro is an interesting heroine.*

PARTY HUSBAND. *Warner Brothers.* A hackneyed plot, with Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie trying to make a go of marriage on the "modern" plan—each leading a free life.

SHIPMATES. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Robert Montgomery is in the navy now. If you're a violent Montgomery see it, otherwise don't rush. Dorothy Jordan is a very pleasing heroine.*

SIX CYLINDER LOVE. *Fox.* This is as old-fashioned as a horse and buggy; however, Spencer Tracy, as a high-powered automobile salesman, peps things up a bit. William Collier, Sr., and Sidney Fox are among those present.

SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Columbia.* Murder in the subway. A plausible mystery story with Jack Holt, Aileen Pringle, and Jason Robards as the principal players.

** Reviewed in this issue.*

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND'S *seal of approval.*

(*Continued on page 106*)

$2,500 in prizes! Enter our Star Shadow contest and see if you can be one of the twenty winners. See page 35

BARBARA

STANWYCK

IN

NIGHT NURSE

BEN LYON
JOAN BLONDELL

From the novel *Night Nurse* by Dora Macy . . . . Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett . . . . Additional dialogue by Charles Kenyon . . . . Directed by WILLIAM WELLMAN

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

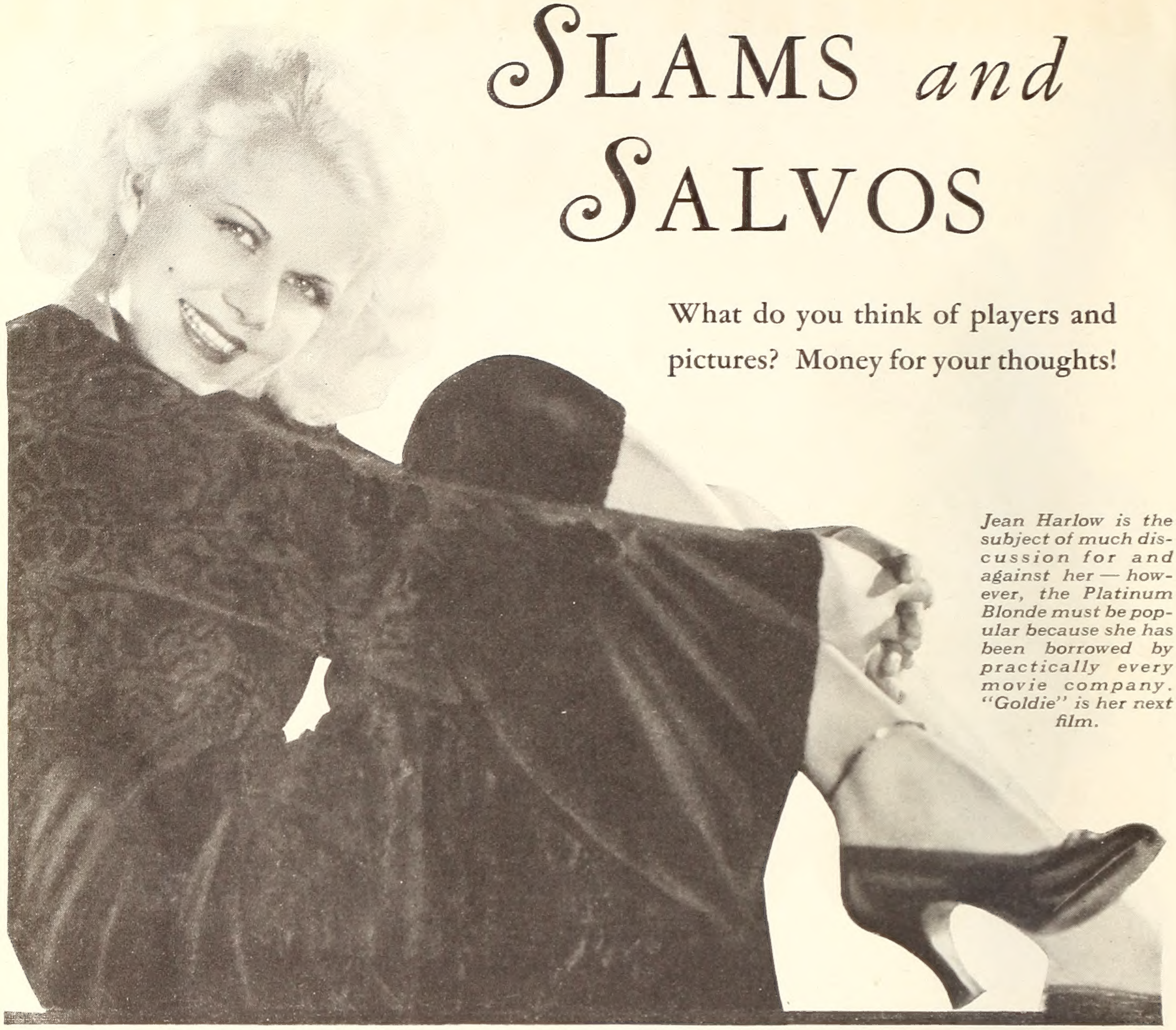
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Utterly revealing! *Night Nurse*, by the author of *Ex-Mistress*, is a human document—the story of the woman who must do men's bidding in the long watches of the night . . . After the first hundred shocks nothing gets under her skin . . . She learns how to take them or to laugh them off . . . A nurse's thousand and one nights! . . . Not to be missed! . . .

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

SLAMS *and* SALVOS

What do you think of players and pictures? Money for your thoughts!



Jean Harlow is the subject of much discussion for and against her — however, the Platinum Blonde must be popular because she has been borrowed by practically every movie company. "Goldie" is her next film.

The most sincere and constructive letter will win the first prize of $20.00. Second prize, $15.00. Third prize, $10.00. And there's a fourth prize of $5.00. All winning letters, not over 150 words, will be printed. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month. Address Slams and Salvos Department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

MOVIE MAGIC
(First Prize Letter)

I am a beautiful, desirable and cultured young woman. Gorgeous clothes adorn my slim, seductive body. My hair is smartly done, my hands are long and tapering with exquisitely tended nails and my voice is low and sweet. For two evenings a week and thirty-five cents I am what most every young girl dreams of being—a charming person.

This is a letter of gratitude, a letter of thanks to the persons who make it possible for me to receive such value for my money.

In reality I am a rather ordinary young wife and mother. But twice a week I forget all about trying to make a very small allowance cover very large demands and grasp thirty-five cents in my hands and hie me to our community theatre where I become a charming heroine of a charming world.

Robin Adair,
3800 14th St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

A CLARA BOW RALLY
(Second Prize Letter)

"Clara Bow!" Those two words seem to be stretched across every newspaper in the country at the present time. They tell the story of a young girl who has been betrayed by her friends in whom she had confidence. A girl who has contributed to the screen some of the finest performances ever witnessed, both in the field of comedy and drama.

Who will ever forget her as the dazzling flapper in "Black Oxen" and "Mantrap," or her fine dramatic performance in "Ladies of the Mob"? They were all portrayed by a girl who had neither stage experience nor lessons in the art of acting but who was richly endowed with that natural born talent which is so scarce among movie stars.

Come on, all you Clara Bow fans, stand by your favorite and wish her a speedy recovery and bigger and better rôles in the field of drama.

Boden A. Daniels,
91 Eighth Avenue,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOVIES—A TONIC
(Third Prize Letter)

Nobody can deny that the movies are:—
A comfort to the distressed.
A cordial to the heart-sick and home-sick.
An example to the foolish.
And sometimes a restraint to the wicked.

Nothing but the movies can so conduce cheerfulness, and everyone knows what a tonic is good cheer. Movies leave us comforted and gay. They are friends when we are alone. They make us feel keenly the magic and mystery of beautiful things. Bringing us in contact with all the wonders that our unlimited imagination craves, and our limited resources too often deny us. Helping us to acquire knowledge and self-development which comes only by contact with the finer things of life. Giving us the courage of our dreams, and the faith to look for the happiness that lies just around the corner.

Mrs. W. W. Geraughty,
1412 Central Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

(*Continued on page 98*)

DOROTHY MACKAILL

in

THE RECKLESS HOUR

WITH CONRAD NAGEL - H.B. WARNER

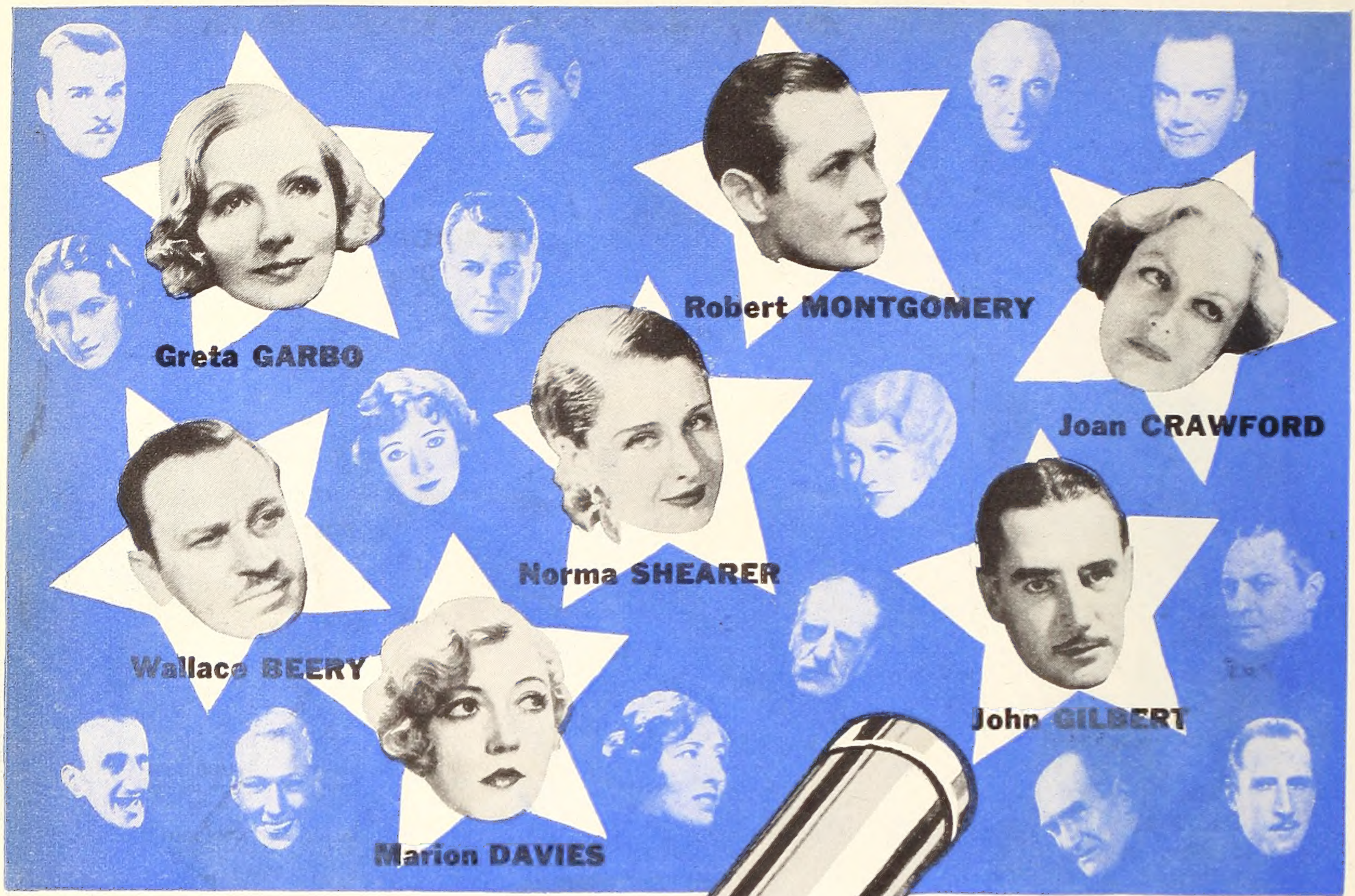
JOAN BLONDELL
WALTER BYRON
JOE DONAHUE
DOROTHY PETERSON

Based on Arthur Richman's play, Ambush. Adapted by Florence Ryerson
A John Francis Dillon Production

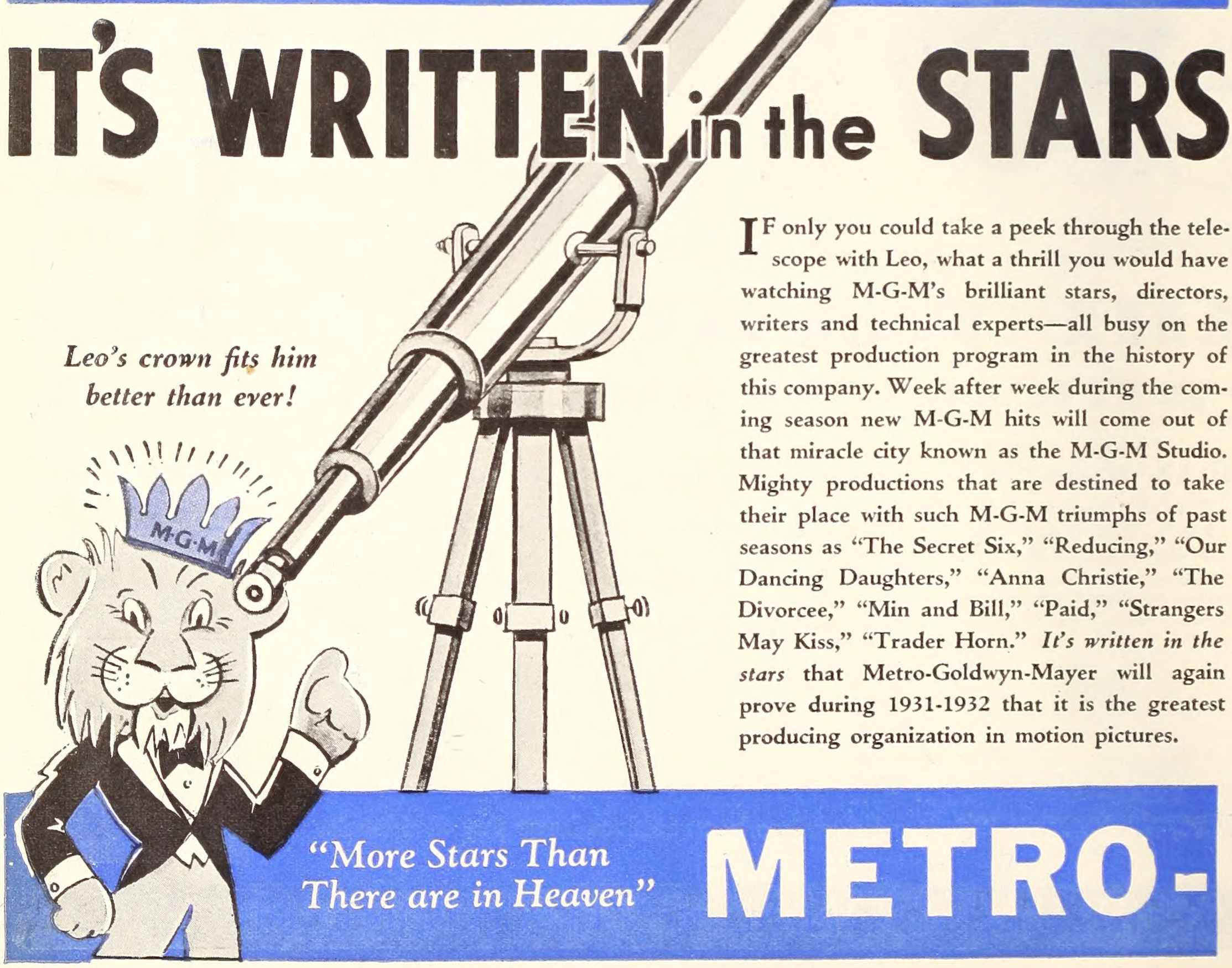
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Love and lies lead her to the reckless hour with one man—to marriage with another . . . Too proud to accept a marriage bargain, she pays the check, and sets out to collect from the world of men . . . But her desires are stronger than her hate. Gorgeously gowned Dorothy Mackaill as the model who makes her reckless hour pay dividends.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



IT'S WRITTEN in the STARS

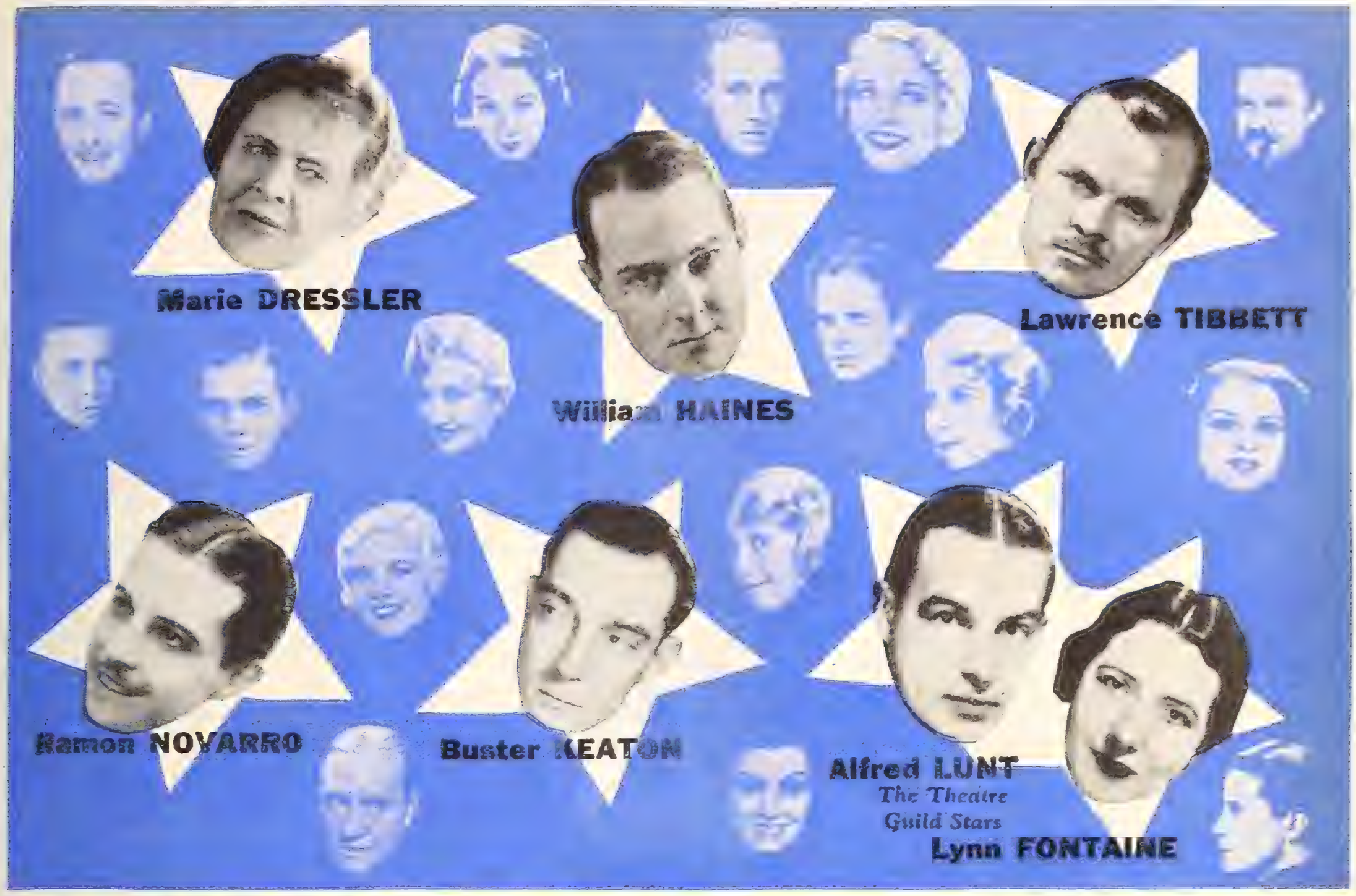


Leo's crown fits him better than ever!

IF only you could take a peek through the telescope with Leo, what a thrill you would have watching M-G-M's brilliant stars, directors, writers and technical experts—all busy on the greatest production program in the history of this company. Week after week during the coming season new M-G-M hits will come out of that miracle city known as the M-G-M Studio. Mighty productions that are destined to take their place with such M-G-M triumphs of past seasons as "The Secret Six," "Reducing," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Anna Christie," "The Divorcee," "Min and Bill," "Paid," "Strangers May Kiss," "Trader Horn." *It's written in the stars* that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again prove during 1931-1932 that it is the greatest producing organization in motion pictures.

"More Stars Than There are in Heaven"

METRO-



1931-1932 Will Be M-G-M's CROWNING GLORY

These famous stars and featured players will make the coming year the greatest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer history:

Marion DAVIES **Wallace BEERY** **Joan CRAWFORD**
Marie DRESSLER **Greta GARBO** **John GILBERT**
William HAINES **Buster KEATON** **Robert MONTGOMERY**
Ramon NOVARRO **Norma SHEARER** **Lawrence TIBBETT**
Alfred LUNT **Lynn FONTAINE**

Dorothy Appleby, Reginald Denny, Neil Hamilton, John Miljan, Irene Purcell, Lionel Barrymore, Kent Douglass, Helen Hayes, Ray Milland, Marjorie Rambeau, Edwin Bartlett, James Durante, Leila Hyams, C. Montenegro, C. Aubrey Smith, William Bakewell, Cliff Edwards, Jean Hersholt, Polly Moran, Ruth Selwyn, Charles Bickford, Phyllis Elgar, Hedda Hopper, Karen Morely, Gus Shy, Lilian Bond, Madge Evans, Leslie Howard, Conrad Nagel, Lewis Stone, Edwina Booth, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan, Ivor Novello, Ernest Torrence, John Mack Brown, Ralph Graves, Joan Marsh, Monroe Owsley, Lester Vail, Janet Currie, Charlotte Greenwood, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page, Robert Young

In stories by the world's most brilliant writers. Directed by men who are making screen history.

You'll Soon APPLAUD

Marion DAVIES
in "Five and Ten"

Norma SHEARER
in "A Free Soul"

Marie DRESSLER
Polly MORAN
in "Politics"

Robert MONTGOMERY
in "The Man in Possession"

Greta GARBO
in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"

and many others

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION · THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

GOLDWYN-MAYER

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will answer your questions about screen plays and players in this department of SCREENLAND. But you must be patient and await your turn. Turn to Page 93 for the casts of current films. See Page 97 for stars' addresses. Please consult these services before asking your questions.

The Girl of the Month—and a lot of other months, too. Constance Bennett keeps right on adding to her army of admirers; and Miss Vee Dee keeps right on answering questions about Connie!

Charles H. Connie Bennett is still unmarried; but you had better watch out for Henry Falaise and Joel McCrea—both—if you are planning to rush Miss Bennett to the altar. But good luck, my boy—she may send you her photograph.

Alice M. Be sure you're right, then go ahead—he who hesitates never gets the big answer from me. Ruth Chatterton has blue eyes and brown hair. Did you know that Ruth has written 25 songs, sang in musical comedy and at one time played in stock with Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric? David Manners has grey-green eyes. His wife is Suzanne Bushnell. Kay Johnson is in "The Single Sin" with Bert Lytell. Kay is married but has no children.

May of Glendale. This business of being all bothered can't sleep at night or snatch a nap or two at the movies, with a generally run-down condition over the movie stars, isn't a joke, is it? Perhaps these lines will take a load off the chest. Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow and Audrey Ferris are all Americans; Norma Shearer is a Canadian, and Greta Garbo is from Stockholm, Sweden. Greta was born Sept. 18, 1906. For March and April birthdays of the players, consult those same issues of SCREENLAND.

Madeline D. All the grand things you say about my department are true, but I'm far too modest to admit it. Joan Crawford weighs 110 pounds; Billie Dove, 115 pounds and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. Marion Davies weighs 120 pounds. Myrna Loy is 5 feet 6 inches tall. Kay Francis weighs 112 pounds and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. Kay was born on Friday, January 13, but doesn't tell what year.

Vivian R. So you've heard a lot about me—just as I thought, even my best friends would tell me. Sue Carol is 22, Nancy Carroll is 24, Alice White is 23, Helen Kane is 22 and Nick Stuart is 25 years old. Sue Carol is the wife of Nick Stuart; Nancy Carroll's husband is Jack Kirkland. Helen Kane is married, but the matrimonial bark struck a rock some time ago. Latest reports are, a reconciliation has made the sailing smooth again.

Miriam F. In "The Divorcée," starring Norma Shearer, you saw Chester Morris, Conrad Nagel and Robert Montgomery. Paul Lukas was not in the cast. William Janney played the rôle of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s brother in "The Dawn Patrol." Sally Starr, Ben Bard, Ralph Graves and William Desmond were born on January 23. In my usual assortment of stars' birthdays, I haven't one to offer for December 21, but December 24 was Ruth Chatterton's, and what a grand Christmas gift she proved to be.

Sue Brown. You ask what is this world coming *to*? What I'd like to know is *when!* Robert Montgomery was on the stage before he was 20 years old and had played about seventy-five different parts in less than sixty weeks. He was on the New York stage when M-G-M gave him a picture contract. His first film was "So This is College," then followed "Untamed" with Joan Crawford, and "Their Own Desires" with Norma Shearer. Irene Dunne, star of "Cimarron," with Richard Dix, is the wife of Dr. F. D. Griffin of New York City.

K. Yoo-Hoo. Yoo-Hoo yourself, I'm fine. Come on over! "The Blue Angel" was recorded in Germany with Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich, and released by Paramount for this country. Sorry I haven't the names of the two songs Marlene sang in the film. Her latest release is "Dishonored," with Victor McLaglen.

A Friendly Joan. If love is blind how can so many fall in love at first sight, has puzzled even greater minds than mine. Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910, and Joan Crawford on March 23, 1908. Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. were married June 3, 1929. "Joan's new picture, "Torch Song," has been retitled "Laughing Sinners." She also stars in "This Modern Age."

Eleanor R. It is almost impossible to keep a record of players who appear in just one or two pictures. Sorry I do not know Dick Alexander, who played with Jacqueline Logan in "The Leopard Lady." But if he should bob up again I'll let you know.

Peggy W. You can't hear enough about Charles Rogers to suit you. Buddy is such a modest young man, hard worker, never finds time or place or the girl to startle the world with an engagement, so there's nothing exciting to tell you about him—except that in "The Lawyer's Secret" he appears with an honest-to-goodness mustache. His *own*, too. Buddy is 25 years old, has black hair, brown eyes, weighs 175 pounds and is 6 feet tall. He is an accomplished musician, being able to play every instrument in a dance orchestra.

Emma Helene K. Wearing eye-glasses once in a while might prove a handicap in crashing the Hollywood gates, for glasses *do* get smashed about so, but with hundreds of movie aspirants waiting at the gate for that same chance, your make-up wouldn't get you very far. Nils Asther was born 29 years ago in Malmo, Sweden. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has black hair and greenish eyes. Nils' wife, Vivian Duncan, has been living in Paris for some time. They have a baby daughter. Charles Farrell is 26, weighs 178 pounds, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. Virginia Valli and Charlie were married Feb. 14 in Yonkers, N. Y. Myrna Loy, whose real name is Williams, was born in Helena, Montana, in 1906. She has green eyes and titian-colored hair.

Nancy G. You wonder why Greta Garbo was so anxious to go back to Sweden for a visit? She has a very devoted mother and brother over there. Blanche Mehaffey was born July 28, 1907, in Cincinnati, Ohio. She has red hair, grey-blue eyes, weighs 119 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. She was on the stage two years and has been in pictures about seven. Alice Joyce was born in October, 1890, in Kansas City, Mo. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Her first husband was Tom Moore. She has been the wife of James Regan for ten years and has two daughters.

(*Continued on page 95*)

SHADOWED!

Yes, you're being shadowed—and you're going to like it! Every fan will want to enter SCREENLAND'S Star Shadow Contest. Turn to Page 35, and first thing you know, you'll be competing for some of that $2500. in cash prizes. Go to it!

MODESS VACATION SPECIAL

A summer thrift idea

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . 90¢
12 Regular in each

1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . . 25¢
6 Modess Compact

Total Value $1.15

ALL THREE FOR 79¢

OUR Vacation Special—a travel package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular—was so popular last summer that we decided to offer it again. It has all the charm of an irresistible bargain—$1.15 worth for 79c.

And the two types of Modess featured in this Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear when less thickness is necessary.

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Miriam Hopkins,

TAKE YOUR BOW!

You win SCREENLAND'S Honor Page this month with your performance in "The Smiling Lieutenant"

BECAUSE she brings something entirely novel to the screen, Miriam Hopkins gets our Honor Page. It isn't beauty that she brings—or supreme talent—or glamor. It's—suppose we call it just a sense of humor. So few of our ingénues have one—that the advent of Miss Hopkins with a twinkle in her eye, a quirk to her lips and her tongue in her cheek was particularly welcome at this point! She plays a prim princess with a Chevalier crush, and pretty soon it's apparent that underneath the tiara there's a lot of primitive girl. The camera has been none too kind to Miriam, but you'll find her quaint, clever, and refreshing all the same.

One of the snappy scenes in Lubitsch's smart screen comedy, "The Smiling Lieutenant," starring Maurice Chevalier, with Miriam Hopkins playing a love-lorn princess who suddenly begins to behave quite like other girls.

GUIDE *to the* BIG SHOWS !

FROM THE CITY OF MAGIC COMES A GLORIOUS ARRAY OF GREAT ATTRACTIONS AS A GLAMOROUS NEW SEASON OPENS!

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE" . . . Richard Walton Tully's volcanic dramatic spectacle in all its splendor! DOLORES DEL RIO and thousands in the cast.

FANNIE HURST'S "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION"... Great author of "Humoresque" now shows us the soul of a city . . . drama rising from teeming streets . . . thunder in its voice . . . laughter on its lips . . . a sob in its throat!

"FRONTIER" . . . .
Tumultuous panorama of Onrushing America with the stars of "Cimarron," RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE.

"MIRACLE CITY" . .
The Glamour . . . Ecstasy . . . Heroism of those fated to dwell in Hollywood's Glass Houses!

"MARCHETA" . . .
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in Romance 'neath the burnished skies of old Madrid.

. . .

COMING SOON!

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"
Created by the men who made "Cimarron," Wesley Ruggles, Director; Howard Estabrook, author.

"TRAVELING HUSBANDS"
A gay tale of wandering men and wondering wives . . . Evelyn Brent, Hugh Herbert, Constance Cummings.

"SPHINX HAS SPOKEN"
With Lily Damita, Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim.

RKO Radio PICTURES

Don't miss a one of them! . . . or better still tell the manager of your favorite theatre that you want to see all these RKO RADIO PICTURES at his house!

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JUL -6 1931

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

AUGUST, 1931

YOU can say all you want about this foreign menace—and you will anyway; *I* can't stop you—but it seems to me it's a good thing for Hollywood.

That thriving cinema city is up on its toes. All the little boys and all the little girls—and *especially* the little girls—are getting jittery. They never know when a new foreign menace is going to sweep down on them. They sleep with one eye open; they walk looking back over their shoulders. How do they know when a Continental Novelty will sneak up and shove them right off those comfortable thrones they have been occupying for so long? Answer: they don't; and that's what makes it all so exciting.

Ever since Garbo, in fact, the stars and starlets have been harboring a horrid suspicion that their dynasty's days are numbered. That, after all, maybe the divine right of celluloid kings could be questioned. After sharing the same screens as Edward and Carol and Marie and Alfonso they had begun to believe that they too were born to the poiple—I mean purple. But then—one day Alfonso left suddenly and went to live in Fontainebleau. And by that time Dietrich had arrived over here and got settled. And it was all very, very perplexing.

To top it, Tallulah came marching home. And Pola Negri decided that she would like to see that dear Hollywood again. And—oh dear, oh dear!—if Warner Brothers didn't have to go and look for more trouble in the person of the exotic Lil Dagover, pride of Germany's Ufa studios. Lil was signed up and will be over here soon; and then, little boys and girls of the screen colony, you *will* be in a state!

For Lil is no upstart, no mere pretender. She's a legitimate empress of emotion—a magnificent actress, as well as a disturbingly lovely woman. She has glamor, all right—but she also has talent, and that's much more dangerous. Glamor has been known to wear thin, but ability is good for many seasons. A recent Dagover effort was released over here about a year and a half ago—"Hungarian Rhapsody," a Ufa production. Dagover is no youngster, but then neither is Mitzi Green, and look at the sensation *she* turned out to be.

George Arliss, the most illustrious star of them all, reads and enjoys his fan mail. And that's more than

The Editor's Page

Delight Evans

some of our baby blondes and soulful heroes can be bothered doing.

You should hear Arliss tell about one letter in particular, in which the writer said he had enjoyed "The Millionaire" more than any other Arliss picture, because the star gave such a fine performance. "I especially liked the way you got off the street car," concluded the volunteer critic.

How do those wild Hollywood stars spend their play time? I'll tell you. Take Marlene Dietrich, for instance. When Dietrich isn't working hard in "The Lady and the Lions," her latest opus, she's at home trying to coax her little daughter Maria out of the swimming pool where she persists in staying all day. Maria loves Hollywood. And she says she won't ever leave as long as she can have her swimming pool. Now, Marlene—don't go being a disciplinarian. Let Maria live in the pool. As long as Maria is happy in the pool she'll like Hollywood. And as long as Maria likes Hollywood, you'll like it, too. And you'll never go back to Germany. Everybody happy?

Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead—what a combination!

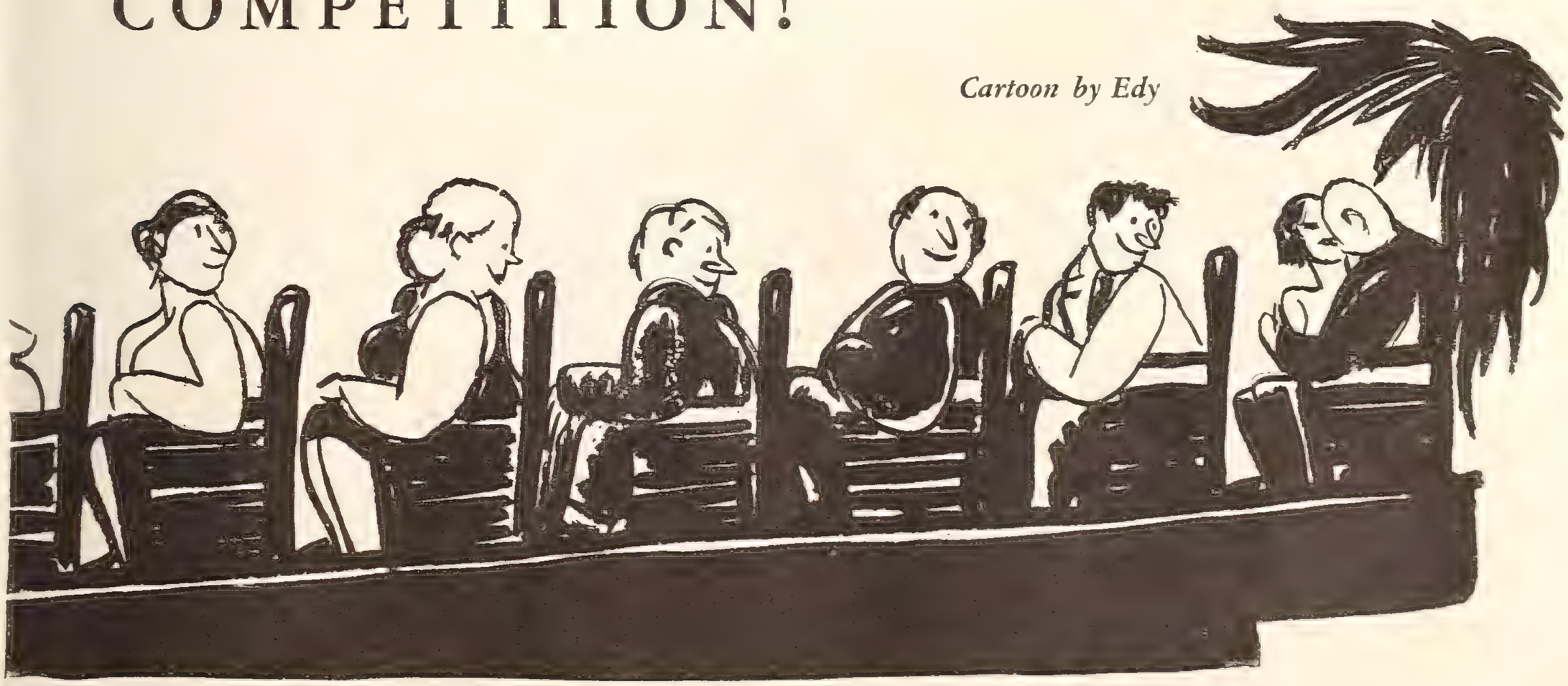
The two gorgeous girls met in Manhattan when Marlene returned from her European vacation. Dietrich was in town only two days, but she managed to lunch at Sardi's, see three plays, and meet Tallulah. They liked each other right away. Tallulah and a friend took Marlene up to Harlem, where the German actress saw chocolate-colored night life for the first time. And got quite a drive out of it. Nobody, though, asked Tallulah if Greta Garbo is still her favorite screen star.

Miss Bankhead, by the way, saw "Skippy" six times and thinks it's the greatest picture ever made. And she paid a fine tribute to that little boy who played *Skippy*.

"I hope some day I'll be half as good an actor as Jackie Cooper," says Tallulah. And means it.

COMPETITION!

Cartoon by Edy



HELP

Clara needs your help now as never before. Read this inside story of her fight. What will happen to her next?

By Sydney Valentine

Clara is facing the crisis of her life. Will her friends stand by, or will they desert her? The little Bow has been handcuffed by bad publicity and her own indiscretions. Can she throw off her shackles and make a come-back? She says: "I believe I'm capable of better work if they give me a chance!"

CLARA BOW, her back to the wall, *CRIES:~*

"I'm tired of being the It Girl! I want to play a woman's part now.

"I'm through with love affairs and don't expect ever to marry.

"Perhaps things have been too easy for me—perhaps I needed this suffering—"

Read what Clara says—the only words she has uttered for publication in months—at the left.

WHAT will save Clara Bow?

Save her for more pictures? Save her for the future that may be awaiting her as one of the great dramatic actresses of the screen?

Save her from the pitiless publicity—the mockery of men—the ingratitude of "friends"?

Save her—from herself?

You can!

But first—is she worth saving? This little girl—only twenty-five—who has everything: youth, fortune, talent—everything, that is, except good common sense—is she worth salvaging? Or has she forfeited the friendship and interest of the millions who have admired her? You may condemn her—but you can't forget her. She has what every girl in the world would want if she were honest. And her very gifts have led her astray.

Clara said to SCREENLAND: "Oh, I'm so tired of being the It Girl! So sick of this flapper stuff. I want to play a woman's part now. I believe I am capable of better work if they'll give me a chance.

Save Clara Bow!

"Of course all the hateful publicity has been ghastly. But perhaps things have been too easy for me, perhaps I needed some suffering—"

Rather pitiful words, these. "Perhaps I needed some suffering—" She isn't hard. She is humble. She's hurt, and bewildered.

And it's you who can save her. And it's up to you to save her—because you made her what she is today! Your paid admissions made her one of the great screen stars. Your insistence upon her in "It Girl" rôles sentenced her to serve as the hot baby of the movies. Maybe, if she'd had more chances to play the dramatic rôles she craved—but that's mere speculation. We're concerned with Clara today—right now. The girl who is the sole survivor of the reckless young phase of the films. The phase when youth and beauty came from squalid homes to Hollywood, land of gold and glory, and were buried in that golden dream. Hollywood is safe and sane today. The present picture girls are, oh, so sensible. They diet, they read books, they go to bed early. Not like Clara. Clara is frank—free—untamed. She is not afraid to live. She is not a business woman like Norma Shearer. She never had the driving social ambition of a Joan Crawford. She lacks the poise of a Dietrich, the background of a Bankhead. The cold self-possession of a Garbo. She's—just Clara Bow. A little bit of a girl who used to like candy but never had enough of it. And when she could buy herself all she wanted, she ate too much.

But Clara is a part of the motion picture scene. You can't ignore her. You can't say, "Oh, Clara Bow—!" and dismiss her with a gesture. Because Clara is real. And she is always news. From the first day she left that Brooklyn brownstone to enter a movie contest, she has been news. And she's not stopping now! Clara will be playing madcap grandmothers in 1960. You can't keep her down. She's too hot, too colorful.

Yes, she is worth saving. In spite of the temperament that has led her across the front pages of every newspaper in the world—in spite of the silliness, the cheapness, the melodramatics, the extravagances. No matter what she has done, she has had a bad break. SCREENLAND believes this. And you believe it, too, if we can judge from the letters that you write to us begging to give Clara Bow another chance.

Did audiences stay away from Sarah Bernhardt's plays because the Divine Sarah's private life was slightly more colorful than the average? Did the world think any the less of Duse's art because of her confessed love for Gabriele d'Annunzio? In the world of opera, two of the great idols, Caruso and Farrar, bore their share of gossip and publicity—but they never lacked a following. Why, then, should we take Clara's little case too seriously? If she were less colorful she couldn't be Clara.

The red-headed little gamin who has held the spotlight for five years has almost been broken by scandal this time. The most unfortunate day for Clara was that upon which Rex Bell closed the door against Daisy de Voe, secretary-companion to Clara, had the keys changed for the locks, and denied Daisy even a chance to converse with Clara again.

The gambling check incident a few weeks earlier had not aided Clara's cause, but Paramount tried to offset

Clara Bow is not brazenly hardened by her misfortunes. She is hurt, bewildered. In "Kick In" she proves that she is a better actress than ever. This story tells you just how she feels today—her hopes and fears for her screen future.

Clara working in a scene at the studio. Troubled as she was at the time of its making, she gave a good performance in "Kick In." Then, as she was starting her next picture, the jinx got her again. Another breakdown!

Critics have agreed that Clara Bow, given a good part, is a splendid actress. Her love scenes on the screen have a poignant sincerity. But in life, real romance has eluded Clara. And now she says she is through with love affairs!

this with changes in the picture "No Limit," giving a sly angle to the gambling story. Judging from Clara's fan letters, that might have worked had not Rex Bell entered the De Voe-Bow scene with such a flourish. Daisy told plenty before she was stopped by the judge—and that is when Clara's nerves began to jitter. Gladly would she have withdrawn the charges against Daisy, but the law insisted upon taking its course.

During the making of "Kick In" it was obvious that Clara was working under a high strain. The studio had not risked putting her in "City Streets" at all.

It was during the making of "Kick In" that a scandal sheet began publishing what was purported to be Daisy de Voe's revelations about Clara—so bad that the Federal Government took a hand to prevent its being sent through the mail. Five issues of this scandal sheet sold on the streets with flaming headlines, making charges against Clara under the guise of revealing her "love life."

Rex Bell had supplanted Daisy as Clara's secretary-manager. This seemed to be an unfortunate error of judgment, adding new flames to the fire.

Clara, under the care of a physician for months, began to break seriously. A rest in the desert seemed to help things and the studio had decided to risk one more picture, "The Secret Call," with Charles Starrett, from the New York stage. Work began on Friday, May 1st. On Sunday the cook discovered Clara weeping in wild hysterics, her nerves finally out of all control, and Rex Bell called the doctor, who had her immediately removed to the Glendale Sanitarium.

An official bulletin was issued to the effect that Clara Bow was suffering from complete nervous breakdown and could not hope to recover for several months. The studio announced her withdrawal from any further pictures at present. As her contract with Paramount will be up next December anyway, the studio had already been hesitating about renewing it. This breakdown seems to decide the matter finally.

Too many men conspired to complicate life for Clara. Her sister actresses of Hollywood are not blameless in this tragedy, for they held aloof socially, in fact, almost ostracized the flamboyant little (*Continued on page 117*)

CAGNEY!

He's "The Public Enemy" and the audience's friend! Here's James Cagney, new screen sensation

By

Carlisle Jones

JAMES CAGNEY'S scrap book is all blank sheets after the first twelve pages!

Every actor keeps a scrap book—you might be surprised to know what a store they set by them—but Cagney's is, so far as the memory of interviewers runneth not to the contrary, the emptiest one in existence. It covers, in eloquent brevity, a period of more than five years, since that eventful autumn morning in New York in 1925 when Cagney found his name featured in every review of the play "Outside Looking In" which had opened the night before at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

If Cagney is without any particular pride in the past, as evidenced by the scantiness of the clippings he has seen fit to include in his scrap book, he has some confidence in the future. It is a big book and the blank pages run on to great numbers.

A considerable number of them can be used to hold the complimentary things that are being said about him in New York papers and elsewhere for his work in "The Public Enemy," the first picture in which he has played the leading rôle.

In six years Jimmy Cagney saved only twelve pages of notices. Within six days after the opening of "The Public Enemy" the possible material for additions to the book exceeded all the previous copy he had pasted in.

The young red-headed character actor claims that he is "shanty Irish." He admits it freely and smilingly, while carrying the wing collar he hates to wear, from scene to scene in sequences in which he appears in dinner clothes. The collar goes on just before the cameras start to grind and comes off only seconds after the director says "cut."

But if Cagney is "shanty Irish," his shanty was a four-storied one because he was born in a New York tenement district and spent much of his youth there. His boyhood companions were boys who later became gangsters, racketeers and criminals. One of them has been hanged. Several are dead. Others are in prison. But James Cagney and three brothers were taken in hand by a mother who made no compromise with right and wrong.

The family (*Continued on page 102*)

A close-up of the boy all Hollywood is talking about. He gave a great performance in "The Public Enemy." Read this story and find out what he is really like.

Above, Pat O'Brien, right off "The Front Page," now with "Personal Maid."

Joel McCrea — Connie Bennett's boy friend on, and, some insist, off.

Below, Spencer Tracy likes heavy leads, and how he can play 'em!

Ivor Novello, above, is something of an older and wiser Novarro. English—and very nice, too.

Above, Warren William from the Broadway stage, who makes his screen bow in "Expensive Women."

Left, James Cagney. See Page 21 for full particulars.

Right, Charles Starrett, whom you met in "Fast and Loose" and "The Royal Family of Broadway." Like him?

NEW MEN WANTED *in* *Hollywood*

WE WANT good leading men—and we want them bad!

Here we have all these new girls—Dietrich, Tallulah, Elissa Landi, Sylvia Sidney, Carman Barnes, and soon Lil Dagover—to keep up the feminine tradition. Grand new girls—exciting—glamorous—lovely. But where, oh where, are the new Colmans and Coopers, the Powells and the Barthelmess's (we simply can't spell that out), the Holmeses and Montgomerys and the Ayreses? Yes, I know these are tongue-twisters; but we're terribly, terribly serious about all this. Something has got to be done. And soon.

Out in Hollywood today there are very few new and dashing heroes to play with these new and lovely ladies. Oh, there are enough actors—there always have been and always will be. But where among them will you find the male equivalent of our Garbo or our Dietrich or our Landi? Is there a thrill in a carload? Look them over and see.

In the interests of all the eager young ladies of the moving picture audience, we have asked the young men of Hollywood to assemble more or less in a body and be reviewed. It isn't at all fair to them—we know that; but what can they do? They aim to please or they wouldn't be in pictures. Besides, among them are some glowing exceptions who may turn into potential Colmans and Coopers before our very eyes. And they are just the boys we have been looking for!

Don't be bashful, boys. And don't crowd, girls. We're all just one big quarrelsome family. Some of us like that grinning young man in yon upper left-hand corner; others may prefer that soulful-eyed gentleman to the right. Let's all get together and have an argument. But no biting and scratching, *please*.

To begin. Mr. Pat O'Brien, step right up here, please. Will you move your head just a little bit to the left? There—that's better. Now! Mr. O'Brien will tell us all about himself. What? Oh, you won't, Mr. O'Brien? Well, then we'll have to tell on you. And how will you like that? It doesn't matter. You can't deny that you were born and brought up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and educated at Marquette U, where you studied law

Above, Leslie Howard, waiting for a rôle to make him as popular on the screen as on the stage.

Below, Clark Gable. Read more about him in the story on Page 130.

Below, Geoffry Kerr—pronounced Jeffry Karr—has been signed by RKO.

You saw Hardy Albright in "Young Sinners" with Dorothy Jordan. He's good.

Right, Kent Douglass, a tall, blonde lad who won plaudits in "Paid."

Above, the William Boyd of Paramount who isn't the Bill Boyd of Pathé. Seen in "Murder by the Clock."

Metaxa plays opposite Claudette Colbert in "Secrets of a Secretary." He was a success on the Continent. First name, Georges.

Where are all the new men to keep up with the new girls? Will some of the boys assembled here supply the demand? The Editor wants to know!

By

Delight Evans

and starred in football. Then—stock companies and finally Broadway, where you won plaudits in "The Up and Up" and "Overture," until Howard Hughes bought your contract from a stage producer and brought you to Hollywood and "The Front Page." You look very good to us, Pat, and if "Personal Maid" with Nancy Carroll gives you half a chance, you're with us to stay. Married? Yes.

It isn't Joel McCrea's fault that he has been most widely publicized as Connie Bennett's current crush rather than as a good actor. He's such a big, good-looking kid that we're apt to overlook his ability as a trouper. But in "Born to Love" he shows signs of acting talent. He's a Hollywood boy who has made good in his own home town.

A far, far different type is Spencer Tracy. From the stage, where he scored in "The Last Mile," Tracy brings a real punch to pictures as you know if you saw him in "Up the River," "Quick Millions," "Six Cylinder Love," or the forthcoming "Goldie," with Jean Harlow. He prefers heavy leads. Threw his hat away as soon as he came to Hollywood. He's married to Louise Treadwell and they have one son, five years old. The real thing, Spencer Tracy.

Ivor Novello has made the girls' hearts beat a little faster—a *little* faster? pardon us, a whole lot faster!—by his Latin good looks, his English accent, and his fine technique in stage plays. He made one silent movie in America, D. W. Griffith's "The White Rose," with Mae Marsh; and many movies in England. He should be good in M-G-M films if he has the right sort of romantic rôle. He's an older, wiser Novarro, if you want comparisons. Not married.

Two of the most promising and picturesque new young men in Hollywood today are James Cagney and Clark Gable. In fact, they are so darned good they get stories by themselves, because we're getting so many letters crying for information about them. If you want to know our private opinion, these are the two boys most likely to succeed in 1932. But we don't like to play favorites. In fact, we flatly refuse. So—on with the show!

There's Charles Starrett. It's hard to tell about him, because he has always been pretty much part of the background in every picture in which he has appeared—not that it's his fault, you understand. Remember him in "The Royal Family of Broadway?" He can do better than that. He played football at Dartmouth, made his screen début in Richard Dix's "The Quarterback," had his best part so far in "Fast and Loose" with Miriam Hopkins, and is (*Continued on page 126*)

Lilyan Tashman and the lightnings.

Gloria Swanson on the rack.

Clara Bow lets herself go!

Greta Garbo in the clutch of drama.

WHEN THEY "LET THEMSELVES GO!"

When they look ugly on the screen they're beautiful in the box-office

THERE comes a time, a moment, in a scene, when an actress working up to the emotional crisis of a picture, makes a decision. It is made in a second. It is made without her volition, by that something within her which has ever been pushing her forward, which has from her first thinking days restlessly sought for expression. And this decision made between the swings of a pendulum will decide her whole future, will determine whether her name shall be an immortal name of the theatre or whether she will be forgotten. It is perhaps the most important decision of her life, this conclusion that she arrives at so hur-

By Eliot Keen

Sylvia Sidney in the moment in "An American Tragedy" when it dawns upon her that her lover means to end her life and that other, too.

riedly, but for all that she can exert no influence upon the matter by thinking; wisdom and calculation clamor in vain. Her judgment, her hopes, her plans fall from her and the actress that she is, takes possession.

The question that springs to her mind is this: "Shall I throw myself into this scene and really look and behave and feel as the girl would, or shall I remember to keep an expression that will not be bad for the camera?" Before the scene starts they argue the matter out with their subconscious selves and they placate and subdue the artistic scruples of the actress soul, but all to no purpose. When the great moment of the crisis arrives, wisdom, plans, all go flying before this mad woman who raves like one possessed, as indeed she is. But before we bewail the lost virtues which have so hurriedly gone scuttling away, look upon the picture that we have. Often it is a gem of pure Art. And the moment when the actress abandoned all hope of being pretty, practical and wise, threw the whole schedule out of the window and "let herself go," was the moment when she entered into her kingdom, wrote her name in electric lights and in the book of the great, and justified her existence.

Such a moment arrived for Clara Bow 'way back in the dear, dead days of the silents. Clara had made herself a little place with "Down to the Sea in Ships," but nothing to establish her, only enough, in fact, to win her a chance. Then came "Black Oxen." In this play Clara set the speed record for flappers and has flapped ever since because of it, but the great moment was when Clara in a terrific arraignment of her mother shook herself free from every restraint and lived her part dramatically, thrillingly, and unforgettably. Her chin stuck out, those black eyes flashed. The frenzied jerking unschooled movements meant something and they meant that *something* with a vehemence that roused the most lethargic spectator. The great moment arrived for Clara, and in spite of the fact that she knew that she mustn't look so and mustn't do that, nothing could stop her. Clara Bow, Actress, took command, and that scene in "Black Oxen" became a treasured memory for everyone who saw it.

No man can resist a woman's tears and Constance Bennett in "Born to Love" in one outburst subdues the males of America and outlying districts.

The greatness of an actress is shown not by beauty but by ugliness

JACKIE—
As he looked ten years ago in his first picture, "The Kid," with Charlie Chaplin.

WHAT CHANCE

You saw Bobby Coogan in "Skippy." Will he be a million dollar movie kid like big brother, Jackie? Read the answer in one of the finest stories that ever came out of Hollywood

IF YOU were a Jackie Coogan fan ten years ago, there is something of a thrill awaiting you in the film version of the cartoon strip "Skippy." It comes after *Skippy's* mother tells him not to go over the railroad tracks and he crosses *under* them to enjoy the forbidden delights of "Shantytown."

There *Skippy* meets up with a tattered little waif named *Sooky*—and I hereby caution you to hold your hats and don't stand up. Because your eyes are going to bug out at a familiar Dutch bob, haunting big brown orbs, and an immense torn cap with the bill flopping over one cheek—to all intents and purposes, the Jackie Coogan of "Daddy" and "The Rag Man."

A rapid mental calculation assures you that this is 1931 and that the former child idol of the screen may at the moment be boning over a trigonometry assignment—or possibly hacking himself up with a razor. A belated glance at your program notes will inform you that *Sooky* is played by "Robert Coogan." Thus your thrill is elucidated but not dispelled. The Dutch bob and wistful eyes continue to fascinate even after you know they aren't a hallucination.

You might be interested to know that this little actor had a startling experience two years ago which was quite analogous to the pleasant shock he has just given you. When he was four years old, Robert was taken to his first movie—a revival of "The Kid"—made when Jackie was four. He was spellbound by the antics of the child on the screen. They told him it was his brother—but he knew that couldn't be so, because his brother was big and old and had short hair—and anyway he was 'way off at military school.

Robert could see that the boy on the stage (he didn't know it was a picture) was little and had bobbed hair and looked exactly like himself! By some strange projection of childish imagination, he decided the little boy *was* himself—that was the only possible explanation. And when it came to the scene where Jackie is separated from his vagabond foster father and forced into the orphan asylum conveyance, Robert threw his arms around his mother and screamed, "Mother, don't let them take me away in that black box! I don't want to go away!"

Later, he saw Jackie make a personal appearance in his cadet uniform during the showing of "Tom Sawyer." The picture started the moment Jackie left the stage. Robert was dumbfounded. "How did my brother change his clothes so quickly?" he queried.

"The part I liked best about acting in 'Skippy' was the clothes, because they were very dirty and mostly holes. When I act in another picture I hope my clothes will be much more dirtier and much more holier."

Bobby Coogan

In the accompanying story you will read just what Jackie Coogan thinks of his baby brother's bid for the screen kid crown he himself once wore.

has a second COOGAN?

By

Weldon Melick

BOBBY—
The younger Coogan as the adorable Sooky of "Skippy," Bobby's very first picture.

From these incidents, you will infer correctly that Robert is rather unsophisticated. He is bright—and the most perfectly behaved miniature gentleman you could ever hope to run across in this day and age. But except in looks, *he is not the Coogan that Jackie was at six.* At an age when his brother loved chess and checkers, this youngster is still playing with dolls.

He doesn't have the *savoir faire* that Jackie had acquired before he was half Robert's age. But he does have something his older brother *never* had—an unspoiled sweetness, a charming innocence that Jackie's premature wisdom robbed him of.

That quality has rarely, if ever, been brought to the screen before, so we can't predict its possibilities of captivating an audience. But if you stop and think, you will realize that precocity is sometimes distasteful in a child—while innocence never is. Jackie, of course, is the shining example of a child actor who got away with precociousness and made you love it—but only because he was always so marvelously poised, so consummately the actor. You inevitably admired his fine technique.

You won't admire Robert's technique. He doesn't have any. But Paramount studio executives and the first director to work with him are so sure he is going to be another million-dollar kid that they have placed him under three-year contract and are already hunting for a story to suit his individuality.

The diametric difference in the two Coogan personalities may be largely a matter of environment. Jackie started his life as a comparatively poor little boy. He had been earning his own living for four years before he reached Robert's present age. (That sounds like "Little Bunky" but his mother assured me it wasn't bunk.) He grew up in hotel rooms and in the wings of vaudeville theatres.

Robert, on the other hand, was reared in a back yard—but oh, what a back yard!—with a swimming pool, miniature golf course, and everything a little boy could wish for, except perhaps the Rocky Mountains. It goes without saying that he had a few more tons of toys than Jackie did to make life interesting—a seventeen-room mansion will hold more toys than a travelling wardrobe trunk. Besides, as already noted, Jackie had professional worries on his little mind to take the place of tiddle-de-winks.

Robert has been sheltered and protected like an orchid. He has the constant attention of a nurse, a luxury Jackie never knew. Every moment of his life is guarded zealously from influences which might tend to destroy the fragile qualities of childhood. One might suspect the Coogans of deciding that one prodigy in the family was enough, and of setting out deliberately to see that their second son should develop more normally.

The product of an entirely different regime from that of his predecessor, Robert is taller and weighs more than Jackie did when he was eight and a half, but is far more youthful than "The Kid" was at four. Jackie talked like an attorney when he still should (*Continued on page 114*)

That wonderful scene from "Skippy" in which Bobby Coogan, as Sooky, sobs his grief over his dog's death to his mother, played by Helen Jerome Eddy.

IS GLORIA'S GLAMOR GONE?

Her Opinion—And Another!

By Ida Zeitlin

GLAMOROUS GLORIA they used to call her! Golden Gloria! Glittering Gloria. Or any other adjective beginning with a G that described the effect she seemed to create for her huge fan following. And now? Gallant Gloria, they might call her with truth. Or—with equal truth—Glimmering Gloria. Or—more bluntly—Gloria Going Rapidly Downhill.

And yet it isn't so simple as all that. For somewhere between Gloria in the flesh and Gloria on the screen there stretches a mysterious gap.

Meet Gloria Swanson—a slim, small, attractive, beautifully tailored person with blue-gray eyes—and you come away impressed—admiring her looks, approving her low, pleasant voice, applauding her intelligence, cheering her pluck, marveling at her clear-sightedness, pledging yourself to defend her to the last ditch against all detractors, meanies and oafs who tell you that her day is done. Go to see "Indiscreet," her latest picture, and you come away—(maybe *you* don't, but for every one of you who doesn't there are dozens who do)—sick and sorry at having seen a lady

A drawing from life of Gloria Swanson, by Vladmir Chenkoff.

La Swanson gives you her own frank opinion of her future

you like making a spectacle of herself. And since it's by her shadow, and not her living, personality that Gloria falls or rises, figure it out for yourself.

What wicked magic is there in the screen that changes the soft contours of her face into a hard mask? that transforms her agreeable voice—a "voluptuous" voice, I have heard it called—into a rasping mockery of itself? Worst of all, what has happened to the poised and self-possessed charmer for whom the public clamored so loudly in the old De Mille days that, willy nilly, she was forced to stardom—literally forced, for she was shrewd enough to perceive beyond the dazzling triumph the shadows of a heavy responsibility.

Well, look at "Indiscreet" again and see what's happened to her. The film may prove to be a money-maker. Certainly its New York audiences greeted it with such shrieks of delight as the Marx Brothers needn't have scorned. But that's neither here nor there. The laughter may have been a tribute to Gloria's cleverness in selecting a scenario filled with sure-fire slapstick situations, or in surrounding herself with an attractive and competent cast. It wasn't, alas, a tribute to either her competence or attractiveness as an actress. She—the veteran—gave an exhibition of such self-consciousness as would have shamed a novice. She smirked and she capered. She crushed the comedy scenes flat beneath an avalanche of coyness, and she hammed the dramatic ones. From little Barbara Kent to Big Ben Lyon there wasn't a member of her cast who, in ease and naturalness before the camera, didn't outpoint the once gorgeous Gloria.

You see what's happened to her, but you don't know why it's happened. Are the talkies responsible? According to Gloria, no. "The microphones have never bothered me," she says. "Naturally when I made my first test, I was nervous, but when I'm actually playing and singing, I'm conscious of nothing but the part. After all, even in the silent days we had to do a certain amount of talking to put the scene over. The only difference is that now the audience hears it and then they didn't. But so far as the actor's concerned, the technique is the same."

It sounds reasonable enough, and deepens the mystery of why a person who says she's conscious of "nothing but the part" should give the impression of being conscious of nothing but herself.

Gloria, at the crossroads of her screen career, contemplates the success that was hers as "Sadie Thompson" and wishes there were more parts like that for her to play. She thinks she has another great rôle in "Rockabye." "The girl's a character," says Miss Swanson. "She might even be sordid if she weren't played right."

Is the passing of time to blame? You would never say so to look at her. I defy anyone to detect in the smooth oval of her face the least sign of the fading of youth. Whatever the screen may show is the work of the disfiguring camera. Gloria herself is still radiant. Besides, even if she weren't, why should that make her stiff and unnatural? The years should have brought her assurance and authority, and not a schoolgirl's *gaucherie* minus its charm. Can it be some subconscious fear that takes this way of revealing itself? Whatever heartbreak the disfiguring years may bring to the average woman must be intensified a hundredfold for the woman whose public life depends on her youth and beauty. "What shall I do without my pretty face?" cried Scott Fitzgerald's heroine, and many a movie star must have echoed that piteous cry.

Yet nothing could be saner or more admirable than Gloria's expressed views on the subject. "Why worry about age?" she says. "Like any woman I'd like to stay young forever, but wishing won't do it, so——" and she finishes with a shrug. "I have my moods of depression, but they're neither so black nor so frequent as they used to be. After all, you grow older along

(*Continued on page 99*)

Those Little Gay Homes *in the* West!

Summer stars—and some are not, but everyone in Hollywood has a little beach "cottage"

By Alma Whitaker

THIS is the month when the stars can enjoy their beach cottages for more than mere week-ends. Cottage is an all-too-modest name for some of them, which are almost palaces.

Consider, for instance, the beach home of little Marion Davies at Santa Monica—thirty rooms, two garages to house thirty cars, butlers, cooks, housemaids! Marion's real home is in Beverly Hills, and she also owns an apartment in Paris. But it is at Santa Monica that she does most of that luxurious entertaining for which she is so famous.

It stands behind massive walls, a giant Georgian colonial house with huge white columns and is guarded from the curious by four guards, day and night. It is at the foot of a high cliff, right on the ocean front. The three gates are kept bolted. Above the two garages are the servants' quarters—handsome enough for, say, any newspaper woman!

Once through the entrance the eye greets an exquisite garden, with a fountain that plays colored lights at night. No flowers ever die in this garden; each season they are replaced by gorgeous blooms. Exquisite hand-made laces adorn the windows and French doors. In the entrance hall six life-size portraits of Marion in her favorite rôles by famous artists, hang above little tables which form altars. On these and throughout the house stand flowering growing orchids. When they cease to flower, they are exchanged for others. They are valued at from $500 to $1000 a plant. Peerless Oriental rugs, luxurious divans, brocaded drapes enhance this scene, as they do throughout the house. Many of them especially woven for this famous young lady. The whole of the second floor wall is hand-painted with historical scenes.

The reception room is done in peacock blues and gold. A hand-sculptured marble table adorns the center, and a great carved mantelpiece, bijou tables of great value, gorgeous lamps abound.

The gold room is utterly regal, sixty feet long, with a gold leaf ceiling that cost $50,000 alone. Ten throne-like chairs are set at austere intervals down each side, shimmering chandeliers form the lighting, and four rare paintings hang upon the walls. The grand piano was specially done by a Japanese artist. The fireplace is a veritable shrine of beauty.

The Marine Room is the playroom, with gorgeous views on two sides, through many glass doors, overlooking the swimming pool. A carved table bears a royal crest. Wood for the walls was imported from Europe, and drapes are of costly brocade in rose.

The dining room is one hundred feet long, and contains four huge dining tables, each to seat twelve people. High-backed chairs give an impression of imperial splendor. The ceiling is carved, and gold candelabras hang from it. A fifty foot sideboard is weighed down with antique silver, bearing the crests of the royal houses of Europe, the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs, the

The summer spirit of Hollywood, impersonated, and oh, how ably! by Miss Joan Blondell. Joan is a comparative newcomer to the cinemopolis but she has already staked a claim on the Malibu sands.

Dick and Jessica Barthelmess have a little "shack" at Malibu. The Barthelmess beach house is rented while Dick and Jessica are in Europe on their semi-annual vacation jaunt.

The show place of Santa Monica beach—Marion Davies' beach house. Above and to the right you see the first pictures ever published of Marion's summer home. It is guarded from the curious day and night, by four guards. At the foot of a high cliff, it is right on the ocean. You get a glimpse of the garden in the picture above. No flowers ever die in this garden—each season they are replaced by gorgeous new blooms. May we come right over, Marion?

Hohenzollerns, etc. Marion's English butler rules supreme here, custodian of the keys and the servants. His name is Albert May and he spells it "Hem Hay Why!" He, too, formerly served the great in Europe. Two original Sir Joshua Reynolds pictures hang in glorious and aloof majesty.

The library is another huge room, lined with such valuable books that they are kept behind gilded grills, to which the butler holds the key. The books were all especially bound in red morocco. Here too, motion picture apparatus is concealed, so that private views of pictures may be enjoyed.

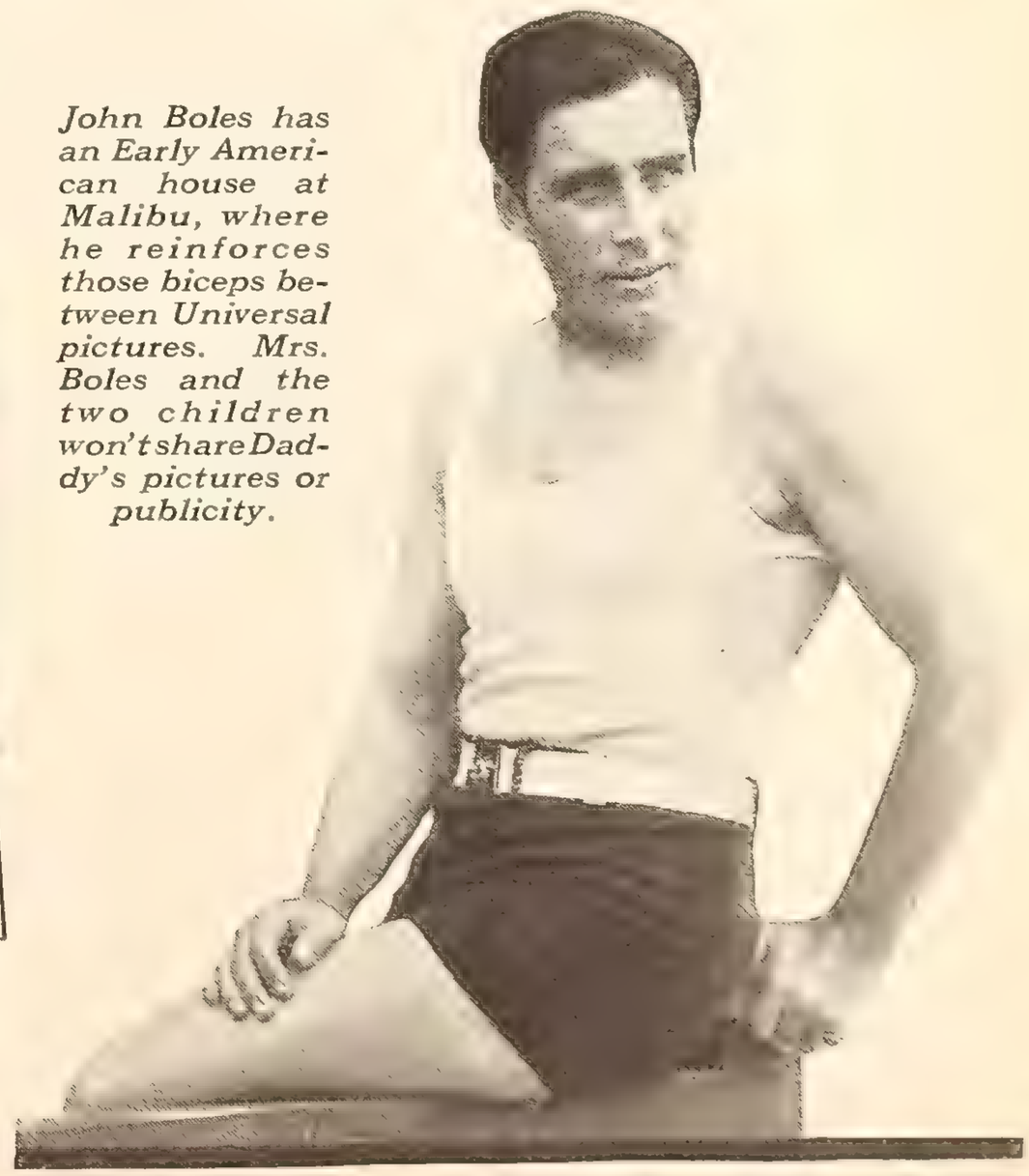
The breakfast room is homey and folksy—sunny, gay with old Sheraton and criss-cross curtains and lots of precious old china in corner cabinets.

The pantry and kitchen are a sheer housewife's delight—the butler says he can serve one hundred people without embarrassment—and often does. Oh, you should see the lovely silver, chinaware, linen, glass!

Each of the ten master bedrooms on the two floors above are carried out in different periods—thus there is a Napoleonic, an Italian Renaissance, old English, old Colonial and so on, perfect in every detail. All have sumptuous bathrooms—twin-bed rooms having twin bathrooms. Marion's own room is strictly colonial, done in mulberry and ruffles, a huge four-poster bed, and an old hand-made coverlet. But beside her bed stands a little table with magnesia, aspirin, seidlitz powders—just like the least among us! And in her gorgeous black marble bathroom, an alarm clock hangs beside the mirror—so after all she is still the slave of a clock like the rest of us.

Leading from this is Marion's sun-porch—an utterly delightful place—comfy chairs, a jolly desk, tables with sewing baskets and books, chocolates, magazines. (*Continued on page 118*)

With the ocean at his front door, Big George Bancroft builds a swimming pool hard by his Malibu Beach "cottage." George needs lots of room for his daily dozens.



John Boles has an Early American house at Malibu, where he reinforces those biceps between Universal pictures. Mrs. Boles and the two children won't share Daddy's pictures or publicity.

Angela and Gerry

They stepped out on the terrace of the penthouse. Neither felt the cold; they were young, and their blood was hot and eager. They stood with their hands locked together.

PENT HOUSE

A love story about some picture people you have never met before—with an entirely new angle on the most fascinating business in the world!

By

Paula Gould

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

SHE clung to him, tenderly, passionately.

"Gerry, don't go."

"Dear heart, come with me. Say you'll come."

"I can't. You know I can't."

His body stiffened. He released her gently. "Let's get out of here, then. The room is stifling. Let's go out on the terrace."

They closed the door behind them, and stepped out on the terrace of the penthouse. Snow was falling in large, soft flakes. New York looked like a fairy village made of sugar icing. Lights twinkled on the Palisades; the clock on the Paramount Tower said twelve-thirty. The snow made little jewel-like crystal flowers on the girl's black hair; it made the red, thick hair of the boy look pale and silvery. Neither felt the snow or the cold; they were young, and their blood was hot and eager. They stood with hands locked together, and both, automatically, looked toward the Battery. They could see nothing; the city was an indefinite blur of white, sparkling with tiny lights that looked like huge fireflies. But there, downtown, at the end of the city, was the Battery. The Battery, where the boats went far, far away . . .

Angela Calvert knew that it was neither sensible nor honorable for a girl to bring her lover to her office at midnight. But where else could they go, after the theatre? Where could a man and a girl go in New York, if they wanted to be alone? Gerald March shared a three room apartment with his mother; Angela shared hers with her mother and younger sister.

There was the penthouse; glamorous, invested with romance because it was not a penthouse in which people lived, but one in which they worked. When Don Bosinney left the cattle business in Montana and charged into the motion picture industry in New York with the ferocity of a bull at the sight of a red flag, Supreme Pictures, which he bought, was housed on the thirtieth floor of a huge sky-scraper on the corner of 50th Street and Broadway. With the impulse and daring that were so characteristic of him in the five years in which he bought, sold and merged picture companies as other men buy coats, hats and shoes, he called a meeting of executives one morning and announced that the organization would move one floor higher. When one of the vice-presidents timidly suggested that there was nothing but the roof to move to, Bosinney announced with a chuckle that work on a million dollar penthouse would be started immediately.

Three months later, one hundred and thirty-five Supreme employees moved into the completed penthouse. The wise mob on Broadway said it was another of Bosinney's dramatic gestures. But Don Bosinney's employees, who adored him, said it was romantic, thrilling, glamor-

Love or a career? Which did Angela choose?

ous. And why not? Wasn't it nicer to be a stenographer for a motion picture company in a penthouse than a stenographer for a cloak and suit house on the third floor of a loft? We'll tell the world!

But Angela Calvert, who was his press agent, knew why Don Bosinney moved his employees into a penthouse. Because Bosinney lived in a flat, rambling house in Westchester; because Bosinney was fascinated with the skyscrapers of New York and because he wanted the thrill of being on top of the world, both actually and figuratively.

But the penthouse did more than inflate the ego of a multi-millionaire and thrill a corps of office workers. It brought life to Angela Calvert, who was perhaps the prettiest and most intelligent girl in the motion picture industry in New York. It brought life to a girl who was so avid, so eager, so hungry that sometimes she was afraid the fire in her heart, the passion for living would consume her. Her friends, her intimates laughed the rare times she told them this. But Gerald March didn't laugh. Gerry took her face between his hands when she told him and sighed, and looked a little sad. Then he gently kissed her. Gerry understood. He understood everything. And tomorrow Gerry was going away . . .

They were back in the penthouse, wiping the snow from their hair, their clothes. Angela's office, tiny, compact, with an open fireplace, looked like the window of a shop that specializes in antique Colonial furniture. The room was papered in a flower design in blue and rose against a white background. There was the fireplace, and the andirons of brass, the secretary of maple, with a typewriter on it, the small couch covered in chintz, a swivel chair of maple and two tables with small, old fashioned brass lamps on them. These lamps Angela now lighted. There was a soft, dim look about the room. The logs crackled in the fireplace; a bowl of roses on the desk sent out a sweet and heavy fragrance. The snow fell heavier, faster; the wind moaned as though its heart were breaking.

And suddenly, she was in his arms again.

"Give up the job, Angela, and come with me," he whispered, as his lips caressed her eyes, her cheeks, her neck. "You've had trouble with Cummings and it will be worse later. Angela, come with me!"

It was she who now sought his lips with hers. "I want to, Gerry, I do! But I can't give up the job. I can't! I love it so!"

He drew away from her embrace.

"Let's sit down and talk this thing over." He frowned, but drew her to his knee as he sat down in the swivel chair before the desk.

He held her to him. When she looked at his profile her heart did strange things in her body. There was something about the look of him with those blue eyes and that thick, auburn hair and his long, thin body that always set her on fire. Angela knew suddenly that this was the happiest moment of her life. She must hold on to it and make it last. She couldn't let him go tomorrow. She couldn't!

"You care more about the job than about me," he said bitterly.

"No, Gerry, no!"

"Yes, Angela, yes!" His voice was mocking, angry.

She rose, and stood leaning against the desk, staring down at him.

"That's not fair, Gerry."

"Why isn't it fair? You're crazy about all this"—his hands swept the tiny office—"you're crazy about being the great Don Bosinney's press agent! You're crazy about the flattery, the adulation you get here. From six, eight men. You love the feeling of superiority it gives you to get a two hundred dollar check every Saturday! You can't give up half a dozen men for one man, or a two hundred dollar check for one hundred which you would have to share with someone else. I don't blame you, Angela. You're waiting for some great director, or writer to fall in love with you!" His voice grew louder, his cheeks flamed. "You girls in the picture business are all alike. Nobody pleases you but three thousand dollar a week directors. Big reputations! Million dollar bank accounts! Oh, Angela, you can't do this to me!"

Her fingers touched his cheek softly, gently. "Gerry, I do love you. I do! I do!"

"Then why don't you come with me? Paris in the spring, Angela! Can't you picture it, and you and I together? And then London! And later Vienna! Angela, we won't have much, but we'll be so happy!"

"Don't, Gerry. I can't stand it."

"We can be married in the morning. And you can send Bosinney a cable from the boat! I can picture his face when he gets it! Say you'll do it, Angela, please!"

"I can't do that to Mr. Bosinney. I can't, Gerry. He's been too sweet to me."

"Angela, I love you. Bosinney doesn't. Neither does Cummings or anyone else in this outfit. They

Gerry

When she looked at his profile her heart did strange things in her body. There was something about the look of him with those blue eyes and that auburn hair that always set her on fire.

need you now; you're useful to them. That's why they tell you how wonderful you are, and that's why Bosinney gives you a Colonial office for a Christmas gift. But wait! They won't need you always. Then see what happens!"

"Stop it! You're jealous and bitter, and trying to make me bitter, too!"

"No, my dear, I'm only trying to make you see reason. All right, keep your job."

"Gerry! Don't let's spoil our last evening together! You may come back, you know."

"Not a chance. Williams did the best he could for me after the reorganization. Foreign correspondent is the only possible post on the paper. I go to stay."

She drew him to the window again.

"Look! It's two o'clock. We ought to go. It will take hours to get home in this storm. I have the British booking story to write first thing in the morning."

He groaned.

"Stay a little while longer—just a few moments—and I'll write the story for you. Stand there, against the wall, with the firelight in your face. I want to think of you as I last saw you. Does Cummings ever tell you how pretty you are?"

"No," demurely. "But he always tells me how clever I am!"

He pulled her to him roughly.

"Angela, let's stay here tonight." His eyes were drugged. They held hers.

A little shiver ran through her from head to foot.

"If you wish, Gerry."

"You mean, you would?"

"Why not? I love you."

"You would, knowing that I'm leaving tomorrow? That I may never see you again?"

"Yes, Gerry, of course."

"You're wonderful, Angela. Wonderful." He looked at her steadily for a moment, then took her coat from the hanger and held it for her.

"Come on, get into this and let's go before I forget my manners. Come on," angrily, as she stood staring at him. "What are you waiting for?"

"You're a strange boy, Gerry. I can't understand you."

"That's because I've got red hair. No, sweet, it was my error. It just occurred to me that you might feel differently about it tomorrow."

"I meant what I said. I want to stay."

"Well, I don't. Come along, or I'll let you go home alone."

Neither said a word in the thirty floor ride in the self-service elevator. The snow had stopped. Broadway, white and winding, was deserted. The siren of a taxi honked shrilly in the distance. The electric signs were blurred and dim. Like my eyes, like my heart, thought Angela. I'll cry all night.

"Taxi, sweet?"

"No, let's walk. It's so near."

A few more moments with him . . . Tomorrow, at this time! Don't think of it . . . She took his hand. Not a word was spoken in the walk to 52nd and Park. At the door of her apartment house, he said gruffly:

"Angela, won't you come with me?"

"Don't, Gerry!"

"Goodby, darling." He took her hand, then dropped it, quickly. "I'd better be going now."

"Gerry, you'll write?"

"What for? Letters are so silly."

Write me, Gerry. Once."

"All right." He stooped quickly, and kissed her lightly on (*Cont. on page 108*)

Angela

She came alone to the Colonial office. Everything looked the same. The couch, the dim lamplight, the fireplace—no, it was not the same! The couch was covered with cigarette holes—mean, brown, cigarette holes!

SCREENLAND'S STAR SHADOW CONTEST

$2,500.00 *in* PRIZES

Fit the stars to their shadows

It costs nothing to enter and you may win one of the twenty prizes

Neil Hamilton knows the stars, and knows their shadows, but he never saw them separated before. Can you re-unite them?

ON THE next pages are the shadows, but where, oh where are the stars? They are, of course, somewhere in SCREENLAND, all the stars are. But can you find them? When you have one located, put your finger on the star and your eye on the directions and learn how you can win a prize.

The prizes are ample to repay you for careful study of the shadows. After all, the originals are right in this copy that you hold in your hand, so that if you study the size and shape of the silhouettes you ought to be able to select the photographs which would just fit these shadows.

This contest began in July SCREENLAND. Back copies may be had by addressing Contest Department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York City. See next page—try for a prize.

FOLLOW THE DOTTED LINE!

HERE ARE THE

STAR SHADOWS

Can You Find the Stars? They Are Somewhere in This Issue

If you correctly combine the stars with their shadows, you are eligible to enter the contest. There is nothing else required to win even the $1,000 prize; no letter to write

THE Star Shadow Contest which began last month is again before you with tantalizing shadows. To whom do these shadows belong? The photographs which are exactly the same size and shape are printed in this issue.

That does not mean that they are printed without a background. On the contrary, there may be backgrounds and in fact the person whose head will fit a shadow may be one of a group. If, however, you can spot the original of the shadow and can arrange it with its shadow as directed, you will be eligible to be considered for a prize.

After you have looked through Screenland and have found the heads which are the right size and shape, you must put them upon the shadows, neatly. Then the pasted heads with their names beneath must be sent in to this office. However, do not rush in your answers until the contest is completed. It would be fatal to your chances, for the entire series of Star Shadows—(there will be 16 in all)—must be sent in at the same time.

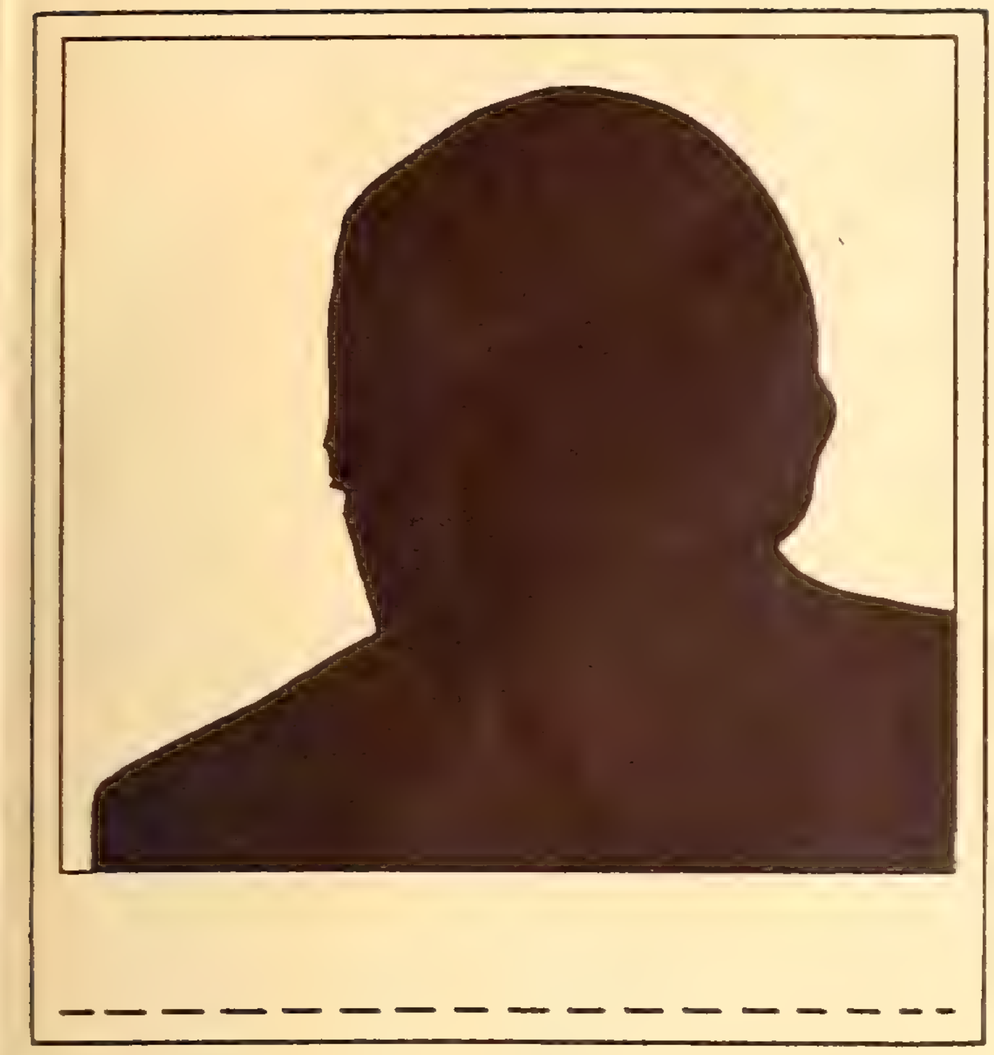
Find the Stars to Fit the Shadows!

In filling in the name of the picture, that is, the name of the star, you may typewrite the name or it can be written in, but the correctness and neatness count in the final selection of the prize winners.

Read the rules and consider carefully all the requirements. It is a test of your intelligence and a test of your skill, as well. The prize, then, will be won by one possessing quite accurate vision, and it will be a testimonial to his or her carefulness as well.

When you have selected the photograph and fitted it to the shadow, filled in the name and prepared your solutions for mailing, you will have had to use your own sense and taste. Your full collection of solutions will be a real exhibit of your skill and intelligence and it will put you in line for one of the prizes.

In contests of this character it is often interesting



to make a tracing of the shadow to use in making the selection of the star whose photograph will fit it. There is no rule against this practice and as the prizes are generous, it is reasonable that one should make every effort to secure a place among the fortunate twenty who will receive the prizes.

The twenty prizes vary from $1,000.00 for the first prize down to the last class of prizes which will be for $25.00. Perhaps you could afford to spend an hour or two each month in preparing your solutions with such rewards in sight, but whether you win a prize or not it is all in fun and it will renew your dexterity which has been languishing since the days of paper dolls.

One of the satisfactions of this contest is that you know whether you are right or wrong before you have finished your solutions and you do not have to wait with bated breath until later on to find out if the owner of the shadow is your favorite star or her boy friend. If the photograph which you decide on does

THE STARS THROW THEIR SHADOWS ACROSS YOUR PATH!

not fit the shadow, continue your search, until your patience is rewarded. Then test your skill.

Now get set!

Take one last look at the directions and then on your way through the star-strewn pages of Screenland seeking for the substance for the shadow, the substance in this case being $2,500.00!

The Rules of the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest:

1. Twenty cash prizes will be paid by SCREENLAND Magazine as follows:

First Prize	$1,000.00
Second Prize	500.00
Third Prize	200.00
Fourth Prize	100.00
Fifth Prize	75.00
Ten prizes of $50.00 each	500.00
Five prizes of $25.00 each	125.00

2. In four issues—July, August, September and October numbers—SCREENLAND is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of a silhouette, or shadow. In the same issue of the magazine with this shadow will be a photograph of some actor or actress which will exactly fit the silhouette or shadow. When the photographs are properly located, and pasted upon the shadows, and the names added, there will be sixteen separate portraits. $2,500.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged sets of sixteen portraits.
3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures have appeared in the October issue. Assembled pictures on the shadows must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each complete portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all solutions should be sent to The Star Shadow Contest Editors, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Be sure your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.
4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of SCREENLAND Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in SCREENLAND Magazine, and assemble the copied portrait with the copy of the shadow. Copies of SCREENLAND Magazine may be examined at the New York offices of the Magazine or at public libraries, free of charge.
5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.
6. The judges will be a committee of members of SCREENLAND Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household or anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.
7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.
8. The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on October 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with SCREENLAND Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the October issue, which will be on sale on the newsstands on or about September 1st. The prize winners will be announced in the February 1932 issue of SCREENLAND.
9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them.

Schoenbaum

LEADING man—by special request of Miss Constance Bennett. Joel McCrea, selected by the star to play opposite her in "Born to Love," was also chosen for "The Common Law."

Bachrach

THE most interesting portrait we have ever seen of Miss Bennett. Don't ask us whose handsome face she sees in the smoke of her cigarette—your guess is as good as ours.

Conchita Montenegro, in "Never the Twain Shall Meet" expresses the freedom which is Beauty and illustrates the new mode that is taking control of the fashions for women of a smartness!

Maria Alba as she insidiously charms in one of those Spanish versions. What, no Spanish! Well, one can understand the dance, anyway. It is the posture of the moment.

FASHIONS ARE GOING NATIVE

But Hula Complain of That?

The SCREEN-Who's-Who Girls are bending like reeds before the typhoon of the South Sea Island Fashion invasion. Hips are wobbly these days and even the strictest follower of fashion must bend her knees

THE palm trees sway in rhythmic grace as the breezes ruffle the lagoon of the South Sea Isle. The hula girl dances with swaying languid sensuousness. The guitar pleads and entices. It is "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and Conchita Montenegro is dancing. The audible screen has brought the witchery of the islands of Frederick O'Brien to our own movie house, and we are going native.

Ta-da-da-DA, ta-ta-Ta-TA! Oh, to dance and love! Oh, to drink deep of romance and deeper of squareface gin. Glorious Jack

Kay Francis in presenting this flesh satin gown sways into the svelte grace of the hula attitude. It's the pose that inspired Gaugain.

Conchita Montenegro, whose hips are as restless as the seas that swirl about her own coral reefs.

Clara Bow's gown is from Paris, the fur from Saskatchewan, but the lyric pose is from the islands where maidens sway to seductive music and the purple seas whisper of love. Tra-la-la-la!

London! Glorious summer, sweet odors and sweeter glances!

It is not to be marvelled at with the allure of the Isles-of-Gay-Abandon on every screen that Paul Poiret, Chandon and Hart, Schaffner & Marx should have felt the urge. They too have their pet yearnings, their hidden life of imagination and after all these years, it has burst forth, and with a mighty surge overthrown Paris and taken command, trampled upon customs, and set up its own dynasty. The waist line has gone Hula! The subtle inviting surrendering bend of the palm shadowed dancer has become the mode.

How much of the abandon of the South Seas has been adopted? How far have the smiling easy loving customs of the voluptuous hula girls found supporters among our own screen girls?

Ta-ta-dah-DAH—ta-ta-TAH—da!

TOUGH GUY!

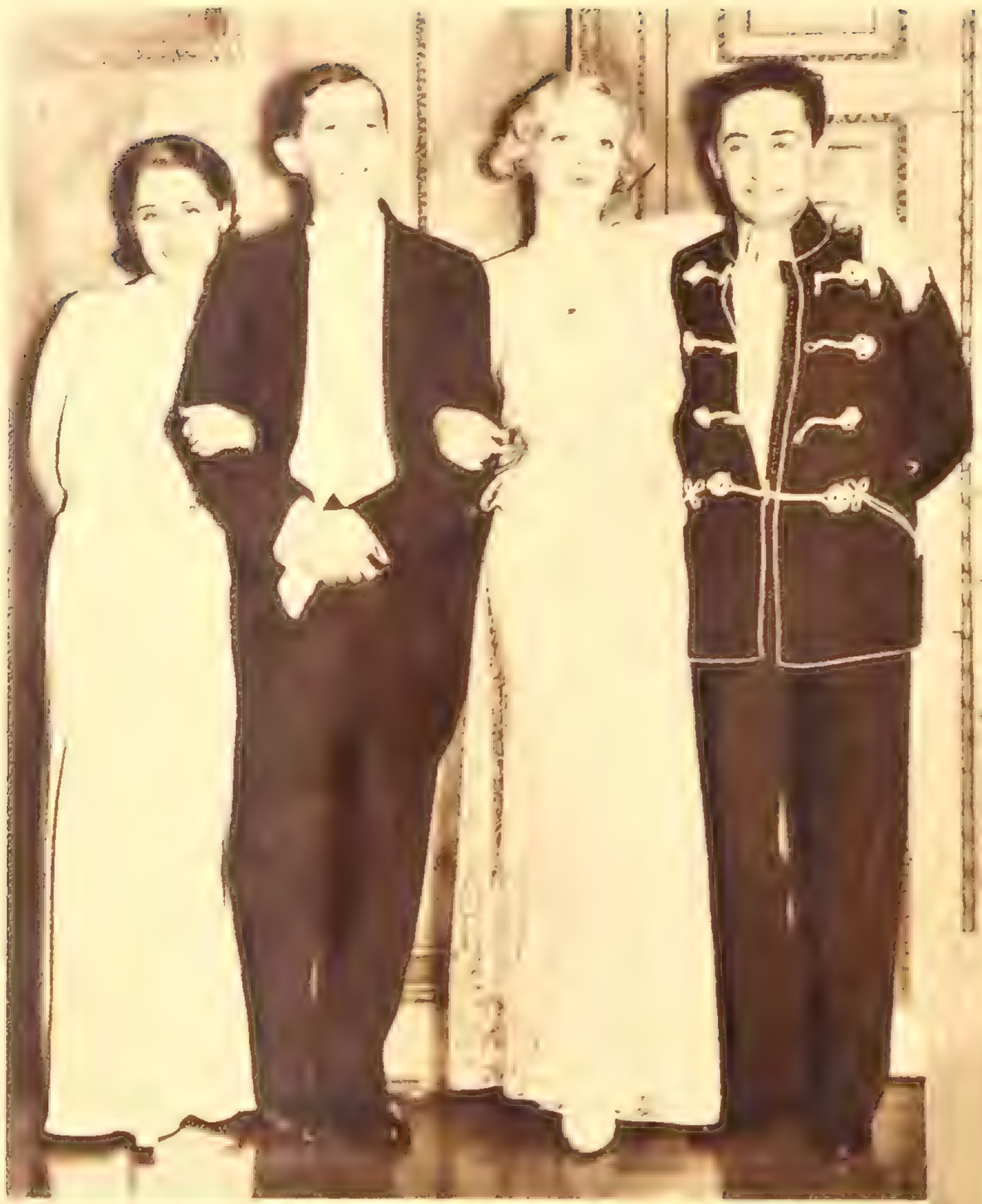
Character studies of that amazing young actor, James Cagney —who isn't as tough as he looks

He scored such a hit as such a mean guy in "The Public Enemy" that his audiences are inclined to believe James Cagney is always that way. No! He's just a good actor. In his next film, "Larceny Lane" he will be seen in a slightly more sympathetic part

In the pictures on these two pages Cagney gives you some idea of how he can change perfectly nice features into a mask of mean emotions. If you'll glance to the upper left you'll see the Cagney face in its natural state. Why, they even call him Jimmy!

All studies of Cagney by Elmer Fryer

MARION GIVES A PARTY



Jack Gilbert—grin just as wide and ingratiating as ever—and the duskily beautiful Dolores Del Rio. Aren't they a splendid couple? Dolores is stunning in severe black satin, with a bizarre pendant.

A group that fairly glitters! Norma Shearer, Will Hays, Marion, and Irving Thalberg. Marion is wearing one of the girlish, lacy frocks that suit her blonde beauty so well. Note that Marion's only jewelry is a string of pearls— but they're real! While Norma Thalberg is dressed in the most perfect taste and simplicity.

Hedda Hopper, that smart matron, wears a dignified gown of satin and sequins, with long sleeves.

Lily Damita is wearing one of those awfully simple gowns that only a Damita can wear. She, too, scorns adornment, except for the jewelled clasp of her belt. Lily is one of Marion's best friends.

Never think of Ramon Novarro as the life of the party, would you? But Ramon is really a gay lad, and he seems to have Connie Bennett simply fascinated. The rival blonde? Adolphe Menjou's wife, Kathryn Carver.

Marion Davies is always giving parties. She's Hollywood's most lavish hostess. But she doesn't always let our cameraman come in and take pictures of her guests, as she did this time. Glance around and see the stars as they look away from the studios—when they are in party mood and mode. Pick the prettiest girl—is she Norma, Lily, Connie—or the hostess?

FASHIONS FOR FUN!

Connie Bennett in a knockout suit of white flannel skirt and blue jacket, with crépe blouse and scarf. There's a red note in scarf and hat.

Turkish towelling beach clothes are good. Above, Marian Marsh in her ensemble of red and white. In oval, Marian and Laura La Plante.

Hollywood goes informal this summer

Adrian designed the costume Joan Crawford is wearing at the right. White—with gay Roman-striped scarf and cuffs and matching band on the beret. Joan's shoes and bag are particularly smart. A good little dress to copy!

Carole Lombard, below, wears this white cotton mesh frock when she plays tennis with Bill Powell. Her string beret is yellow jersey. Carole always wears socks with her sneakers.

Marian Marsh's beach pajamas borrow ideas from the French fisherman's costume. The under blouse is striped red and white jersey, the bolero is blue flat crêpe with a sailor collar, matching the extremely full trousers. Marian's sandals are painted wood, blue and red with gold. The hat of blue and white poplin is stitched on the turn-up brim.

And now we come to the clothes of a perfect summer evening! Lilyan Tashman has selected one of the new backless evening frocks in a white net model, accented with green flowers and rows of green ruching.

Dorothy Mackaill's striking version of the lounging pajama has a fitted green shantung jacket, and trousers printed in a bold design in green, gray, and white.

Lilyan obligingly turns her back on us so that we can see the décolletage of her gown also the Tashman coiffure of closely clustered curls. It's a rather extreme frock, and unless you feel you have the Tashman flair you'd better be content to admire it, but not to copy it!

Here's a hat! Yellow, coarse-weave straw with a brown ribbon accenting the bandeau.

Irene Purcell wears dress of white satin showing twin collar finish, and hemline fullness accentuated by corded trimmings.

Dorothy Mackaill wears a smart little fitted jacket of striped ermine with her afternoon frock of yellow and brown chiffon printed in formal leaf pattern

Lilyan Tashman, left, in an afternoon ensemble of pink-beige crêpe. Note the large brown hat, long gloves, and brown moire slippers—all smart

Lupe Velez is wearing her pet necklace of roped string corals that slip through loops of rhinestones and hang from the choker to waist-length.

The interesting shoulder idea of Leila Hyams' black evening gown requires no other ornament than rhinestone clips on the upper-arm sleeve. A grand inspiration that makes lovely skin look even whiter!

Ball

REMEMBER when Lois occupied the place at Paramount that Mary Brian does now—their sweet, simple ingénue? Well, Lois left those parts far, far behind when she struck out for herself as a dramatic actress. Look at her now!

Lois Talks About Gloria *and* Ruth!

Miss Wilson, their best friend, gives you intimate close-ups of Swanson and Chatterton

By

Ben Maddox

Do you think Ruth Chatterton and Gloria Swanson look alike? Lois Wilson, the chum of both glamorous girls, thinks so. Ruth and Gloria look, think, act, and live alike, according to Lois. Both are honestly shy. Their sophisticated, calm manner is a cover-up.

RUTH CHATTERTON is a perfect double for Gloria Swanson!

Aw, g'wan with your fairy tales! I suppose Lillian Gish will be given another crack at the talkies because she's such a dead-ringer for Garbo!

Don't be like that. I know it's a jolt to learn that Ruth and Gloria are as alike as two peas in the same pod. It bowled me over, too, when their best friend told me so. But it seems that they are even twin minds when it comes to picking their best friend. They chose the same one—Lois Wilson!

Ruth and Gloria look, think, act, and live alike. Believe it or not, but you must admit that no one knows us as well as our particular best friend. And, strangely enough, both Ruth and Gloria chose Lois out of all Hollywood to function in this capacity.

Lois Wilson has made a smashing screen come-back in "Seed." A fine actress and splendid person, Lois is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. And Gloria and Ruth are her best friends.

In their ups and downs, their triumphs and mistakes, Ruth and Gloria have turned to Lois for companionship and advice. Both Chatterton and Swanson have reigned supreme at the box office. Right now Ruth seems to have the edge. Lois is the right-hand woman in the regal courts which surround them.

And both Ruth and Gloria have had tough sledding. They have dared everything and lost, at times. In the dark moments their most loyal friend was the ever-faithful Lois.

Off-hand you wouldn't think Chatterton and Swanson had a thing in common. Ruth with her broad A's is generally considered ultra-refined, swanky, ladyish. Gloria is apparently the other extreme—exotic, moody, sensational. In reality, according to Lois, Ruth is not half so elegant nor Gloria so wild as they have been pictured.

"Disregard their coloring and they have a remarkable physical resemblance to each other," says Lois in beginning her comparison. "In 'Paramount on Parade' Ruth looked more like Gloria than Gloria does herself.

"They were brought up much alike," Lois continues. Most of us have heard that Ruth attended a good private school and that Gloria grew Topsy-fashion. Lois says this is not true.

"Gloria's early days have been misrepresented by the publicity men who have persisted in building a Cinderella legend about her. Both girls went to private schools until their middle 'teens. Each had to make her own way in the world later on, but they both had a good educational start."

So when it comes to intelligence Lois ranks them equal—and on a very high plane.

"Their worst enemies never have accused them of being dumb. Their minds are as quick as a whip. Ruth and Gloria have superior brains. Each is ten times as bright as the average woman.

"Their talk is extremely stimulating. Because they are both exhaustive readers, (*Continued on page 113*)

OUR LATEST LITTLE IMPORT!

Here's Lil Dagover, Warners' own entry in the Garbo-Dietrich-Landi race. Lil, dark, lissome, and lovely, is famous on the European screens. Her first American movie will be "I Spy." Watch her!

Clive Brook Confesses!

You've read interviews with him before. But here the usually quiet Brook actually babbles—and reveals some new and interesting facts about himself

By

Hazel Hairston

SLEEP? Just something to do when there is nothing more interesting. Clive Brook doesn't believe in it. He would rather read any old day than curl up and steal a little shut-eye. Sometimes he doesn't go to bed for days and days. Late hours, and in fact, almost any hours at all appeal to him. If there is a party on—a small and select one—the host or hostess need never worry about Mr. Brook being the one to break it up with a sudden departure. But more often it is reading, rather than parties, that keeps him awake long after the lights in the other part of the house, or train, are off.

He especially likes train journeys.

"Because," he told me, "when I am on the train, take that trip to New York from the Coast, for example, I know there will be no phones ringing, no directors wanting to see me, and no alarm clocks reminding me to be on the set at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning. I tell you, that is great! You would be surprised how much pleasure most of the screen people get out of that journey across country. And the return trip is just as fine."

Maybe Clive Brook's fondness for late hours is a result of his youth—his early youth. He used to be a reporter, you know. And his love of reading could have easily surpassed his love for sleep. He reads almost anything, provided it is good. Goes in for fourth dimension literature, novels, and biographies. Likes to read in bed.

He writes a little, himself. Is afraid any minute he is going back to writing seriously. Used to write short stories.

Meet Clive Brook, suave and polished, at luncheon at the Paramount Studios on Long Island. He is wearing a brilliant blue dressing gown that makes his gray eyes more blue than gray. His hair is brown, darkened somewhat by the dressing applied to it. He is an Englishman, all of his five feet, eleven inches. Off-screen he appears much younger than on, but his manner is just as polished and his conversation just as crisp.

I was somewhat surprised at his diction. I expected it to be more English. He explained later why it isn't.

"When I first came over to America," he said, "many of my friends kidded me about my British accent, and so naturally I became conscious of it and tried to alter it. I must have succeeded because on my first visit back to England my friends said I had turned American, even in dialect.

"Now what I am trying to do is to take the best qualities from each form of speech and combine them. A perfect blending of the English and American methods of speech is the perfect diction. Ronald Colman has achieved it as nearly as anyone I know."

He has a reputation for reserve but in this story he lets himself go. And you'll learn all you've been wanting to know about Mr. Brook!

Before the interview with Clive I had been warned by the entire publicity department that he was "a hard guy to talk to." I had been especially warned about asking any questions concerning his personal affairs.

He didn't wait for me to begin. Before we were seated five minutes, he warned me that he would discuss nothing pertaining to love. Only he pronounced it "l-u-v" and put into the saying of it all the scorn he could muster.

"Why must reporters always ask a man about love?" he asked me. "Why is what that particular person thinks or does about love of any importance?"

Mr. Brook was interviewing me. I refused to answer.

But, when a screen star refuses to talk of love, that is at least news. So I didn't mind.

"And you can say that Clive Brook has no sex life!" came next.

More news: an Englishman with a sense of humor!

It seems that Mr. Brook's name causes him no end of trouble. Few people know how to pronounce it. The correct way is with a long "I," making it rhyme with "dive." But the majority of people insist on making it rhyme with "leave." His close friends always call him "Cleeve."

(*Cont. on page 104*)

"I WANT

Claudette! The lovely lady of "The Smiling Lieutenant" is all dressed up in a white wig and spangles but she's still our favorite French dressing.

A new idea—character stories of the stars! In which you'll read the most intimate and interesting, never-before published slants on their lives and careers. The first, Claudette Colbert

By

Ida Zeitlin

"I WANT two hundred dollars!" The words were spoken firmly, though the lips trembled a little.

The speaker was a slender, dark-haired girl whose warm brown eyes were shadowed by deliciously curling lashes, and who might have been the 17 she claimed but looked more like 12. The speakee, a poker-faced theatrical producer, gazed down in mild amusement at the glowing young face that suggested an eager doe rather than a hard-headed business woman, and drawled: "I could get Margalo Gillmore for two hundred dollars. How about a hundred?"

What she wanted to do was to fling her arms in Thanksgiving around his neck, to carol with joy at the top of her lungs, to dance a wild dance of triumph. With difficulty she restrained herself. "I thought—" she stammered, "I thought it isn't who does the part that counts but how it's done," and wondered if she looked as foolish as she felt. "Anyhow," she added, blushing furiously, "I'll take the hundred," and went home in a daze of happiness.

The girl was Claudette Colbert, who stepped from success on the stage to success on the screen in "The Lady Lies" and "Manslaughter," who has been variously called Paramount's rising star, the Norma Talmadge of the talkies, the most unaffected actress on the screen and the most considerate one off it. But on that day six years ago, when no one outside her family and small circle of friends had ever heard of her, she didn't even feel in her heart of hearts that she had the right to call herself an actress. Without money, without experience, without backing or any kind of theatrical connection, this 17-year-old had made up her mind she was going on the stage, and let anyone try to stop her! She had also made up her mind she was going to get $200 a week. Why just two hundred she didn't know. It had struck her from the first as the proper salary for a self-respecting actress, and she clung to it as a baby clings to his pet elephant. Round and round she walked, from agent to agent, from one producer's office to the next. "I want $200!" That was her magic formula, her one steadfast rock in a strange and stormy sea. Sometimes they laughed at her, sometimes they snarled at her, sometimes they offered her less. She could always back water. But next time the question was put, she bobbed up once more. "I want two hundred dollars," she would say sturdily, and in the end she got it—and as much more as made the two hundred look like two bashful cents.

Claudette Colbert has been blessed with many good things. To her native loveliness and charm has been added the rarer gift of intelligence. She thinks straight and she sees clearly. She keeps her sense of proportion in success as in failure. It doesn't occur to her to clamor for the thousand marks of artificial deference, for the forced lip homage that is meat and drink to so many of her colleagues, because she takes the respect of her fellows as much for granted as she takes her respect for herself. And because she has no use for the fake article, she gets the real thing.

But to see her against the background of her own home explains her better than a mountain of words. It is dusk of a winter's day, and the quiet, spacious living-room, high above the din of the city, looks out over the bare trees and twinkling lights of the park to the fantastic line of architecture beyond, and on into the deep blue evening sky. The peace without is matched by the peace within. Soft lights, soft colors, furniture so artfully arranged that it seems to melt unobtrusively into

$200!"

A fresh viewpoint on your film favorites! You think it can't be done? Well, here it is! And not only a new slant but a new writer—Ida Zeitlin, who also wrote the stunning Swanson story

A picture taken some time ago in France—Madame Colbert with her son, Charles, and her daughter, Claudette.

the background. Yellow roses in a low bowl. A grotesque idol, souvenir of a recent trip to Bali, lurking in the shadow. On the grand piano the photograph of a man with a fine, sensitive face and kindly eyes. A slender, black-gowned lady comes in to greet you—a gray-haired, gently-bred lady, with pearls at her throat and ears, and an air of old-world dignity and grace that lends the final note of perfection to a perfect room.

"I am Claudette's mother," she says in her charmingly accented English. "She will be not long. I am sorry she ees late, but I 'ope you will excuse 'er." And you excuse her freely for her mother's sake as well as for her own.

Madame Colbert talks to you of this and that, only not of Claudette until you ask her. Then she answers your questions willingly enough, yet always with a touch of reserve. She cannot control the lighting up of her face when her daughter's name is mentioned, but she can and does control the expression of her feeling to a stranger. Claudette enters, slight, vivid, her face, like a freshly washed flower, holding humor as well as sweetness. Her small hand is extended in friendly welcome before she stoops to greet her mother, who adores her in silence.

Just before the Colbert family moved to America, Claudette posed for this picture with her teddy bear! This is the first time the Colbert family album has been opened to the public. Wasn't she cute?

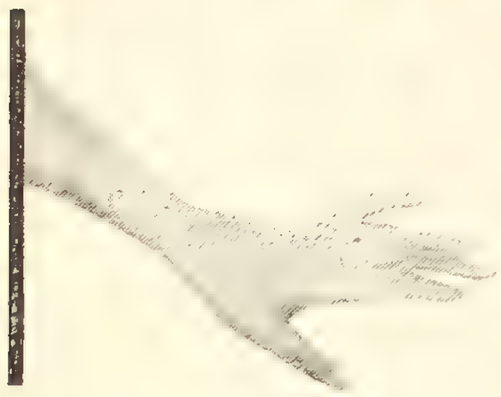
"If you want me to begin at the beginning," she says, when the preliminaries have been disposed of, "then I must begin with my father. He started it all when he decided to bring us to America after his business in Paris failed."

Claudette was six, her brother Charles thirteen, when her father turned his back on the country he knew and loved, and set out with his wife and children to try his luck in a strange land. The luck was elusive at first, and only Madame Colbert could have told how, with her French genius for home-making, she managed to keep her family not merely fed and clothed, but healthy and content on practically nothing a week. But after a while the new land proved friendly enough, if not exactly prodigal of her favors, and Claudette's happy, uneventful childhood was spent in a comfortable household whose lack of luxury was more than compensated by the atmosphere of warmth and graciousness that her mother knew so well how to create.

Though their home had been transplanted to New York, it was still in all its essentials a French home. Claudette lived the life of the sheltered *jeune fille* in the bosom of her family, and because her parents were wise as well as loving, and because she had no need to look beyond her own four walls for the gaiety and laughter and sympathetic companionship that young people crave, "this new freedom" meant nothing to her and she didn't miss it.

Nevertheless, there was a difference between the Claudette Colbert who grew up in America and the (*Continued on page 119*)

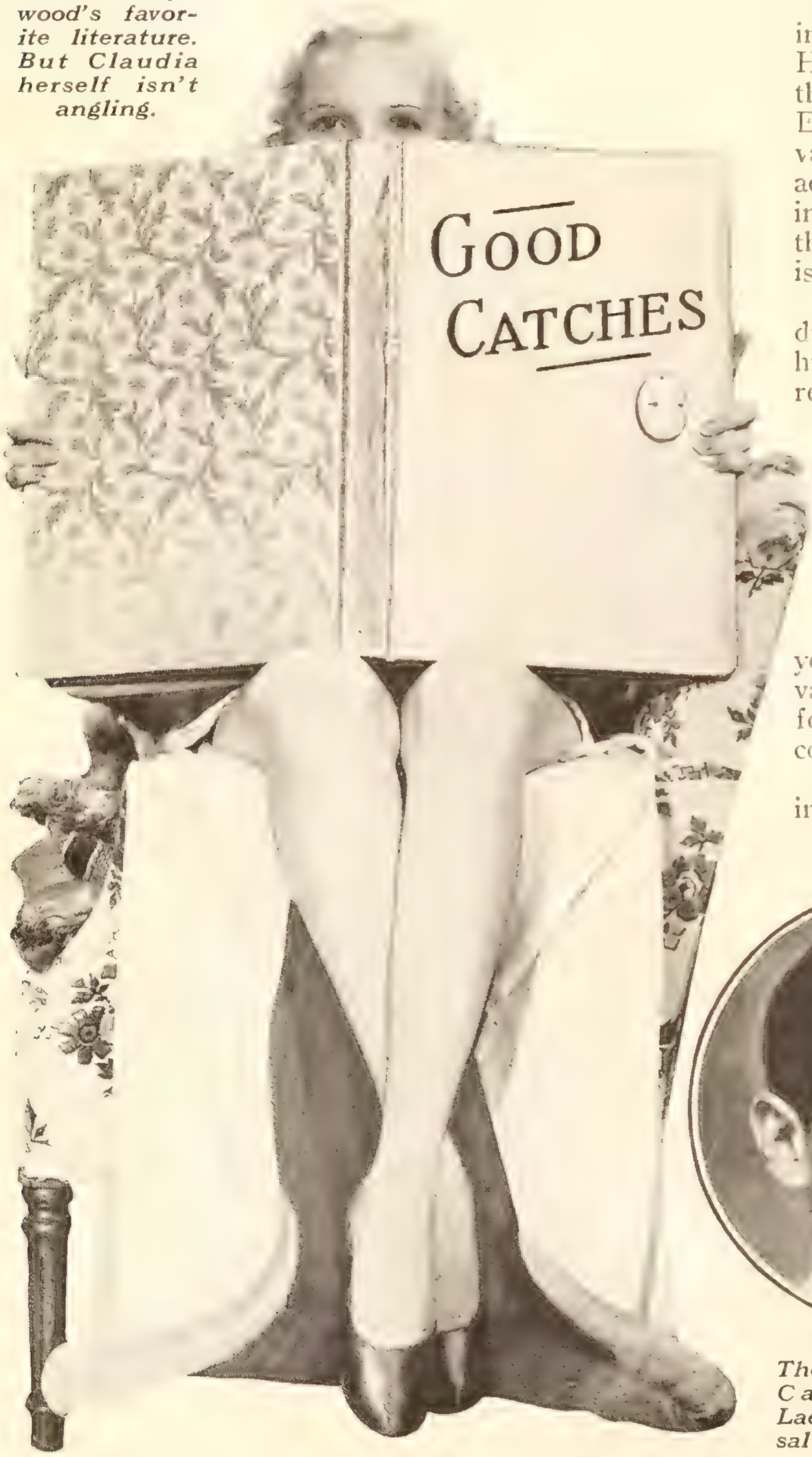
LOOK OUT, YOU



Such a sweet little hand, and yet so bare! Won't one of the 38 step up and slip a nice big solitaire on the right finger? Incidentally, to whom does this hand belong? She's one of the prettiest ingénues in Hollywood, and she has set her cap for one of these boys. We're not telling which one.

38 rich and eligible bachelors, in a city of so many beautiful girls! It can't last. In fact, by the time you read this, some of these boys may have fallen. Which one?

Claudia Dell, with Hollywood's favorite literature. But Claudia herself isn't angling.



HOLLYWOOD may not be a happy hunting ground for husbands, but the Hollywood woods are full of matrimonial prizes, just the same.

Take comedians alone:

From Charlie Chaplin to little Eddie Quillan, they seem to be inlaid with much fine gold.

Charlie Chaplin, being ballyhooed as the world's greatest funny man, gets top prices for every picture he makes, and his pictures go right on selling year in and year out, like "Alice in Wonderland." He owns much real estate, too, some of it, like his studio, being so strategically situated that business has moved up to its door and doubled or trebled its value.

Of course, Mildred Harris and Lita Grey didn't seem to get along with him as nicely as might have been expected, but from a gold standard isn't he a prize?

Mack Sennett has more than a million dollars invested in California real estate, including a skyline ranch in Hollywoodland, eighteen acres in Studio City on which the new Sennett Studio is built, and the old acreage in Edendale where the bathing beauties originated, now valuable business property. His mother lives on the 450 acre Sennett Ranch in Dansville, Quebec, which has been in the family for more than 200 years, and supervises the maple sugar industries and asbestos mines that flourish on the ranch.

Aside from real estate, Mr. Sennett is an active producer of comedies that are going over in a big way, has his own sound and color processes and uses very little red ink in his ledgers.

He has never been married but is a most delightful escort.

Can some bright girl annex him?

William Haines not only draws a handsome salary each week for being amusing on the talking screen, but owns a prosperous antique and interior decorating shop on the side.

To show that Bill is a crafty business man, let me tell you that he happened to hear of a collection of alabaster vases coming to the Pacific Coast one morning and before afternoon he had bought the whole shipment and cornered the market to the healthy profit of his shop.

Bill also possesses a home in Hollywood, filled with interesting furniture, and knows how to buy priceless

Carl's biggest boy star, Lew Ayres—still a bachelor, and he just had a raise!

The boy producer, Carl "Junior" Laemmle of Universal City. Girls, girls!

HOLLYWOOD BACHELORS!

By

Ruth Tildesley

things. A good catch for some enterprising female.

Jack Oakie's sole family consists of his mother. They rent their house and invest his money in securities. Jack says he isn't extravagant, but he could be if he liked and still not spend all his salary.

That highly paid comedian, Eugene Pallette, has a home and a car that any girl might fancy. In addition, he has a trailer consisting of a little house on wheels complete with bunks and kitchen, the bunks folding back to form a comfortable sitting room. In this equipage, Eugene sallies forth to the wilds. No wife, so far, has sallied forth with him.

Stuart Erwin says he has never been in love. He earns a fine salary, lives in a bachelor apartment, has a car and saves his money.

People seem to think that Eddie Quillan supports his huge family, but that isn't true. Eddie's money is invested conservatively by Eddie's father, who is business manager for the Quillans, all of whom work, and any girl who wins this matrimonial prize won't hear the wolf howling at her door.

Drawing an enormous salary is no guarantee that a young man is a good "catch." During Lew Ayres' first year in the big time, he didn't save a cent and found himself, at the end of it, in debt.

"This won't do," said Lew to Lew. So he got a manager, who allowed Lew a reasonable amount to live on and invested the surplus for him. At this rate, Lew will soon be independent.

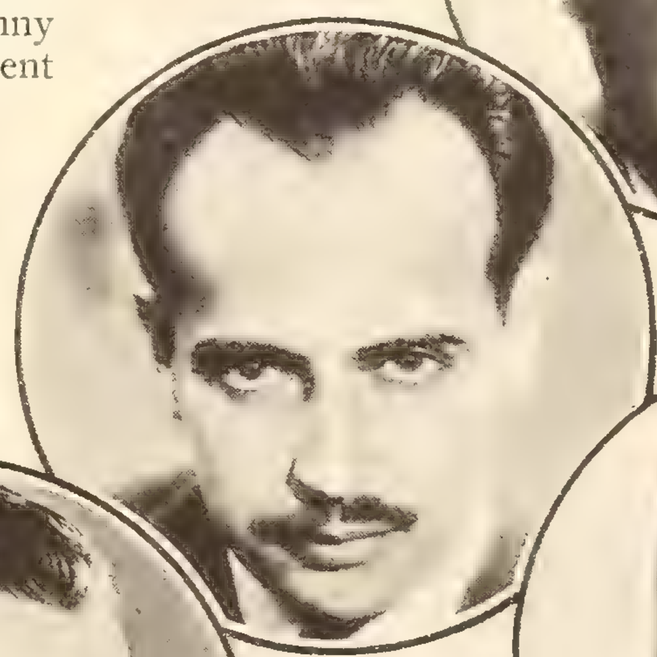
Russell Gleason needed no manager to guide him. Pathé pays him a thousand dollars a week, and when the studio gave him a contract three years ago, the canny youth bought an annuity that will make him independent at the age of 25. Russell lives at home, draws only $15 a week spending money, and has decided to leave pictures in two years' time, go to Oxford to study for the succeeding two and prepare himself for a career in writing. In another four years he may look over the (*Continued on page 123*)

There was a time when Olive Borden seemed to threaten George O'Brien's bachelor standing. But now Olive is married — to someone else; and George still wears that broad grin, and lots of Hollywood ladies are hoping.

Don't overlook the directors when you're making your list of matrimonial prizes. Clarence Brown is one of the very best catches. He's a highly paid director, owns his own airplane, and is often rumored engaged.

Right, Eugene Pallette, the popular comedian, may not be as handsome as some of the men on these pages, but he has a home, a car and a fat salary.

Jack Oakie. Invests his money in securities. Not extravagant—but could be.



Russell Gleason—only 22, and he earns $1,000 a week. But he's not marrying for four more years.

Above, Richard Dix. He has threatened to get married but he never has done it—so far.

Left, above, Paul Bern, popular associate producer, who has a fine home and a very large salary.

Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

SEED · SMART MONEY
THE SMILING LIEUTENANT · FAME
A FREE SOUL · YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID

By Delight Evans

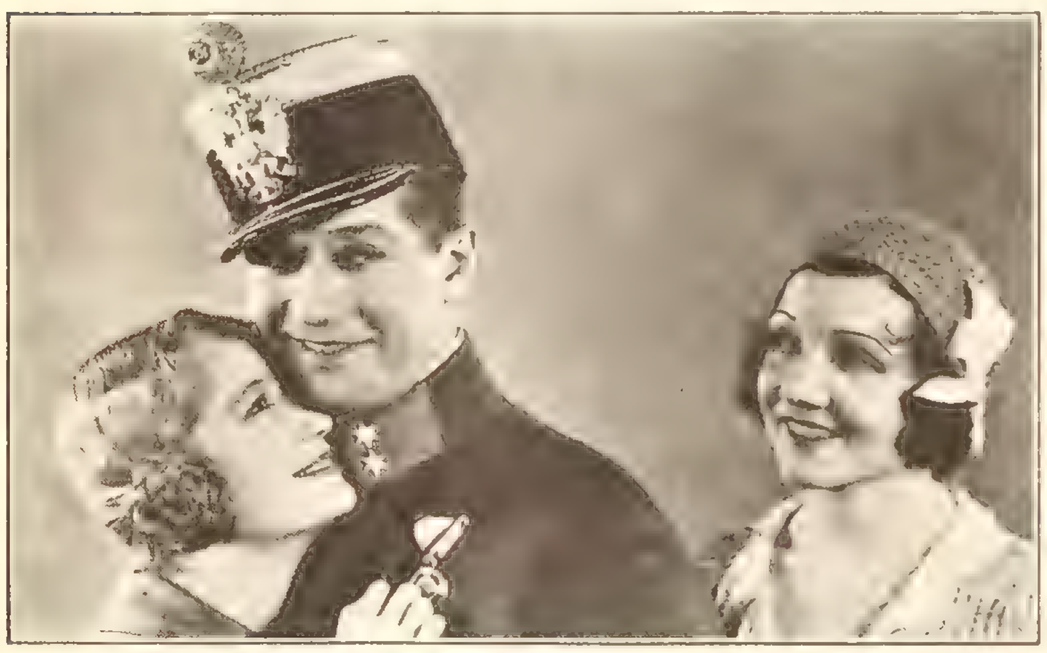
Turn to page 93 for casts of current films

Lionel Barrymore, Norma Shearer, and Clark Gable in "A Free Soul" give splendid performances.

A Free Soul

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ANOTHER smash for Norma Shearer. Her part in "A Free Soul" is an actress' holiday—it combines the daring of "Strangers May Kiss" and the drama of "Mary Dugan." Kisses and court-room confessions—and Norma plays every scene as if this were her first big part and she had to make good. That's her success secret—a sincerity that makes her throw herself into each new rôle and give it her best. She plays, here, the beloved daughter of a noted criminal lawyer whose weakness—straight Scotch—is translated in her character into a craving for Clark Gable, a high-powered gambler whose life father—Lionel Barrymore—defends and saves. How father and daughter join forces to fight for each other makes poignant drama. Gable and Barrymore score.



Maurice Chevalier, in "A Smiling Lieutenant," has two heroines—Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert.

The Smiling Lieutenant

Paramount

RIGHT now I'll warn you that this isn't another "Love Parade" so that you won't go expecting too much. Then when you do see this new Lubitsch-Chevalier show you'll like it. It's always good fun, with Maurice as an irresistible young Viennese officer in love with a girl violinist, Claudette Colbert, but pursued by a princess, Miriam Hopkins. With a true love like Claudette you'll wonder why he'd marry the princess—until the picture tells you in a series of smart, amusing scenes. Those "Lubitsch touches" you hear about are more like slaps. Can it be that the Herr Direktor's famed finesse is going Broadway? Nothing subtle about some of those scenes. A song or two. Maurice—Claudette—Miriam—see it!

Edward Robinson, Noel Francis, and James Cagney in "Smart Money," in which Robinson scores.

Smart Money

Warner Brothers

EDWARD G. ROBINSON in a picture without a leer—at least, not the brand of leer that made you shiver in "Little Caesar." Robinson has lost none of his wallop but he is also appealing, as *Nick the Greek*, a barber who is a gambling fool with only one weakness—pretty blondes. When a blonde crosses his path the little fellow comes to grief. You see him rise from a small-town barbershop to his own smart gambling house in the Big City. A character comedy-drama, not a gangland thriller—but absorbing entertainment nevertheless. Besides the highly deft and humorous characterization by Robinson, there's that fast-punching fellow, James Cagney, this time more sympathetically cast. Beauty by Evalyn Knapp, Noel Francis and others.

Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

John Boles in "Seed"
Lois Wilson in "Seed"
Lewis Stone in "Fame"
Doris Kenyon in "Fame"
Genevieve Tobin in "Seed"
Clark Gable in "A Free Soul"
Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"
Edward G. Robinson in "Smart Money"
Jackie Cooper in "Young Donovan's Kid"
Miriam Hopkins in "The Smiling Lieutenant"

Seed

Universal

HERE'S the picture people are talking about. And no wonder. It's the most human drama that has come to the screen in a long time. Director John Stahl has done a good job, although his scenario dodges the theme of Charles Norris' best-selling book—which was birth control. The picture becomes an absorbing, sympathetic cross-section of an American family—about a man who, after ten years of married life, leaves his wife and children for another woman. Now don't think of this in terms of the usual movie triangle. John Boles as the husband isn't a cad. Genevieve Tobin as the other woman isn't a "vamp." And Lois Wilson as the wife is far from being the old-fashioned snivelling martyr. They're all real. Splendid acting, especially by Miss Wilson. See it.

John Boles, Lois Wilson, and Genevieve Tobin, the "triangle" in the fine domestic drama, "Seed."

Fame

First National

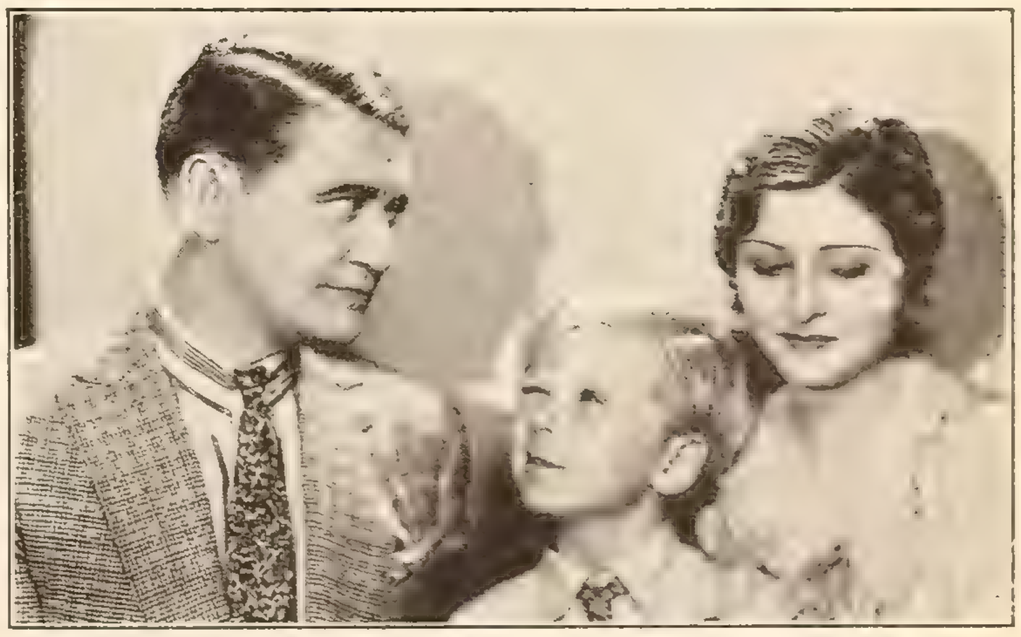
HERE is as neat and witty and bright a picture as you can find. Directed by Robert Milton, who gave us "Outward Bound," it's safe and sane for the whole family. It's a comedy drama of thwarted ambitions—but don't let that keep you away. This story of an aspiring artist who gives up his hopes for a substantial job with a soap manufacturer for his family's sake is spirited and clever. Ironic when the man in question quits his job to dabble in art again only to sell his masterpiece for use in a soap advertisement! With such splendid players as Lewis Stone, Doris Kenyon, Evalyn Knapp, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkle and John Darrow in the cast you are assured of fine entertainment. Butterworth is really funny. The quaintest man on the screen.

"Fame" is a charming picture, in which Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon are seen to advantage.

Young Donovan's Kid

Radio Pictures

STRONG men swallow hard and weak women love to weep when Jackie Cooper comes on. And here he is again, this wonderful kid whom even our meanest critics are calling a genuinely great actor. Jackie doesn't steal "Young Donovan's Kid"—he *is* "Donovan's Kid." Even a fine performance by Richard Dix can't take this picture away from its rightful star—that tough, homely, intelligent child known as *Skippy*. You'll like Jackie even more as the gangster's son who is adopted by *Donovan* after daddy bites the dust. Marion Shilling is the girl interest. The story? Punch and pathos—or bunk and bathos, it all depends upon how deeply the Cooper kid can move you. I'm for him, so I liked "Young Donovan's Kid." And I hope you do, too.



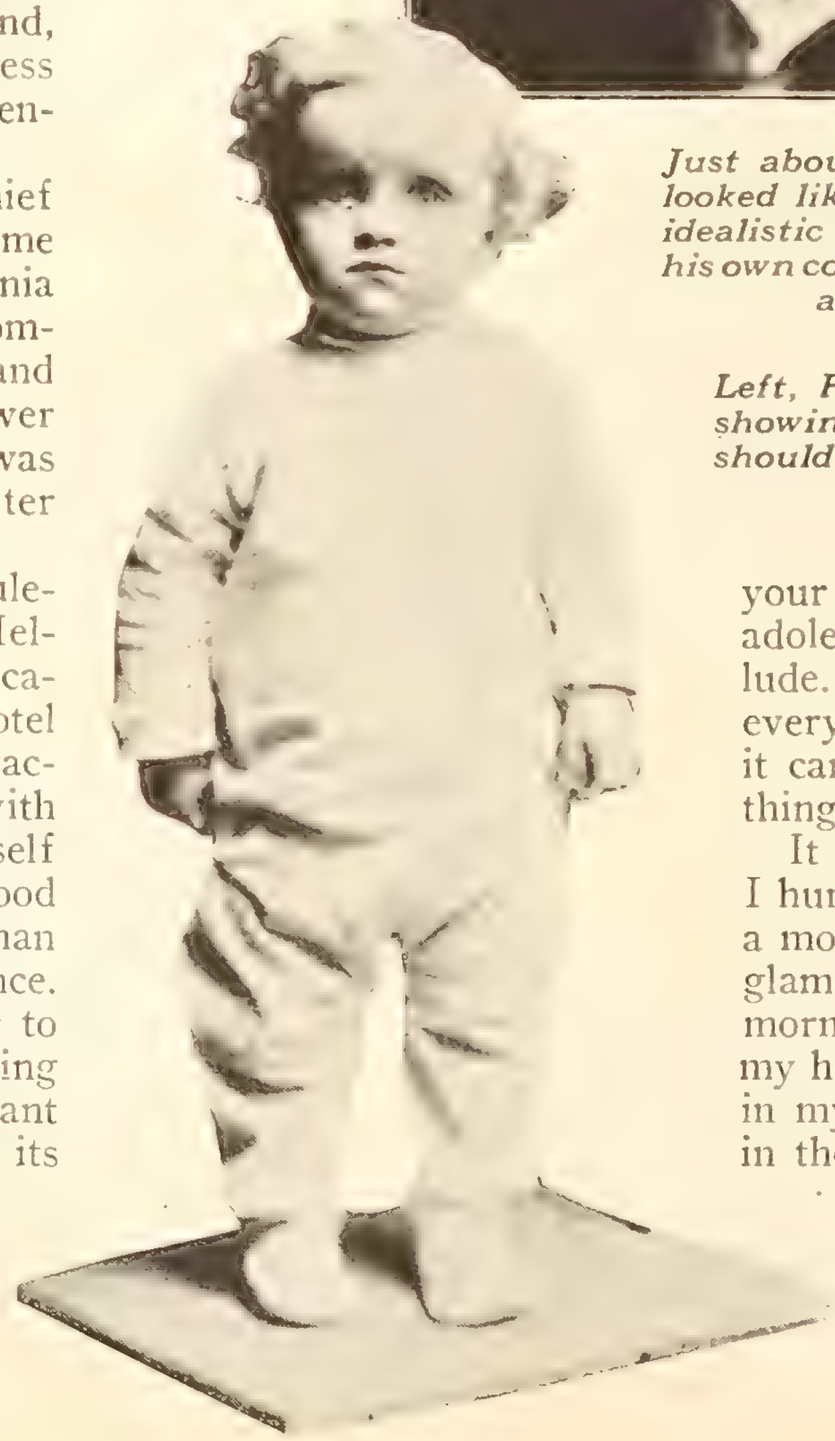
"Young Donovan's Kid" features Jackie Cooper and stars Richard Dix, with Marion Shilling.

Phillips Holmes'

"Tomorrow's big star" tells more about his career and himself. If you want to know what a young man on the high road to stardom thinks and feels—how hard he works and hopes —read this remarkable life story

Last month Phil Holmes began his own story. He told you about his family background, his school years, his early ambitions, up to the time he crashed the studio gate. Now, read the rest—it's the most intimate and revealing account ever published of a youngster's heart-breaking struggles for success in Hollywood. We salute this boy brave and big enough to write it for us!

Just about fifteen years ago Phil Holmes looked like this. You'll read here how the idealistic boy was molded by hard work and his own courage into the splendid young man and fine actor he is today.



Left, Phil's first fashion picture. He's showing what the well-dressed infant should wear in the evening. How he hated those curls!

AS I boarded the westbound train, I felt that the last pages of the introductory chapters of my life had been turned. Facing me was the first of the clean, blank pages which, I determined, would be more carefully written.

It was the first day of September, 1928, when I arrived back in Hollywood. Paramount had stipulated, when the prolonged family conferences had ended in a decision to "let the boy see how he likes it," that I be in town on that date. And, with touching naïvét, I rushed breathless across the continent lest I disrupt the entire company by arriving late.

That was in the days when the Chief got in early in the morning. By the time I drove out to Hollywood, the California sun was making the Chamber of Commerce eat its words. Hot, dusty, and weary, I nevertheless took a quick shower and shave, changed my clothes and was at the Studio in less than two hours after my arrival at the station.

I remember the ride along the Boulevard, down Vine Street and across Melrose Avenue to Paramount. I felt capable of picking up the Roosevelt Hotel between thumb and forefinger and placing it on Whitley Heights. It was with a little difficulty that I restrained myself from trying it, anyway. Hollywood looked exciting to me—more exciting than it ever had before, or ever has since. Everything seemed terribly *significant* to me—and I felt significant to everything and to myself! The world was important and I had an important place in its pattern.

I really wasn't any more cocky and self-confident than the average boy just out of college and about to make his own way. It is the normal, inevitable thrill of being your own man at last. Childhood and adolescence suddenly seem like a prelude. *This* is the actual beginning of everything and the sheer excitement of it can never be approximated by anything else.

It was on the crest of all this that I hurtled in to the studio. God knows a motion-picture studio has no definite glamor, no unique flavor. But, on that morning, I was terribly conscious of my heritage. I had the blood of actors in my veins—and I imagined I sensed in the studio that thrilling, indefinable aroma that prevails backstage and epitomizes the term "theatre."

I had brought a make-up box along, in case I had to start work before noon . . .

OWN STORY

As told to *Margaret Reid*

"The handsomest young man on the screen," they're calling him. But they didn't always think so. Read about Phil's fight for success.

A great scene from an amazing screenplay: Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy," from Dreiser's novel.

Well, they were very nice to me. Polite, amiable. They gave me a dressing-room and I settled my things—tidily, in such order as would have warmed the cockles of my mother's heart. After I had done that, I sat there a while, looking out the window. I wasn't quite sure I could wander around at will—an unemployed actor, you know. For that is what I had turned out to be.

Here it was, the first of September. And here was I, as per orders. But to say that the studio was hanging out banners and singing "Holmes Is Here" would be making a slight exaggeration. It amazed me—the total lack of excitement my arrival had occasioned. I was bewildered. I had expected the rhythm of excitement, that had been gathering momentum in me all the way across the country, to continue in an unbroken chain. I was, in short, younger than I had any right to be. But I learned!

For ten days I didn't work. Then they sent me to Frank Tuttle, who had directed "Varsity." He gave me a bit in the last picture Adolphe Menjou made as a Paramount star. It was a charming little scene—I as *Pierrot* and Tanya Akron as *Pierette,* hired by the hero to stage a romantic interlude for the heroine's benefit. It was just one day's work, but that didn't bother me. Here was the wedge, the necessary start. I was all set. You see, I still didn't know my movies.

Full of renewed confidence, I turned up at the studio early next day, to see what was planned for me. What they had planned was a nice long rest. Perhaps they wanted me to conserve my strength. But I couldn't see it. I was a man now, damn it, and I wanted a job.

For the following two months, my sole occupation was a daily haunting of the studio and keeping generally underfoot. The casting-department would tell me to go see this director—"maybe you'd do for this little bit"—and that one—"perhaps he'll let you play that small part." But I was never quite the type. And I began to feel that my type must be a strange and uniquely unnecessary one.

Then, too, I couldn't understand a business organization working on such lines. They were paying me a weekly salary—yet they were not demanding value received. To one who had almost become a broker, that seemed like very inefficient business tactics. And I wanted to work—I was straining at idleness like a dog on a leash. The perpetual inactivity drove me crazy.

Then, one morning, when I was proving that I at least had nuisance value around the place, they told me to go in and see John Cromwell. He had just come out from New York, one of Broadway's finest stage directors, and I was deeply impressed by having just the chance to apply for a bit. He talked to me—and told me that the interview didn't (*Continued on page 111*)

Let's Make Up!

Read how the right make-up can make a plain face beautiful and a beautiful face exciting!

Make-up, says Anne Van Alstyne, your Beauty Counselor, is just about the nicest little thing in the life of a girl today. And Miss Van Alstyne doesn't stop there—she goes right ahead and tells you how to make good looks better, by the intelligent use of cosmetics. And, to your right, the lady who's known as Lil—Miss Tashman, who is two or three of Hollywood's six best-dressed girls—surveys her stunning features after she has used some of the powder and rouge contained in those fascinating bottles on her dressing table.

By Anne Van Alstyne

I WISH I were a poet instead of a mere beauty editor. For then I could tell you how I really feel about make-up.

I think make-up is just about the nicest little thing in the life of a girl today, to be classed right along with boy friends, exciting jobs, new clothes and general blessedness.

I think the things that make-up can do toward making a plain face beautiful and a beautiful face utterly devastating are simply too exciting. I feel that when you realize that make-up can change not only your whole appearance but your whole character—for it really can—and that destiny does depend upon character, no matter what anybody tells you—well, then you begin to appreciate this wonder stuff. And when any mere man comes up to me and sighs over the fact that women spent eight billion dollars a year on cosmetics and moans that it is all vanity, vanity, I always reply that it is ninety percent pleasure and ten percent good common sense and that the world is a much nicer place because of it.

But—it is strange that with make-up so generally used and so really inexpensive, considering the benefits it showers upon us—that so few girls know exactly how to put it on, or even how to buy it, the right kinds originally. This unfortunately being the case, I'm going to give you a few simple rules to guide you; and of course, if I can help you further through personal letters of advice, don't hesitate to write me.

The first big important thing about make-up is getting yourself the right colors. The correct shades of powder, rouge, eyeshadow and lipstick are absolutely imperative and with our new smartness in dressing we are discovering that we need more than one set of colors. It's obvious that a yellow dress, or a green one, throws a different light on the skin than a red or black one. A hat with a brim shows your eyes in a different light than does a little close beret. So you must have various make-up shades for different costumes, if you want to

be really chic, and experiment with them until you know just how effective they can be.

The next most important thing is the right kind of skin to apply your make-up on. It doesn't necessarily have to be perfect—though, goodness knows, it ought to be—but at least it must not be full of large, ugly pores, blackheads and such disturbances. So, if your skin isn't clear, start perfecting it before you start taking your make-up lessons. If you've been following my articles you have, perhaps, learned how to care for your skin from them. But if you haven't, or if you need to give it new, special care I've lots of advice I'll be glad to send you. But I'm going to take it for granted here that you know all about such things—that your skin is as fair and lovely as it ought to be. Which brings us straight up to how to find the best colors, among all the heavenly shades the cosmetic manufacturers show, to find the shades that will be most becoming to you yourself.

There are now about ten different shades of powder and six shades of rouge and lipsticks in most beauty lines. So the only thing is to determine which ones you want for yourself. The skin on the inside of the arms retains a very true tone, more so than your face which changes a great deal with the seasons. Or the skin on your chest, just below the neckline on your average dress, is another good "testing" place. Match powder to the skin at these spots and it will be very flattering to the face.

Lipstick and cheek rouge should be chosen to complement each other. I think the shade of the lipstick is the more important, just as the way you make up your lips is more important than any other beauty detail, but the two must always be in harmony.

Lipstick for daytime wear should be one shade lighter than the natural color of the lips. Some girls make the mistake of choosing one shade darker. This gives a terribly artificial look. Remember in buying "indelible" lipsticks that the shade as you put it on the mouth, and the shade as the color "sets" are two different affairs—so never judge an indelible lipstick until you have worn it for a half hour or more. For evening you may choose much "higher," more brilliant lip shades. They go fascinatingly under the electric lights.

Cheek rouge should be still lighter than the lip rouge. For instance if your lipstick is a medium red shade, let's say, your cheek rouge should be lighter but more brilliant in tone, tending more toward the orange reds—that is, lighter—than toward the blue reds, which are purplish in tone and therefore darker. The reason for this is, of course, that the cheek rouge is whitened down with the coatings of face powder that go over it. Personally I don't like dry, powder rouge as well as paste cream rouge. The latter is harder to apply until you have learned the trick (I'll tell you how further on in this article) but once donned it stays on. Powder rouge blows off, and you are never sure how you are looking.

Anita Page makes that cupid's bow a little more alluring than nature by the judicious application of her pet lipstick.

ASK FOR BEAUTY!

And Anne Van Alstyne will answer. Just put your beauty problems up to her. Address Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C., enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

Eyeshadow is very sophisticated and must be used with intelligence. But buying it with intelligence is more important. Match it to the shadows under your eyes—which are usually blue, but in some girls soft shades of brown—rather than to the color of your eyes. Naturally if you have blue shadows and blue eyes that's just dandy. Buy blue eyeshadow. The same follows for mascara for lashes and brows. Be very careful of black. It is usually too harsh. Brown is best, and some very sophisticated girls use a touch of blue, which is delightful on blue eyes.

Now that's not so hard, is it? That's the first half of the lesson. Here's how to put on the make-up after you've bought it.

First you need a very good mirror lighted by very strong lights and the courage not to be afraid to face it. Examine your face just as critically and dispassionately as you can. Get acquainted with your face. After all, you might just as well. It's the only one you're ever going to have and you should be willing to make the best of it.

Study it thoroughly for its contours. Find out where it is good and where it isn't. Look at your self full face and profile, both right and left. See yourself under the lights you are going to be seen under—sunlight, electric lights, candle light. It makes all the difference in how much make-up you put on. And don't let anybody tell you electric light is harder than sunlight. That's just their little joke. Sunlight is the hardest thing in the world to make up for.

When you have finally determined that your face is too thin or too long or too broad or too what, you must put on your rouge to overcome these little deficiencies. Rouge, correctly placed, can do more for your appearance than a congress of plastic surgeons.

If your face is too thin, place the rouge about in the center of your cheeks. Shade it outward

(*Continued on page 124*)

Frances Dee doesn't overlook those last, finishing touches to her make-up. Eyebrows are awfully important —and Frances knows it.

Fannie Brice—you met her in the movies—is the leading comedienne of "Crazy Quilt," a new summer revue. Ted Healy and Phil Baker are the other two stars. In this picture, Ted at the left, Phil at right.

The STAGE *in* REVIEW

The new plays are as bright as the sun over Broadway. Read these amusing comments by a famous critic

By Benjamin De Casseres

Gilbert & Sullivan: Salute!

MILTON ABORN'S revivals of "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" took the younger, middle-aged and bald-headed generation by storm.

The old cocks remembered Fay Templeton, who played *Little Buttercup.* The audience finally allowed her to sing—what a reception the immortal Fay got!

And Bill Danforth's *Mikado!* A work of art—the greatest of all *Mikados.* Then he switched just as suavely to *Sir Joseph Porter* in "Pinafore."

'Member Frank Moulan as the *Sultan of Sulu,* ye elder birds? Well, here was that grand old fellow as *Ko-Ko* and *Dick Deadeye,* playing as festively as of old —as of yore and galore.

Ethel Clark and Ruth Altman are comely members of this group, too. This Gilbert & Sullivan music will outlast Al Smith's smokestack at 34th and Fifth Avenue.

"Crazy Quilt"

Billy Rose and a gang of fair experts sewed this crazy quilt together, in the center of which you will see the great kosher hoyden, Fannie Brice; the chubby-faced, smile-it-out, concertina-lugging Phil Baker, and old kick-you-in-the-slats, Ted Healy.

The three of them when on the stage knock out a continuous shower of laughs and keep the Depression, the Dumps and the Slumps clamped down tight in what Sig. Freud calls the Unconscious.

Fannie appears, among other make-ups, as a man in his glad rags, even the old stovepipe. She looks slick and naughty. Then she has some good songs and business, among which is a delectable bit, *I Found a Million-Dollar Baby in a Five-and-Ten-Cent Store,* snored out by Fannie in a way you won't forget, for some minutes, anyhow.

Phil Baker had his stooge up in a box, of course. Phil looks as if he liked to laugh. It's a crazy quilt all right, and probably won't hit the hay till next fall.

"Brass Ankle"

"Brass Ankle," by DuBose Heyward, comes very near being one of the few great American plays. It is certainly the greatest play produced during the last season. It is intense, inexorable, fatalistic and moves to its tragic end with the solemn rhythm of Greek tragedy.

In the Deep South. *Ruth Leamer,* with only a drop of negro blood in her veins married to a pure white, gives birth to a pure white child and then to a throwback, a negro baby. To save the daughter from the stigma she plants a musket where she can easily get it, calls in the neighbors, and before them and her frantic

husband announces that she is pure white and that the child is by a negro farm-hand—all of which is a lie. The husband shoots both wife and babe dead off stage, as she had planned. Only the doctor knows the truth—that Nature is the villain. *Mrs. Leamer* was a "brass ankle," a part-negro that can pass for a white anywhere.

Mr. Heyward's play is simple and logical in its construction. Alice Brady did very well in a part that did not always fit her. But she still remains our leading emotional actress. Ben Smith as the tortured and torn husband gave a superb performance. Lester Lonergan as the doctor was fine.

This is a play of pathos, irony and pity. Had I the giving, I'd have given it the Pulitzer Prize.

"Old Man Murphy"

Arthur Sinclair is the finest all-around actor that the Mother of Cops, whose capital is Dublin, has ever sent us. There is a vitality, an inherent comic-sentimental-dramatic kernel to his work that comes out sometimes subtly and sometimes blastingly in all he does.

He is, however, best in comedy, and in this play, "Old Man Murphy," which Pat Kearney has built for him and Maire O'Neill especially, Sinclair simply keeps the house in an uproar, whether he opens his mouth or not, for his dress, his walk, his face, his lightest gesture are instinct with the grotesque, the original, the absurd.

The play is tissue. It is laid in a Mid-Western city where the *Murfrees* (born Murphy from the Patch) lord it over the town. *Charles Murfree* is running for Mayor. In blows *grandfather Murphy* out of Ireland, and the fun begins. What he does to the fake *Murfrees*, the town, the Patch and the whiskey, is none of your business if you haven't seen it. Maire O'Neill does splendid funny work as a widow over in the Patch.

"Brass Ankle," according to Mr. De Casseres, comes very near being one of the few great American plays. Alice Brady, one of our leading emotional actresses, is in the principal rôle of this powerful but sordid drama.

Want to blow up with belly-laughter? See "Old Man Murphy." I'd like to see this expanded to picture-dimensions with Sinclair and O'Neill in it, of course.

"Private Lives"

Gorgeous. Gay. Sparkling. Winey. Biting. Keen. Scintillant. Rollicking. Wise. Catty. A laughquake.

That, ladies and gentlemen of the screen audience of America, is my spontaneous description of "Private Lives," an "intimate comedy," written by the Pooh-Bah of the Seven Arts, Noel Coward.

It is a story of the psychical, physical and vocal ins-and-outs of the thing called Love in two beings who have been divorced, meet again, run away together, leaving their wife and husband to fiddle-faddle after them. Finally, after wrecking an apartment in Paris during a love-battle, they make a getaway while the other couple in pursuit have started a fist-fight of their own.

Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy were top-notch as the handlers of the brilliant dialogue and the swift verbal punches. They are real men and women, not Shaw epigram-dummies.

Marriage unmasked is a little masterpiece, with some subtle side-swipes at Life.

A great picture for Brain Alley in Hollywood.

"Private Lives," the Noel Coward comedy which will soon be seen in its screen version, has Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger as the leading actors in the play.

"Her Supporting Cast"

Eleanor Curtis had a grand old Louis the Dumpteenth hideaway apartment somewhere in the Furtive Fifties, I should say. *Eleanor* was about as shrewd a chiseller, gold-digger and sugar-daddy frisker as you ever met. And in the hands of Mildred McCoy she certainly toyed with the strings of the brass-fiddle which I call my libido.

Well, *Eleanor* makes a comic sucker of three different kinds of saps: an artist who is a romantic Rudy, a champion heavyweight who cracks her bones even when he looks at her, and a wall-street coupon cormorant who sneezes into the sawdust for the bills.

She strings 'em along, each one believing he's the Only Guy, when—of course!—they all meet one another in a little trap *Eleanor* has laid for (*Continued on page 127*)

Sally and Hoot! The Gibsons gave a real rodeo and invited all their friends, the Hollywood stars, out to their ranch.

YIP-EE! SEE HOOT'S RODEO SHOW

with

Grace Kingsley

"A RODEO and supper at Hoot Gibson's ranch! Good old Spanish hospitality!" exclaimed Patsy, the Party Hound. "And won't it be fun!"

We traveled out to Saugus, to Hoot's ranch, where we found some thirty thousand people on the bleachers, at the rodeo, but we managed to thread our way to Sally Eilers' box. Sally was looking too cute for anything in a white duck riding suit with a big, ten-gallon white sombrero on her bronze curls. Hoot, of course, was in the arena directing events. He was riding the handsome cream-colored horse, Palamaris, and looked awfully handsome. Patsy was especially enamored of his carved leather riding boots, black and white and beautifully made.

In the boxes all 'round, we discovered a lot of celebrities, including Reginald Denny and his cute wife, Bubbles; Sue Carol and Nick Stuart; James Gleason and Lucille Webster Gleason and their son, Russell, who seems to be the latest aspirant for Marguerite Churchill's favor, as he had brought her, and was very attentive; Lew Cody and Phyllis Crane, that cute Arline Judge and a lot of others, all looking charming in sports clothes.

We heard a wild hurrah from the crowd and discovered that the horse Tumbleweed, a wild broncho that had never been ridden, although numerous aspirants among the cowboys had tried, was being brought into the ring.

Cecil Henley, a Washington cowboy, mounted Tumbleweed, and amidst deafening cheers, kept his seat, though Tumbleweed tried his best to unseat him, bucking and rearing and pawing like mad.

Arline Judge, recently from New York, decided that she had fallen in love with Cecil, although she said she had a hard time imagining a cowboy named Cecil!

And Russell Gleason owned that he had a yen for Mabel DeFreest, the pretty cowgirl, who really was very chic. But he said he didn't know how to write a mash-note to a cowgirl!

While we were chatting, in came a new line of cowgirls, all picturesque in their short skirts or riding breeches, with their bright kerchiefs around their necks, their slender bodies swaying to the motion of the horses.

But next moment there was a cry, then a horrified silence. One of the bravest and prettiest of the cowgirls, Juanita Ortega, who had been urging her horse forward into the procession, was hurt. Her horse had in a flash risen on his hind legs, fallen backward and crushed the girl beneath him!

The ambulance rushed in, and there was a report that the rider's back had been broken, and she was hurried to the hospital. That put a sad quietus on events for a while; but nevertheless the show went on, as shows will, and we were fascinated in seeing Everett Bowman establishing a record at steer decorating. In just five and a half seconds cowboy Bowman had managed to get a rubber band around a steer's jaws!

Somebody exclaimed: "Oh, there's Bill Hart!"

And sure enough, there sat Bill in a box. Some one near him sent the word around that he was to be introduced. Hoot introduced him, and Bill rose and took a bow from a cheering crowd. Some of us remembered that Hart had made as one of his best

(*Cont. on page 115*)

Marguerite Churchill went to Hoot Gibson's rodeo and was greeted by some of the cowboys who have worked with her in pictures. She's a good scout—and she really can ride. No doubles need apply!

Russell Gleason, son of Jimmy and Lucille Gleason, escorted Marguerite. Russell is very attentive to Miss Churchill, but so far they haven't been reported engaged—they are both too young!

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

PHILLIPS HOLMES *and* SYLVIA SIDNEY *in* "CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED"

Photographed by Elwood Bredell, Paramount

Fryer

George Arliss

HE'S had a raise! Or, since we're speaking of Mr. Arliss, we'd better be correct and say "rise." Warners have handed George a new contract at much more money because he is one of the most popular stars in the business. With you—with us—with everybody!

Fryer

Dolores and John Barrymore

THE most romantic portrait ever published of two of the most romantic persons in pictures. Usually when John Barrymore can be induced to pose for the photographer he looks pretty bored. But here he actually seems to enjoy it. And—looking at Dolores—we add, why not?

Bachrach

Dolores Del Rio

DOLORES is happy now. She is playing the colorful character of *Luana* in "Bird of Paradise." Later on, she may be cast opposite Gary Cooper in "Broken Wings," for Paramount. And how will that other lovely Mexican, Lupe Velez, like that, we wonder? Wait and see!

Bachrach

AT LAST she will be seen in a rôle worthy of her tempestuous talents. Evelyn's own husband, producer Harry Edwards, will present her as "Pagan Lady"—the part that Lenore Ulric played so effectively to capacity audiences on Broadway last season.

Evelyn Brent

Richee

Gary Cooper

"I LUFF Garee!" Those are Lupe's sentiments, and they are echoed by young ladies throughout the land. So that Gary, when he sails into individual stardom on "Broken Wings," may be sure of a sell-out. Now cheer up, Gary, and give us a grin!

Bull

Greta Garbo

WHY won't Greta and Jack Gilbert play together again? Well—you see—er—that is—go ahead and ask her yourself! Maybe this is the way she looked when the suggestion was made to her that the Garbo-Gilbert screen team be revived!

Bachrach

Ann Harding

ISN'T this a pleasant picture of the RKO-Pathé pride and joy? After an airplane vacation with her husband, Harry Bannister, Ann is back at work in the studio in a picture tentatively titled "Devotion."

Dorothy Mackaill

DOT goes to Honolulu on a vacation and gets herself reported engaged not once, but three times! Then, back home in Hollywood, she smiles and advises us not to believe all we read in the papers. What a girl!

Fryer

Hurrell

Leslie Howard

A GREAT star on the stage, Leslie Howard is just another leading man on the screen. But we think that's because he has not yet been given a rôle tailored to his talents. Please, Mister Metro, won't you give him a chance to make good in a big way?

Ball

Greta Nissen

WHAT an excuse for "Disorderly Conduct!" Greta Nissen supplies the feminine excitement in the new Victor McLaglen-Edmund Lowe feature, and succeeds in convincing her public that she was away from the screen too long.

Fryer

Pat O'Brien

HOWARD HUGHES had to buy Pat O'Brien's stage contract from a Broadway producer to get him to play the reporter in "The Front Page." Pat was worth it, as he proved in that hit; and he is repeating in "Personal Maid," with Nancy Carroll

Bebe Daniels

BEBE is wearing her favorite summer frock —its name is "Caballero," and it is made of red and white dotted crêpe with collar and cuffs of starched white linen. There's no star on the screen who can wear clothes with more dash than this pretty Daniels girl.

Ball

Dyar

Carole Lombard

WHILE the world wonders if she will consent to become Mrs. William Powell, Carole Lombard goes quietly ahead, improving her acting in each new film. Right now she is appearing with Ina Claire and Jean Harlow in "The Greeks Had a Word for It."

Jones

ONE screen smile that is never self-conscious, whether you encounter it in a western or in heavy drama: Richard Arlen's. You'll like Dick in "The Lawyer's Secret"—and watch for him in "The Marines Have Landed," with Charles Rogers and William Boyd.

Richard Arlen

Richee

Sylvia Sidney

ONE of the most amusing little girls who ever struck Hollywood—and one of the finest actresses. You'll enjoy Margaret Reid's frank story about Sylvia on the opposite page.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

By Margaret Reid

"Who is Sylvia—what is she, that all our swains commend her?" Or words like that? Margaret Reid tells you in this story. Here's Sylvia peeking at you over her garden wall.

You'll find out all about this Sidney girl right here. And if you saw her in "City Streets" you'll want to know

IT WAS last January that Clara Bow and Daisy deVoe (sec.) took a dislike to each other. In Hollywood, two ladies aren't permitted to argue in peace and comfort—so the local dailies were giving the two little girls great big headlines. And it was bruited about that the new notoriety was to be the professional end of Clara. Of course, that is always bruited whenever la Bow makes the newspapers—but *this* time, the hulking bruiters insisted, the final gong had sounded.

At that moment, Sylvia Sidney arrived at Paramount's western studio and was immediately put into the picture slated for Clara. She would be groomed, it was said, to take Clara's place. It stopped being said on the evening when "City Streets" was shown to the press at the studio.

In this picture, (directed by Rouben Mamoulian and one of the finest ever made anywhere, if you will pardon this interpolation by one who really ought to be a reviewer herself!), Miss Sidney pulls no Bow. In no way is she an imitation of anyone and she is, besides, an extremely competent performer, a refreshing and arresting personality.

Those two factors will survive, regardless. But already her appearance is being tampered with, after the manner of Hollywood where one lady must look as much as possible like all the other ladies. The little Sidney is blessed with a quite remarkable face, Slavic contour making sculptural planes for the camera's especial delight. But no. To be different around these here parts just isn't cricket.

" 'They' tell me," she explains, "that I looked ghastly in 'City Streets.' So they're making me curl my hair, reduce my mouth to as near a cupid-bow as it will come, and make long, waving eyelashes with lots of mascara. And who am I to talk back? I *would* go in the movies!"

A Marx Brother, who hovered intermittently during lunch, pronounced her O. K. the way she was, with considerable enthusiasm. (It has become impossible, of late, to keep the several last of the mad Marxes out of any story gathered on the Paramount lot. If only by force of numbers, they pervade the atmosphere—and a very nice atmosphere it is, too, since these admirable lunatics moved west.)

Other people had approved Sylvia *au natural*—among them, the very ones who signed her up in the first place, and now their idea would be to obscure the qualities that originally commanded attention. But that's life, all over. And anyway, it really isn't as bad as all that—a Sidney will look like a Sidney in spite of them.

Roumania and Russia collaborated on this provocative little face. Her mother is of Russian descent and her father is a Roumanian—Dr. Sigmund Sidney, a well-known New York dentist. The Sidneys had always been apart from the theatre, until—out of the nowhere—came Sylvia, who was going on the stage or know the reason why. She never needed to know the reason why, because she went on the stage. When Sylvia gets an idea, she gets it good and proper.

"I was about five, when I first got the yen. I didn't do anything about it. One doesn't, at that age. It was just a general yen, enough to make me difficult to have around the home."

That was fifteen years ago and she continued to do nothing about it for seven years. At the end of that time, however, some immediate action was deemed necessary by parents grown just a little weary of the one sustained theme. So Sylvia was permitted to study with a private tutor of the drama and, a few months later, was appearing in recital at the Little Theatre.

When she was fifteen, she entered the exclusive Theatre Guild School. After a year's intensive work, she played the lead in "Prunella," the graduation play produced under the distinguished (*Continued on page 100*)

Critical Comment

INDISCREET

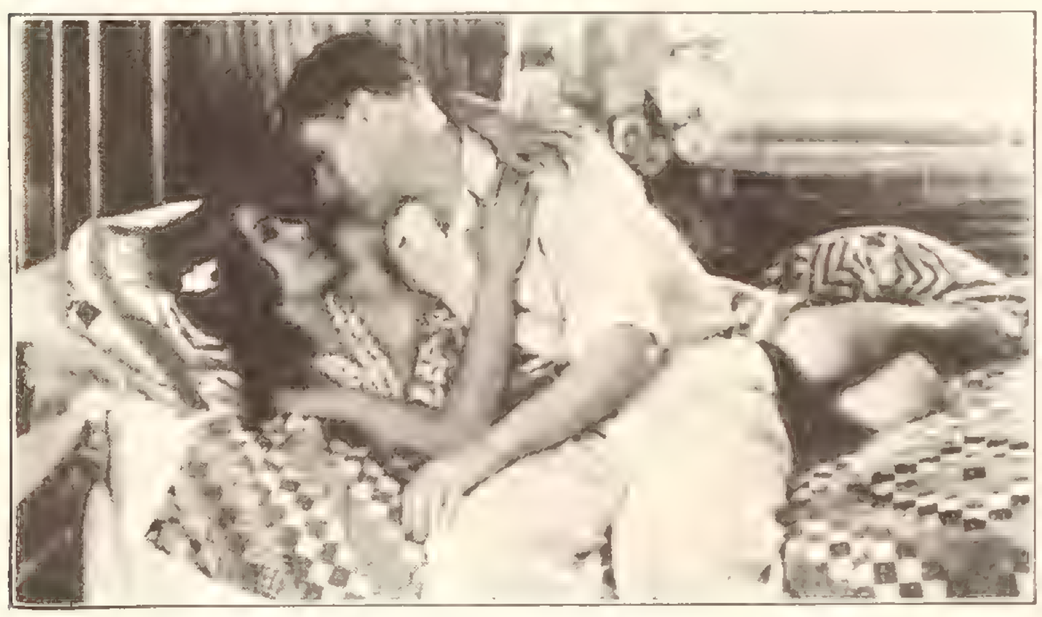
United Artists

Where's that lovely lady of "The Trespasser"? She's in farce comedy, that's where she is, and her devotees are going to be disappointed, even though "Indiscreet" is often entertaining. Laughs here and there—handsome sets—clever cast including Ben Lyon—but Gloria is wasted, except for a few good scenes.

SHIPMATES

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Robert Montgomery sets sail in his first starring vehicle as a sailor but the story nearly sinks him. Bob meets Dorothy Jordan, the admiral's daughter, and falls for her hook, line, and sinker—but has to win an appointment to Annapolis before he can win Dot. Good work by Bob and the rest of the cast and thrills by the Pacific fleet!



NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

And so they took the good old south-sea story and made it talk. All right—if you crave tropical romance. Conchita Montenegro she love Leslie Howard—and he love her; but—ah, that but! You'll like Conchita as a Polynesian charmer. She's colorful and clever. Mr. Howard isn't quite at home. But he is very likable.

YOUNG SINNERS

Fox

Thomas Meighan comes back—and it's a good thing for this picture! Tommy saves it. Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright are sadly miscast as a couple of wild young things. It's Meighan's job to make a man of the wastrel boy and marry him to the minx. The nice young leads just can't be convincingly bad!

THE GOOD BAD GIRL

Columbia

Or, the love life of a gangster's moll. Mae Clark decides to go straight. She marries a nice young man, and then her past sneaks up and snaps at her. Yes, it's all pretty lurid, but Mae's performance is interesting. You believe in this girl. She's a good actress. James Hall is the nice young man. A splendid supporting cast.

ALWAYS GOODBYE

Fox

Elissa Landi's great hit is still ahead of her. Still, this story gives her her best rôle so far, as the stranded lady whose career is—men. John Garrick, Paul Cavanaugh, and Lewis Stone—if you know your movies you *will* be surprised to learn that Mr. Stone is the lucky man. Landi is lovely—a potent person. Mr. Stone is splendid, too.

on Current Films

BORN TO LOVE

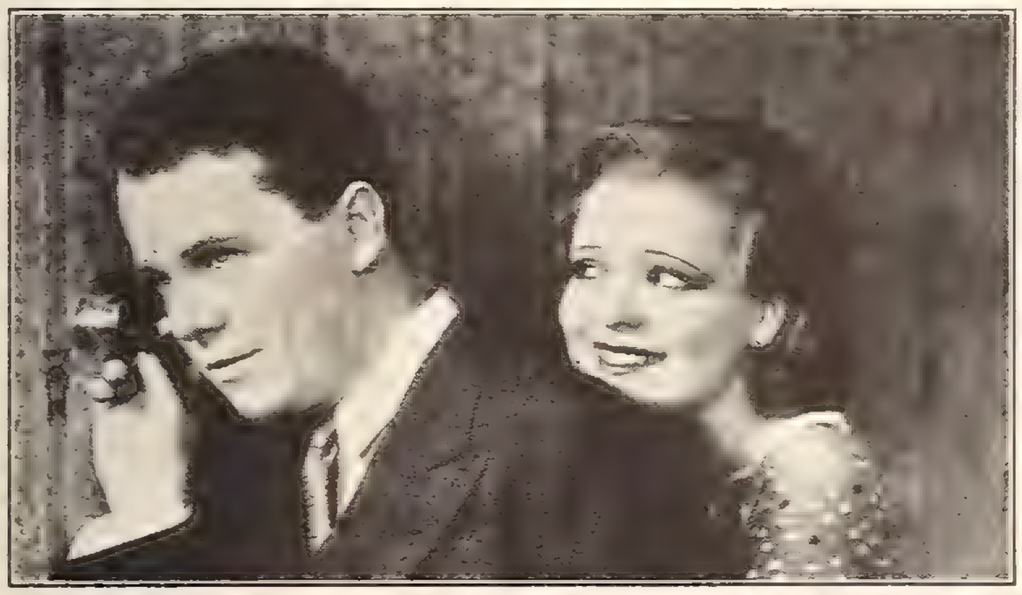
RKO-Pathé

You Constance Bennett fans will gobble this one. It gives the star a highly emotional rôle, some big scenes, and love passages with her own real-life beau, big, good-looking Joel McCrea. The critical may complain of the story, concerning erring war nurse, very cute baby, and complications; but Connie will please.

UP POPS THE DEVIL

Paramount

A nice, light-weight summer offering which you'll enjoy thoroughly. Carole Lombard decides to be the breadwinner so that hubby, Norman Foster, can concentrate on his writing. You won't take it all too seriously because Skeets Gallagher keeps things popping with his wise-cracks. Good work by a grand cast. See it.



KICK IN

Paramount

Clara Bow can act! She proves it in this exciting melodrama. Even though her rôle is held down, Clara is always sincere, and, whenever she has a chance, really moving as the wife of a crook who tries to keep him straight. It's Regis Toomey's show, though, for his is the best rôle. A good crook show.

TARNISHED LADY

Paramount

Too bad, Tallulah. No, not you—your picture. Creaky story, uninspired direction, silly dialogue. But the star's moody beauty and decidedly different appeal may fascinate you. Clive Brook is good, and Osgood Perkins is interestingly real. But please do better by your Alabama bet next time, Mr. Paramount.

HELL BOUND

Tiffany

A mild gangster film with Leo Carrillo as the gangster chief who murders men but loves flowers and Lola Lane, who, in turn, loves Lloyd Hughes. Involved?—so's the picture, but Leo gets what happens to all bad racketeers—thereby paving the way for true romance. Lacks punch—it's about as stimulating as a glass of warm water.

IT'S A WISE CHILD

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Naughty, naughty! Don't take the kids. It's a risqué trifle involving a misunderstanding about an impending baby, with Marion Davies as the innocent victim. Of course it's funny, with Marion sparkling as a well-meaning fixer, and Sidney Blackmer, Polly Moran, and Marie Prevost lending excellent support.

On the spring board we have a lovely boarder, Dorothy Jordan. Before you go gracefully into your swan dive tell us, Dorothy, is Ramon Novarro waiting with arms extended?

SCREEN NEWS

Rumors, whispers, gossip, news!

IS GARBO going on the stage? Rumors have been floating around for the past few months that she is. The latest supposedly authentic report is that Greta has been invited by Max Reinhardt to play a star rôle at the opening of his new private open air theatre in Leopoldskron, his castle home near Salzburg, this summer. The story goes that Greta has accepted Herr Reinhardt's invitation and will also play in Vienna and Berlin under his direction. However, don't place any bets on this tip!

The most interesting news right now is the anticipated "blessed event" in the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon menage. Bebe's baby is expected to make its début in September.

Soft music, professor, to the tune of Lohengrin's *Wedding March*—Carole Lombard and William Powell have announced their engagement and will ankle to the altar some time soon. In fact, they may be married by the time you read this. Here's happiness!

Marlene Dietrich has started something—you should see the fancy hosiery she has brought back from Europe, with the clocks going around instead of up and down—very effective, but only on the right kind of leg.

Now we are all excited about John Gilbert's fond attentions to Joan Bennett. They are seen together on all social occasions these days.

Terrence Ray, Fox actor, has been given the mitten by Fifi Dorsay, within a few weeks after the announcement of the engagement.

"He's too young, and besides, he didn't pay me enough attention," confides Fifi. "Why he went a whole week without calling me up!"

The fans are delighted that Marlene Dietrich brings a few curves into fashion. None of your emaciated effects for Marlene and how she does love a good meal! Just at present Joan Crawford is so thin that all her friends are advising a let-up on Joan's stern diet.

So if you haven't the strength of mind to imitate Joan, have a good time and copy Dietrich.

Charlie Chaplin has selected Rita Poulton, a practically

unknown English actress, for his next picture. Miss Poulton was a night club performer and at one time organized her own band—she plays a mean violin. You probably won't be seeing her for a few years because it usually takes Charlot that long to make a picture.

To bob or not to bob? In spite of the vogue among college girls to grow long hair, most of the famous beauties still favor the short crop, or, at worst, the long bob. The long-bobbed include Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Helen Twelvetrees, Lilyan Tashman. Those who never did cut off their hair include Ann Harding, Dolores Costello, Barbara Stanwyck, Eleanor Boardman—and among those who have definitely decided to grow their hair long again are Lois Wilson, Loretta Young and Betty Compson.

In the main, however, the bob holds its own in Hollywood—so much easier to find becoming hats, say its followers.

Mary Pickford, for instance, Ina Claire, Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Mackaill and Leila Hyams all insist nothing could induce them to forego their bobs at present.

Helen Hayes comes to Hollywood to make a talkie of "Lullaby." Helen, it will be remembered, had to leave the cast of "Coquette" in Los Angeles because of an impending visit from the stork, so the play closed and the manager refused to pay the actors, claiming Helen's condition was an Act-of-God. However, the court didn't agree with him and he had to pay them for the two weeks' notice they didn't get just the same. The Act-of-God baby is a darling. Helen and her husband, Charles McArthur, are running a charming domestic menage for her benefit in Hollywood.

Pola Negri, for whom orchids in exotic beauty blossom their heads off, is again in Hollywood where RKO-Pathé will take pictures of her. Welcome, Pola. Here's wishing you a nice snappy come-back.

"Meet my new leading lady, Irene Purcell," says Bill Haines. It's our pleasure! We'll be seeing her in "Just a Gigolo."

Maurice Chevalier brings a new French game to Hollywood, called "Boulé," a variation of bowling. He has all the equipment out at his California home and promises to have all the men *bouléing* all summer.

A few weeks ago we reprimanded Neil Hamilton for having been married nine years without producing a little Neil—we told him he needed a child in the house to take his mind off himself. The nice obedient fellow has done his best to remedy the situation and he and Mrs. Hamilton have adopted a seven-weeks-old baby girl. It is not often that our advice is taken so promptly!

M-G-M is bringing Sir Harry Lauder to the screen—he of the Scotch kilts and the Scotch brogue who has been singing Scotch songs for a couple of generations. When he came out in the dim past for Selig he was very upitty—asked indignantly who the female person was who was to be photographed with him. She was merely the leading lady. Talk about temperament! But perchance age has slightly reduced his ego since then.

Eighty thousand dollars' worth of antique furniture had to be protected day and night by an army of guards on the "Alexander Hamilton" lot. Phew!

Bill Boyd and his wife, the former Dorothy Sebastian, off on Bill's new yacht for a vacation between pictures. Room for us aboard, Bill?

Doris Kenyon made "The Other Man" with Bill Powell before she sailed for Europe for the Mozart festival at Salzburg.

Mozart, by the way, died in dire poverty—and 140 years later he gets a world celebration! Aren't we ironical?

A tough, rough, roaring bosun in one picture, and a valet in the next—that's what has happened to Ernest Torrence!

Charlie Chaplin, badgered by criticisms in the British press for declining to make a personal appearance at a national charity performance under the patronage of King George, turned on his tormentors. They had declared he had insulted the King and reminded him that he owed much to his country.

So Charlie retorted that he never made that sort of an appearance anyway, but had sent $1000 instead. He received no command from the King, but only from a theatre manager. He didn't owe anything to England, since it hadn't been interested in him 17 years ago and he had to go to America to get his chance. That, anyway, $1000 was about all he earned in the last two years he was in England.

And perhaps Charlie's strength lay in the fact that he could also add, "I really don't care if I never make another picture."

Charlie, you see, could well afford never to make another picture. He has amassed a huge fortune.

Jackie "Skippy" Cooper, the boy wonder, contracted for four years to Hal Roach at $50.00 a week when he isn't working and $75.00 a week when working, has a two year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer whereby he may receive $125,000 gross for both years!

Warner Brothers and Howard Hughes angled for Jackie but Hal Roach favored M-G-M due to past distribution connections.

Richard Dix and Radio Pictures got together on a new five year contract. Rich will receive $50,000 a picture plus a percentage. That "ole davil" wolf won't be prowling around Richard's door.

Song and dance films may be out but that doesn't effect Marilyn Miller. As a tribute to her acting ability Warner Brothers will give her dramatic rôles. "Lady From New Orleans" will be Marilyn's first dramatic gesture.

Marie Dressler has been promoted by M-G-M—she will only make specials for them. One reason is to avoid overworking Marie and another good reason is that she is the queen of comedy and rates worthwhile stories.

Dorothy Mackaill is back in Honolulu again. Last time Dot went to Honolulu she got herself engaged three times!

Dorothy was only in Hollywood ten days—she expected to start work on her new picture but found the production was off—so off she went to Honolulu.

Remember Sessue Hayakawa from silent film days? You'll see Sessue in "Daughter of the Dragon" with Anna May Wong playing opposite.

A big-time comedy team—but only socially. Marie Dressler and Harpo Marx at Marion Davies' party for Norma and Irving Thalberg.

Ann Harding and Harry Bannister after a game of tennis. The Bannister home, built on a hill, overlooks Hollywood. What a swimming pool!

Is Ina Claire about to become the fifth (or is it the sixth?) Mrs. Robert Ames?

That gentleman is forever at the beauteous Ina's side, having, apparently, completely forgotten Jean Acker Valentino, to whom he was recently devoted.

At all events, all Hollywood notes that moon-calf look that comes to Robert before a new matrimonial venture. Some of his former spouses were Frances Goodrich, Vivienne Segal, Muriel Oakes—oh, yes, and wasn't there a Helen Lambert?

In the meantime Ina is looking entirely lovely in large droopy brimmed hats, and rapidly gaining a reputation as the film colony's brightest feminine wit.

Told you so! Warners have taken up Polly Walter's option—she's that pretty petite bit of blonde impudence who was sent out from New York only to find no one knew anything about it out in Hollywood, where she was treated with chilly disbelief. It was when Polly decided to go home, and weep all the way, that the documents safely arrived just in time to restore Polly's *amour propre*. Two good pictures—and behold, the new contract.

Doug gives his wife a good testimonial.

"I have had a very happy married life, thanks to Mary," he told a London interviewer. "She knows the meaning of matrimony and how to run it. Her feet are on the ground, while I am often floating through space."

Incidentally, Doug and Mary may remain in England for an indefinite period. It is said that Mary may do a stage play in London. What will Hollywood do without its king and queen?

Peggy Ross, California society girl, was given an informal screen test with a home camera by director Frank Borzage—now she's a Fox player.

Remember Sessue Hayakawa, brilliant Japanese actor of silent days, who, with his dainty little wife, won so many friends in Hollywood? Well, he's being recalled from Japan to try to fill Lon Chaney's shoes to some extent, and will have arrived before this is printed. He and Anna May Wong, who won such high plaudits in Europe, will be co-starred by Paramount. Anna has come home like a Chinese Cinderella, to her dad's Los Angeles laundry, a radiant, cultivated princess, speaking five languages perfectly, weighed down with European eulogy.

We are positively assured that Marlene Dietrich carmines her toe-nails, to go with the fancy Parisian hosiery she has brought home with her.

Sylvia Sidney has certainly made a deep impression on Carl Laemmle, Junior—escorting her everywhere lately. And she doesn't work on the Universal lot, either.

Jack White, Educational film producer, pleaded dire poverty when Pauline Starke took her plea to court for $750 a month alimony, in the pending divorce suit. The judge only believed it 50% and ruled that she receive $400.

In the meantime, White mournfully told how he had been offered $100,000 a year by Universal but had to turn it down for reasons of ill-health.

George Arliss, in the costume for "Alexander Hamilton," is indulging in an old English custom—a cup of tea at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Leo Carrillo greets his wife after a two-year separation due to Leo's stage and screen work which carried him all over the world.

Thelma Todd, the contagious blonde beauty, was once a school teacher — she always was good at figures.

Meet Patricia Hamilton. She's the adopted daughter of Neil and his wife, Elsa, going on eight months — Pat, not Elsa!

Because some fans write critical letters to Norma Shearer, confusing her character with the sophisticated rôles she plays, Irving Thalberg is going to see Norma gets more sympathy-arousing stories. So the next is to be "Smilin' Through," in which the other Norma (Talmadge) made herself famous, in silents. So Shearer must reverse the order and become innocent-girlish as she grows older and forsake her naughty woman-of-the-world ways.

"Of course I shall marry again," says Pola Negri. "And it will be an American next time. He's waited for me five years, while I've been making silly mistakes."

Pola is looking very handsome these days, with a clear ivory skin, guiltless of rouge, and eyes more flashing than ever. She says she made a great success on the stage in England, and hopes to do one of John Colton's plays on the stage here, besides the picture work. She assures us she has developed a good singing voice and, like Bebe Daniels, wants to do a screen version of "Carmen" with a few songs. Bebe has been trying to sell some producer this idea for a year or more. Which will win first?

Pola's RKO test was perfect so Pola has a three year contract and is all set for a grand come-back. She is happy again—she has her career and she's in love!

So Mary McCormick is probably welcome to Pola's ex-Prince Serge Mdvani, who gave his age as 27 as against Mary's 34, when they were married in Phoenix, Arizona. These foreign princelings have a marked taste for older women. Serge was 24 and Pola 32 when that marriage took place. His brother David is less than 30 now

Evidently marriage, combined with individual independence, doesn't always work in business arrangements. Quite a flurry among the United Artists, who, a few years ago, took each other for better or worse, under the unimpaired individuality plan.

Mary Pickford left Hollywood without arriving at any agreement on a story. Gloria Swanson packed up for New York when Sam Goldwyn disagreed with her about "Rockabye." And Ursula Parrott, writing "Love Goes Past" for Gloria, finds that lady fractious, and continuously making changes in the story.

And now Norma Talmadge, of all people, is declared to be renouncing United Artists forever—after nine years—and don't forget that Joseph Schenck, boss executive of United Artists, is her spouse! Norma was to have made two more pictures under an existing contract, but she has now been officially "released."

Norma says she is not retiring from the screen; on the contrary she may make a picture abroad, since she is snowed under with European offers.

Joseph Schenck, aforesaid spouse, says he is glad to have Norma do anything her little heart desires.

Mae Marsh left the screen for motherhood—exhibits A and B, Marguerite and Bobby—but she returned to make "Over the Hill."

Has Maurice Chevalier been on our Star Shadow contest spree? Don't give up the chase, Maurice!

Portrait of the future Mrs. William Powell — Carole Lombard —in a dramatic scene from "I Take This Woman."

and his wife is Mae Murray, who is a *soupçon* older than that!

A fellow has been seen following Josef Von Sternberg around and studying him earnestly. We now discover he is a sculptor, about to make a bust of Von, and merely trying to grab sittings as best he may.

Young Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is still sporting that gorgeous blue Cadillac around Hollywood which his father gave him for his first starring picture, "Chances." N.B. Joan likes that Cadillac, too.

Joan Blondell's proving herself a little picture stealer, the rascal. So now she's being borrowed so fast by other studios for comedy rôles that she has to stop to think where she really belongs.

Would you believe it of Frank Fay, of all people! He and a friend were driving to the studio in a hurry the other day. A cop pulled up alongside and found fault with Fay's speed to the extent of a ticket. But he was out of tickets, and told Fay to wait there until he could get one from the station up the street. And Fay waited!

Louis Calhern doesn't lose much time. He arrived in Hollywood from New York late one night, and early the next morning was at work in "The Other Man." There's a prompt lad.

Is temperament in Hollywood on the wane? Look at Marian Marsh, the young thing John Barrymore picked to play opposite him in "Svengali," and then in "The Mad Genius." The minute she finished the latter, she jumped into "Five Star Final," and then into "The Other Man." Four pictures in three months, with no rest between except four days snatched at Palm Springs after "Svengali." And she's eager for more. Says she wants to "do things."

Joan Marsh tests a sun-mask which allows the wearer to retain white skin on the face and tan the rest of the body.

Mary Astor hasn't been going about with anyone since the tragic death last year of her flyer husband, Kenneth Hawks. She's trying to forget herself in work, she says. She doesn't mix much in screen society, and drops completely from sight at the end of every picture. Her contract, you see, calls for a two weeks' vacation between pictures, and woe betide anyone who tries to bust up that two weeks. She's fond of riding horseback alone, and spends much time on the back of the horse she's just bought herself, although during the hot weather she usually hides out at Malibu Beach. Mary's one person everyone speaks of as "a grand girl."

Lowell Sherman has a pet superstition that it's bad luck to start a picture without carrying over at least one player from a preceding production. Going to be a bit rough on some actor he's carried over now if Lowell runs into bad luck!" (*Cont'd on page 127*)

The Truth *about* Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

Prince Matchebelli Toilet Waters come in delightful crown bottles with frosted stoppers. Read about the chic new fragrances they offer.

WHAT a dandy little month this has been for your girl friend that writes this page to you. For while it may seem early summer to you, it is autumn in the hearts of the cosmetic manufacturers and every one of them are now spending out their days turning out the most delectable things for you to buy the moment you return from your summer vacations. The result is that my office—high up in a New York skyscraper—smells as sweetly as an old fashioned garden and looks, what with gay packages in gay wrappings, just like Christmas and combines the best features of both.

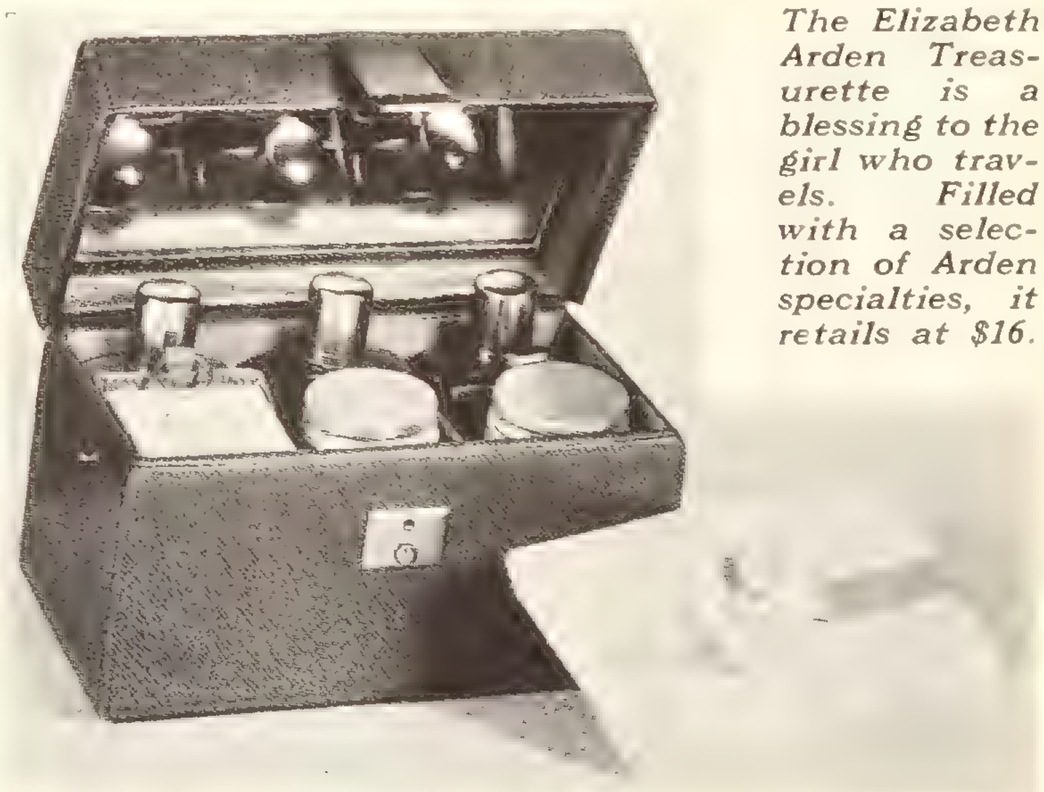
I can't begin to tell you about all of it this month. But if you'll let me I'll start with one of the nicest practical items I've yet discovered and lead up gradually to the luxuries.

I'm sure you all know Odorono. It is the oldest of the deodorants on the market and still one of the finest. And it is one of those grand little products that gets wiser with age. At least its manufacturer keeps it up to new tricks constantly and everlasting improvements. Its newest stunt is to appear in a new bottle and with a new applicator, blessed with a new speed in drying and effectiveness but endowed with the same old price—that is, thirty-five cents for the small bottle and sixty cents for the larger size.

If you were one of the people like myself who never did like that pink shade of the old Odorono, you'll be glad to know that this Instant Odorono is crystal clear and utterly colorless. The new applicator is very handy. It does away with using little cotton wads or pouring it out in either hand or any of that nuisance. The applicator is a special sponge attached to the end of the bottom stopper. You just dab this sponge under either arm and there you are, free from any danger of perspiration for one or two days. The old Odorono, which you have to put on several hours before dressing, is recommended for longer protection—that is, three days to a week—but personally I prefer this new version. And of course I don't have to tell you that this saves your sheer summer frocks from stains and that it is really becoming one of the rites of good grooming. Also you probably know that it has been medically proven that the under-arm use of deodorants is not harmful. So it's utterly safe to use it and it relieves you from any worry or embarrassment on hot summer days.

Did you ever see anything more ducky than those three little crown bottles at the top of this page? Those are the new toilet waters created by that royal perfumist, Prince Matchebelli, and perfectly elegant they are too. You can get them in fragrances to match his perfumes which you already know—Empress of India, a sandalwood affair: Duchess of York, that lovely lilac scent and all the others: or if you want to be very, very new and chic you may choose Damas, a perfume that achieves the impossible being both exotic

(*Continued on page 106*)



The Elizabeth Arden Treasurette is a blessing to the girl who travels. Filled with a selection of Arden specialties, it retails at $16.

Casts of Current Films

*Films Reviewed in this issue

"A FREE SOUL." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the novel by Adela Rogers St. John. Adapted by John Meehan. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Jan Ashe*, Norma Shearer; *Stephen Ashe*, Lionel Barrymore; *Ace Wilfong*, Clark Gable; *Dwight Sutro*, Leslie Howard; *Eddie*, James Gleason.*

"ALWAYS GOODBYE." *Fox.* From the story by Kate McLaurin. Directed by William Cameron Menzies and Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: *Lila*, Elissa Landi; *Graham*, Lewis Stone; *Reginald*, Paul Cavanaugh; *Cyril*, John Garrick; *Landlady*, Beryl Mercer; *Sir George Boomer*, Frederick Kerr; Merson, Herbert Bunston; *Blake*, Lumsden Hare.*

"BACHELOR APARTMENT." *Radio.* From an original story by John Howard Lawson. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Wayne Carter*, Lowell Sherman; *Helene Andrews*, Irene Dunne; *Agatha Carraway*, Mae Murray; *Lee Carlton*, Norman Kerry; *Lita Andrews*, Claudia Dell; *Henri De Naneau*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Janet*, Noel Francis; *Henry Carraway*, Purnell Pratt; *Rollins*, Charles Coleman; *Miss Clark*, Kitty Kelly; *Charlotte*, Bess Flowers; *Mrs. Holloran*, Florence Roberts.

"BORN TO LOVE." *RKO-Pathé.* From the story by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Doris Kendall*, Constance Bennett; *Barry Craig*, Joel McCrea; *Sir Wilfred Drake*, Paul Cavanaugh; *Lord Ponsonby*, Frederick Kerr; *Leslie Darrow*, Anthony Bushell; *Lady Agatha*, Louise Closser Hale; *Major General*, Claude King; *Duchess*, Mary Forbes; *Evelyn Kent*, Elizabeth Forrester; *Tom Kent*, Edmond Breton; *Foppish Gentleman*, Reginald Sharland; *Tibbetts*, Daisy Belmore; *Butler*, Fred Esmelton; *Head Nurse*, Martha Mattox.*

"CAPTAIN THUNDER." *Warner Brothers.* From an original story by Hal Davitt and Pierre Couderc. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *El Capitan Thunder*, Victor Varconi; *Ynez Dominguez*, Fay Wray; *El Commandante Ruiz*, Charles Judels; *Juan Sebastien*, Don Alvarado; *Pete Morgan*, Robert Elliott; *Bonita Salazar*, Natalie Moorhead; *Pablo*, Bert Roach; *Hank Riley*, Frank Campeau; *Don Miguel Salazar*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Pedro Dominguez*, John Sainpolis.

"CITY STREETS." *Paramount.* From the story by Dashiel Hammett. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *The Kid*, Gary Cooper; *Nan*, Sylvia Sidney; *Big Fellow Maskal*, Paul Lukas; *McCoy*, William Boyd; *Pop Cooley*, Guy Kibbee; *Blackie*, Stanleu Fields; *Agnes*, *Wynne* Gibson; *Pansy*, Betty Sunclair.

"DAYBREAK." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the novel by Arthur Schnitzler. Adapted by Ruth Cummings. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: *Willi*, Ramon Novarro; *Laura*, Helen Chandler; *Herr Schnabel*, Jean Hersholt; *General Von Hartz*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Otto*, William Bakewell; *Emily Kessner*, Karen Morely; *Von Lear*, Kent Douglass; *Franz*, Glenn Tryon; *Josef*, Clyde Cook; *Emil*, Sumner Getchell; *Frau Hoffman*, Clara Blandick; *Herr Hoffman*, Edwin Maxwell; *August*, Jackie Searl.*

"DIRIGIBLE." *Columbia.* From the story by Lieutenant Commander F. B. Wead, U. S. N. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Brandon*, Jack Holt; *Frisky Pierce*, Ralph Graves; *Helen*, Fay Wray; *Rondelle*, Hobart Bosworth; *Sock McGuire*, Roscoe Karns; *Hansen*, Harold Goodwin; *Clarence*, Clarence Muse; *Admiral Martin*, Emmet Corrigan; *Commander U. S. S. Lexington*, Al Roscoe; *Lieutenant Rowland*, Selmer Jackson.

"DOCTORS' WIVES." *Fox.* From the novel by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant. Screen play and dialogue by Maurine Watkins. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Dr. Jude Penning*, Warner Baxter; *Nina Wyndram*, Joan Bennett; *Dr. Kane Ruyter*, Victor Varconi; *Vivian Crosby*, Helene Millard; *Dr. Calucci*, Paul Porcasi; *Julia Wyndram*, Nancy Gardner; *Dr. Mark Wyndram*, John St. Polis; *Aunt Amelia*, Cecelia Loftus; *Dr. Roberts*, George Chandler; *Lou Roberts*, Violet Dunn; *Charlotte*, Ruth Warren; *Mrs. Kent*, Louise Mackintosh; *Rudie*, William Maddox.*

"EVERTHING'S ROSIE." *Radio.* From the story by Al Boasberg. Adapted by Tim Whelan. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: *Dr. J. Dockweiler Droop*, Robert Woolsey; *Rosie*, Anita Louise; *Billy Lowe*, John Darrow; *Mrs. Lowe*, Florence Roberts; *Mr. Lowe*, Frank Beal; *Oberdoff*, Alfred P. James; *Miss Van Dorn*, Lita Chevret.

"FAME." *Warner Brothers.* From the play "You and I" by Phillip Barry. Directed by Alfred Green. The cast: *Nancy White*, Doris Kenyon; *Maitland White*, Lewis Stone; *Roderick White*, John Darrow; *Veronica*, Evalyn Knapp; *Geoffrey*, Charles Butterworth; *G. T. Warren*, Oscar Apfel; *Etta*, Una Merkel.*

"HELL BOUND." *Tiffany.* From the story by Edward Dean Sullivan and Adele Commandini. Adapted by Julian Josephson. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Nick Cotrelli*, Leo Carrillo; *Platinum Reed*, Lola Lane; *Dr. Robert Sanford*, Lloyd Hughes; *Dorgan*, Ralph Ince; *Sanford's Sister*, Helene Chadwick; *Gilbert*, Richard Tucker; *Rosie*, Gertrude Astor; *Gaspipe*, Harry Strang; *Ham*, William Lawrence; *Omaha*, Marty Faust; *Bat*, Jack Grey; *Blimey*, Bill O'Brien.

"INDISCRETION." *United Artists.* From the story by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Jerry (Geraldine Trent)*, Gloria Swanson; *Tony Blake*, Ben Lyon; *Jim Woodward*, Monroe Owsley; *Joan Trent*, Barbara Kent; *Buster Collins*, Arthur Lake; *Aunt Kate*, Maude Eburne; *Mr. Woodward*, Henry Kolker; *Mrs. Woodward*, Nella Walker.*

"IRON MAN." *Universal.* From the novel by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Young Mason*, Lew Ayres; *Regan*, Robert Montgomery; *Rose*, Jean Harlowe; *Lewis*, John Miljan; *Jeff*, Eddie Dillon; *McNeil*, Mike Donlon; *Rattler O' Keefe*, Morrie Cohan; *The Show Girl*, Mary Doran; *Gladys De Vere*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Riley*, Ned Sparks; *Mandell*, Sam Blum; *Trainer*, Sammy Gervon.

"IT'S A WISE CHILD." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the play by Laurence E. Johnson. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Joyce*, Marion Davies; *Steve*, Sidney Blackmer; *Cool Kelly*, James Gleason; *Bertha*, Polly Moran; *Roger*, Lester Vail; *Annie*, Marie Prevost; *Mrs. Stanton*, Clara Blandick; *G. A. Appleby*, Robert McWade; *Otho*, Johnny Arthur; *Alice*, Hilda Vaughn; *Bill*, Ben Alexander; *Jane Appleby*, Emily Fitzroy.

"KICK IN." *Paramount.* From the stage play by Willard Mack. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Molly Hewes*, Clara Bow; *Chick Hewes*, Regis Toomey; *Charley (Molly's Brother)*, Leslie Fenton; *Myrtle Sylvester*, Wynne Gibson; *Benny La Marr*, James Murray; *Garvey (Police Commissioner)*, Donald Crisp; *Whip Fogarty (A Detective)*, Paul Hurst; Diggs *(A Detective)*, Wade Boteler; *Piccadilly Bessie*, Juliette Compton.

"LADIE'S MAN." *Paramount.* From the story by Rupert Hughes. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: *James Darricott*, William Powell; *Norma Page*, Kay Francis; *Rachel Fendley*, Carole Lombard; *Horace Fendley*, Gilbert Emery; *Mrs. Fendley*, Olive Tell; *Anthony Fendley*, Martin Burton; *Peyton Weldon*, John Holland; *Valet*, Frank Atkinson; *Therese Blanton*, Maude Turner Gordon.*

"NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the novel by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Dan*, Leslie Howard; *Tamea*, Conchita Montenegro; *Mr. Pritchard*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Maisie*, Karen Morley; *Larrieau*, Mitchell Lewis; *Mellenger*, Hale Hamilton; *Porter*, Clyde Cook; *Tolongo*, Bob Gilbert; *Julia*, Joan Standing; *Mrs. Graves*, Eulalie Jenson.*

"PARTY HUSBAND." *First National.* Based on the novel by Geoffrey Barnes. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Laura*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Jay Hogarth*, James Rennie; *Kate*, Dorothy Peterson; *Henri*, Paul Porcasi; *Mrs. Duell*, Helen Ware; *Horace Purcell*, Don Cook; *Bee Canfield*, Mary Doran; *Pat*, Joe Donahue; *Sally*, Barbara Weeks; *Ben Halliday*, Gilbert Emery.

"SEED." *Universal.* From the novel by Charles G. Norris. Directed by John Stahl. The cast: *Bart Carter*, John Boles; *Mildred*, Genevieve Tobin; *Peggy Carter*, Lois Wilson; *Junior Carter (elder)*, Raymond Hackett; *Nancy*, Bette Davis; *Jennie*, Frances Dade; *Bliss*, ZaSu Pitts; *Dicky Carter (elder)*, Jack Willis; *Danny Carter (elder)*, Bill Willis; *Johnny Carter (elder)*, Dick Winslow; *Junior Carter*, Kenneth Seiling; *Dicky Carter (younger)*, Don Cox; *Danny Carter (younger)*, Terry Cox; *Margaret Carter*, Helen Parrish; *Johnny Carter (younger)*, Dickie Moore.*

"SHIPMATES." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the story, "Maskee," by Ernest Paynter. Adapted by Lou Edelman and Delmar Daves. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Jonesy*, Robert Montgomery; *Scotty*, Ernest Torrence; *Kit*, Dorothy Jordan; *Admiral Corbin*, Hobart Bosworth; *Bilge*, Cliff Edwards; *Mike*, Gavin Gordon; *Mary Lou*, Joan Marsh; *What-Ho*, Edward Nugent; *Wong*, E. Allyn Warren; *Captain Beatty*, George Irving; *Auntie*, Hedda Hopper; *Admiral Schuyler*, William Worthington.*

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Fox Films, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; First National, page 9; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 10-11; Radio Pictures, page 15.

"SIX CYLINDER LOVE." *Fox.* From the play by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Donroy*, Spencer Tracy; *Monty Winston*, Edward Everett Horton; *Marilyn Sterling*, Sidney Fox; *Richard Burton*, William Collier, Sr.; *Margaret Rogers*, Una Merkel; *Gilbert Sterling*, Lorin Raker; *Stapleton*, William Holden; *Mrs. Burton*, Ruth Warren; *Harold Rogers*, Bert Roach; *Janitor*, El Brendel.

"SKIPPY." *Paramount.* From the story by Percy Crosby. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Skippy Skinner*, Jackie Cooper; *Sooky Wayne*, Robert Coogan; *Eloise*, Mitzi Green; *Sidney*, Jackie Searl; *Dr. Herbert Skinner*, Willard Robertson; *Mrs. Ellen Skinner*, Enid Bennett; *Harley Nubbins*, Donald Haines; *Mrs. Wayne*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Dog Catcher Nubbins*, Jack Clifford; *Dad Burkey*, Guy Oliver.

"SMART MONEY." *Warner Brothers.* Screen story and dialogue by Kubec Glasmon, John Bright, Lucien Hubbard and Joseph Jackson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Nick*, Edward G. Robinson; *Irene*, Evalyn Knapp; *Jack*, James Cagney; *Sleepy Sam*, Ralf Harolde; *Sport Williams*, Boris Karloff; *District Attorney*, Morgan Wallace; *District Attorney's Girl*, Margaret Livingston; *Marie*, Noel Francis; *Greek Barber*, Maurice Black; *Hickory Short*, Ben Taggart.*

"SUBWAY EXPRESS." *Columbia.* From the stage play by Eva K. Flint and Martha Madison. Adapted by Earl Snell. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Kellian*, Jack Holt; *Dale Tracey*, Aileen Pringle; *Borden*, Jason Robards; *Kearney*, Fred Kelsey; *Tracey*, Alan Roscoe; *Mrs. Cotton*, Ethel Wales; *Mrs. Mullins*, Lillianne Leighton; *Mason*, Selmer Jackson.

"SVENGALI." *Warner Brothers.* From the novel by George Louis Du Maurier. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Svengali*, John Barrymore; *Trilby*, Marian Marsh; *Little Billee*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Honori*, Carmel Myers; *Taffy*, Lumsden Hare; *The Laird*, Donald Crisp; *Gecko*, Louis Alberni; *Concert Manager*, Paul Porcasi.

"TARNISHED LADY." *Paramount.* From an original story by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Nancy Courtney*, Tallulah Bankhead; *Morman Cravath*, Clive Brook; *Germaine Prentiss*, Phoebe Foster; *De Witt Taylor*, Alexander Kirkland; *Ben Sterner*, Osgood Perkins; *Mrs. Courtney*, Elizabeth Patterson.*

"THE FRONT PAGE." *United Artists.* From the Broadway play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Walter Burns*, Adolphe Menjou; *Hildy Johnson*, Pat O'Brien; *Peggy*, Mary Brian; *Bensinger*, Edward Everett Horton; *Murphy*, Walter Catlett; *Earl Williams*, George E. Stone; *Molly*, Mae Clark; *Pincus*, Slim Summerville; *Kruger* Matt Moore; *McCue*, Frank McHugh; *Sheriff Hartman*, Clarence H. Wilson.

"THE GOOD BAD GIRL." *Columbia.* From the story by Winifred Van Duzer. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Marcia*, Mae Clarke; *Bob Henderson*, James Hall; *Trixie*, Marie Prevost; *Tyler*, Robert Ellis; *Mrs. Henderson*, Nance O'Neil; *Mr. Henderson*, Edmund Breese; *Donovan*, James Donlon; *Pagano*, Paul Porcasi; *Roach*, Paul Fix; *Moreland*, Wheeler Oakman; *Spike*, George Berliner.*

"THE MILLIONAIRE." *Warner Brothers.* From the story "Idle Hands," by Earl Derr Biggers. Dialogue by Booth Tarkington. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: *James Alden*, George Arliss; *Barbara Alden*, Evalyn Knapp; *Bill Merrick*, David Manners; *Mrs. Alden*, Florence Arliss; *Peterson*, Noah Beery; *Oldest Employee*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Andrews*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Schofield*, James Cagney; *Briggs*, Tully Marshall; *Davis*, Ivan Simpson; *Dr. Harvey*, J. C. Nugent; *McCoy*, Sam Hardy.

"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT." *Paramount.* Screen story by Ernst Vadja and Samson Raphaelson based upon "Waltz Dream" by Leo Jacobson and Felix Doorman and also the novel "Nux Der Prinzgemaht" by Hans Muller. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Niki*, Maurice Chevalier; *Franzi*, Claudette Colbert; *Nanne*, Miriam Hopkins; *King*, George Barbier; *Orderly*, Hugh O'Connell; *Max*, Charles Ruggles; *Adjutant Von Rokoff*, Robert Strange; *Lily*, Janet Reade; *Emperor*, Con Macsunday.*

"THREE GIRLS LOST." *Fox.* From the story by Robert D. Andrews. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Noreen McMann*, Loretta Young; *Gordon Wales*, John Wayne; *William Marriott*, Lew Cody; *Edna Best*, Joyce Compton; *Marcia Tallant*, Joan Marsh; *Mrs. McGee*, Kathrin Clare Ward; *Tony*, Paul Fix; *Andre*, Andre Beranger.

"TOO YOUNG TO MARRY." *First National.* From the play by Martin Flavin. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. The cast: *Elaine*, Loretta Young; *Bill*, Grant Withers; *Cyrus Bumpstead*, O. P. Heggie; *Mrs. Bumpstead*, Emma Dunn; *Justice of Peace*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Sam Green*, Lloyd Neal; *Myra*, Virginia Sale; *Chester Armstrong*, Richard Tucker.

(*Continued on page 129*)

Left, Mr. Edwards has an inspiration. Interesting—but is it art?

Right, Cliff, having tried brains, now uses brawn—but to no avail.

Above, grit and determination count—but not, it seems, in this case.

Left, Edwards demonstrates the good old reliable finger-poke method.

Right, how a handy man around the house would do it—or try to do it.

Below, the last resort—quick, positive, sure—but painful.

How to open a milk bottle in 7 easy lessons!

Success! Cliff proves that persistency wins—after a struggle.

Come into the kitchen with Cliff Edwards

ASK ME! —Continued from page 12

Little Christine. I'm always happy to help the little ones in distress, but your favorite actor, Richard Talmadge, is hard to keep track of. One of his latest films, "The Yankee Don," released in December, 1930, was produced by his own company, so you can take a chance on writing him in care of Richard Talmadge Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

Joan and Jeanine. You'd like to have Jackie Coogan's residence—so would I, but what would we do with it? If you ever get down to your last quarter, you'd gladly give it for SCREENLAND. That's the spirit. Jackie Coogan hasn't an European address to my knowledge, but you can reach him at Paramount Studios, where he is under contract. It is said that Ruth Roland has a fish pond in her back yard and friends must pay 15 cents for every fish they land out of it. Poor fish!

Esther A. Olive Borden hasn't made a film since her marriage to Theodore Spector on March 28, 1931. Among her latest releases are "Dance Hall," with Arthur Lake; "Half Marriage," with Morgan Farley and Ken Murray, and "Wedding Rings," with Lois Wilson and H. B. Warner.

Miss Ruth W. Home addresses of the stars are as hard to locate as money on trees, but our page of stars' addresses will get the same results. Ramon Novarro has five brothers and as many sisters. He lives with his family, father, mother and several of the clan. I haven't the faintest rumor to pass you about his matrimonial prospects. His love making is for screen rights only.

Mary Elizabeth H. Dolores Costello Barrymore played in pictures with her father, Maurice Costello, at the age of five years. She was on the stage in George White's Scandals when she signed a contract to appear in films. Her first screen rôle was in "Bobbed Hair," and later she played with John Barrymore in the silent version of "The Sea Beast." Her first picture since the birth of her daughter is "Expensive Women," with H. B. Warner and Anthony Bushell.

Eileen C. Thanks for your praise of my department and your journalistic sympathy for my "come-backs." Now what we want to get together on is bigger and better "come-hithers." Camilla Horn was born April 25, 1908, in Frankfort-on-Main, Germany. Olga Baclanova was born in Moscow, Russia, but she doesn't reveal the date. Dolores Del Rio was 26 years old on August 3. Lily Damita was born in Paris, France, on July 10, 1906.

Irene K. You have been misinformed if you heard you had to be dumb but beautiful to get a start in pictures. If you want to go very far in any line today it takes more than just beautiful dumbness to make the grade. Lola Lane is the pretty girl in "Hell Bound," with Leo Carrillo and Lloyd Hughes. Leila Hyams is John Gilbert's leading lady in his new picture, "Cheri Bibi."

Just Red. Will I give you some nice fresh answers? You don't expect stale, shop-worn stuff from my department, do you? Tish-tish, Red. Dorothy Janis was christened Dorothy Penelope Jones. Born Feb. 19, 1910, in Dallas, Texas. She has dark brown hair and eyes and weighs 94 pounds. Her first films were "Fleetwing," "Kit Carson" with Fred Thompson, "Humming Wires" and "The Pagan" with Ramon Novarro.

Fern L. I'm not so sure about any of the Hollywood stars having their faces lifted, but many have to have their voices lowered. Ronald Colman has added more fans to his already large collection, since he began to talk in pictures. He appears in "Devil to Pay" with Loretta Young, and his next will be "The Unholy Garden." Ronald was 40 years old on Feb. 9. He has brown hair and eyes, weighs 175 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He has been married some years to an English woman, but they are now separated.

Veronica D. Had you given up seeing yourself in print in this thrilling column? Better now than never, as the man said as he hit the nail on his head. Alice White hasn't made a picture since "The Widow from Chicago" with Edward G. Robinson, and "Sweethearts on Parade" with Lloyd Hughes for Columbia Pictures.

Birdie from Wash. I'd be no end pleased if I could arrange the casting of the stars to please my friends, but the studios don't or won't ask my advice and so what does that make me? Colleen Moore hasn't made a picture since "Footlights and Fools." She toured the States in a play, "On the Loose," in 1930, but it was withdrawn after a short booking. Colleen is a grand girl and a clever actress and deserves a big come-back. We're for her.

Brown Eyes. Al Jolson of "The Singing Fool" fame is playing in "The Wonder Bar," a musical comedy, in New York, and hasn't made a film for some time. Greta Nissen appears in her first talking picture, "Women of All Nations," with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and El Brendel. Greta was born in Oslo, Norway. She has blue eyes, golden hair, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Jean Hersholt was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, but I don't know the year. He has dark blue eyes, brown hair, weighs 180 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He plays in Ramon Novarro's "Daybreak."

Miss Blue Bird. In this case, a blue bird in the hand is worth four and twenty black birds in a pie, or who killed cock robin? Bill Boyd, your favorite star, was born June 5, 1898, in Cambridge, Ohio, later going to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he received his high school education. Bill worked at many jobs before breaking into

You don't need three guesses to know that the lad with Jean Hersholt is his son. Alan is a schoolboy, and it isn't necessary to tell you that papa Hersholt is one of the best character actors on the screen.

pictures. Cecil DeMille gave him his start in pictures. He has been married three times; his second wife was Elinor Faire, and the present Mrs. Boyd is Dorothy Sebastian. Bill has blue eyes and light brown hair, weighs 180 pounds and is 6 feet tall. One of his releases was "The Painted Desert" with Helen Twelvetrees.

Kathryn L. You'd be surprised at the strange questions the postman brings me, and do I have to think fast? But nevertheless it still takes three minutes to boil a three-minute egg. No, Tom Mix isn't Bebe Daniels' leading man, but Ben Lyon, Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Ricardo Cortez have been in her last three releases—"My Past," "Reaching for the Moon" and "The Maltese Falcon." Tom Mix and Tony haven't made a picture for some time. They are still the head-line attraction with Sells-Floto Circus.

Elizabeth J., Orchard Dale. Can I tell you the way for a famous stranger to meet a perfect actress or a perfect stranger to meet—but who started this monologue, anyway? Lack of space prevents a recital of how the various celebrities have met me. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are busy denying and affirming their engagement, and who am I to dispute their word? Gary was 30 years old on May 7 of the present year. He has blue eyes, dark brown hair, weighs 180 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches tall.

Josephine H. You're in great luck to get *one* reply from a busy star, so why ask for another. They get hundreds of letters and requests for pictures and personal replies every day, so don't be too hard on the poor dears. John Mack Brown has been married some time to a college sweetheart, Cornelia Foster, and they have a little daughter, Harriet. Loretta Young was born Jan. 6, 1912. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has light brown hair and eyes. Her first screen appearance was with Colleen Moore in "Naughty But Nice," and was just a small bit and no credit given in the cast. Gloria Swanson and Warner Baxter were born on March 29, Betty Compson on the 18th and Joan Crawford on the 23rd of March.

Pauline, Cleveland, O. The theme of this month's letters seems to be, *"Take My Last Quarter But Give Me Screenland."* Edward Nugent was born in New York City Feb. 7, 1904. He has dark brown hair, green eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. He was on the stage before going into pictures. He is *What-Ho* in Robert Montgomery's first starring film, "Shipmates." Louise Brooks is in "The Public Enemy," with Edward Woods, James Cagney and Donald Cook, all three new screen names but well known on Broadway. Tom Tyler is making good pictures in a Western way and knows how to handle a naturally good voice as well as his horse. He appears in "Rider of the Plains," with Lillian Bond.

Marjorie H. So you think these fan letters to me are just "make-believe" and so you're writing to find out. How's that for a pain in the neck to me? Sally O'Neill and sister, Molly O'Day, have been on the stage for the past year and haven't made any pictures. Sally isn't married as far as I know. Donald Keith was Emil Jannings' young son, who played the violin in "The Way of All Flesh." Cullen Landis was Thomas Meighan's brother in "We're All Gamblers," and not Gareth Hughes. Now that you know I'm not a myth and the letters are honest-to-goodness ones, come again and I hope you like us.

Introducing Hollywood's champion movie family—Mr. and Mrs. Coye Watson and their nine actor children. Last month in SCREENLAND you met little Delmar Watson. Delmar is the star of the family at present, but watch the others!

Andy of Milford. Pleased to meet you, but where's Amos and Madame Queen? Clara Bow's hair has been described as fiery red, auburn and dark brown with red glints, whatever that is, but her agate brown eyes are the original color with the usual sparkle. Clara's latest picture is "Kick In," with Regis Toomey and others. David Rollins was born Sept. 2, 1909, weighs 135 pounds, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes and a winning smile. David loves dogs, rides horseback, swims and plays a good game of golf and tennis. He is still a single man at 21.

Louise Brooks Fan. Wouldn't Louise be happy if she could see the many inquiries I received this month about her? We are glad she came home from her long stay in Germany, looking prettier than ever. Louise was born in Wichita, Kansas. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Her first pictures were "Evening Clothes," "Rolled Stockings," "Now We're In the Air," "City Gone Wild," "Girl In Every Port," "Beggars of Life," "Canary Murder Case."

Mike W. of La. If I tell you all I know about Anita Page, you'll send me a Georgia watermelon from Louisiana. That melon is practically mine right now. Anita Pomares, but Anita Page to you, was born Aug. 4, 1910, in Flushing, L. I. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall and not married. Her first M-G-M picture was "Telling the World," with William Haines. Louise Brooks was once the wife of Edward Sutherland, the director. Sally Eilers was married to Hoot Gibson on June 28, 1930. Lewis Stone was married in October, 1930, to his third wife. Josephine Dunn was married the first of the year to her second husband, Clyde E. Greathouse. Her first was William P. Cameron, but they were divorced in 1928.

Thelma H. Will it surprise you when I tell you Thelma Todd was one of 16 graduates of the Paramount School, in which Buddy Rogers, Josephine Dunn, Jack Luden and Roland Drew, known then as Walter Goss, were the bright and shining pupils? Thelma was born July 29 in Lawrence, Mass. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has blonde hair and grey eyes. While teaching school in her home town she won a beauty contest as Miss Massachusetts and was selected by Paramount for its school of acting. She excels in light comedy and has made an excellent foil for Charlie Chase in his side-splitting comedies.

Boots B.—I wouldn't call you curious or a nuisance for I never use such violent language. One of Don Alvarado's latest pictures is "Beau Ideal," with Ralph Forbes, Lester Vail and Loretta Young. Richard Arlen has gone Western in "Roped In" with Louise Dresser and Frances Dee, and in "Gun Smoke" with Mary Brian and William (Stage) Boyd. How we kids love our Westerns, don't we, Boots?

Billy B. Aren't you glad you came in at the finish? It's an art to take the air at the close of such a dignified column. Stop again when you're sailing by. George O'Brien's last release before going on a vacation trip of several months was "The Seas Beneath" with Marion Lessing, Larry Kent and Warner Hymer, who is also the life of the party with Marjorie White in "Charlie Chan Carries On." George O'Brien was born Sept. 1, 1900, in San Francisco, Cal. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 185 pounds.

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Lillian Bond
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Conchita Montenegro
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Esther Ralston
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lawrence Tibbett
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail
Roland Young

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compson
Lily Damita
Bebe Daniels
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jobyna Howland
Arline Judge
Arthur Lake
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Pola Negri
Edna Mae Oliver
Roberta Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Hugh Trevor
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen
George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Bebe Daniels
Claudia Dell
Irene Delroy
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Frank Fay
Gladys Ford
James Hall
Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Fred Kohler
Laura Lee
Winnie Lightner
Lucien Littlefield
Lotti Lodi
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
David Manners
Marilyn Miller
Mae Madison
Ona Munson
Marian Nixon
Dorothy Peterson
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Polly Walters
H. B. Warner
Jack Whiting
Edward Woods
Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
Luana Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
Warren Hymer
Richard Keene
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi
Marion Lessing
Cecilia Loftus
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Sharon Lynn
Jeannette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Lois Moran
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Rosalie Roy
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Norman Foster
Kay Francis
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Harry Green
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Fredric March
Georges Metaxa
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Eugene Pallette
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Sylvia Sidney
Charles Starrett
Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Russell Gleason
Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees

Send Birthday Congratulations to These Following August Stars:

Dolores Del Rio	August 3rd.
Anita Page	August 4th.
Colleen Moore	August 8th.
Charles Farrell	August 9th.
Norma Shearer	August 10th.
Charles Rogers	August 13th.
Mary Duncan	August 13th.
Regis Toomey	August 13th.
June Collyer	August 19th.
Leatrice Joy	August 19th.
Natalie Moorhead	August 27th.
Fredric March	August 31st.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Kathryn Crawford
Robert Ellis
Sidney Fox
Jean Hersholt
Rose Hobart
Dorothy Janis
Myrna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Mary Nolan
Eddie Philips
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
Lupe Velez
John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado
William Boyd
Eddie Cantor
Charlie Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
William Farnum
Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor
Mischa Auer
Leo Carrillo
Helene Chadwick
Helen Chandler
Dorothy Christy
June Collyer
Marion Douglas
Robert Edeson
George Fawcett
Albert Gran
Ralph Graves
Carmelita Geraghty
Hale Hamilton
Neil Hamilton
Lloyd Hughes
Paul Hurst
Ralph Ince
Jeannette Loff
Wallace MacDonald
Ken Maynard
Blanche Mehaffey
Una Merkel
Geneva Mitchell
Charlie Murray
Sally O'Neil
Jason Robards
George Sidney
Bob Steele
Thelma Todd

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.
Constance Cummings
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Bert Lytell
Joan Peers
Dorothy Revier
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Oliver Hardy
Ed Kennedy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon
Stan Laurel
ZaSu Pitts
Our Gang
Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe
Ann Christy
Andy Clyde
Harry Gribbon
Eleanor Hunt
Patsy O'Leary
Daphne Pollard
Lincoln Stedman
Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland
Eddie Dowling
Edward Everett Horton

Clara Bow scores again! Letters are pouring in asking for another Bow picture as soon as possible and even sooner!

SLAMS *and* SALVOS

Continued from page 8

IF
(Fourth Prize Letter)

If I had my choice of wishes, I would wish these:

The choice of clothes like Norma Shearer;
The realness of Barbara Stanwyck;
The figure, voice and hair of Joan Crawford;
The singing voice of Bebe Daniels;
The charm of Fay Wray;
The sophistication of Kay Francis;
The mystery of Greta Garbo;
The legs of Marlene Dietrich;
The sweetness of Lupe Velez;
The hands of Mary Brian;
The cheeks of Mary Nolan;
The eyes and lashes of Clara Bow;
The mouth of Leila Hyams;
The teeth of Barbara Kent;
The dimples of June Collyer;
The nose of Ruth Chatterton—
And a boy friend like Gary Cooper.

If all these were mine—the world would be mine, too.

Lee Green,
Detroit, Michigan.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Let's forget about Garbo and Dietrich for a while and do a little heavy concentrating on Jean Harlow for a change. I think she is the most alluring actress on the screen today. Jean has a figure that rivals Joan Crawford's and hair like—well, there isn't anything like her platinum blonde hair. I wouldn't miss a Jean Harlow picture.

Eve Ballow,
Woodcliff, New Jersey.

NOW, NOW!

I think Jean Harlow is a poor excuse for an actress. She lacks personality, her voice is harsh, her hair is impossible and her make-up is grotesque.

Why doesn't someone awaken Miss Harlow to the fact that rapid picture progress has educated the theatre-going public to look for superior acting, cultured beauty and pleasant voices?

C. G. Elefante,
160 State Street,
Albany, New York.

CHEERING CLARK GABLE

I noted with great satisfaction the picture of Clark Gable, the sensational young actor from the New York stage, in a recent issue of SCREENLAND.

As the sleek, tigerish *Jake Luva* in "Dance, Fools, Dance"; the swaggering *Louis Blanco* in "The Finger Points"; and as the "heavy" in "The Painted Desert" he had distinct appeal. He was even a very fascinating laundry driver in "The Easiest Way." In all these pictures he gave performances that lingered in the memory.

He is handsome—has smouldering eyes and devastating dimples—a compelling, dominating personality, and a rather primitive allure.

Gertrude Westenberg,
334 Randolph Avenue,
Seattle, Washington.

DISPLEASED WITH TALLULAH

Those who have awaited with baited breath the much touted appearance of Tallulah Bankhead can relax now that "Tarnished Lady" has been released. Personally, I believe Tallulah could depart for England tomorrow without causing even a ripple on the cinema horizon.

The ingredients of a successful picture usually embrace a good story, attractive stars and more or less pleasant voices. The theme of "Tarnished Lady" was anything but new or thrilling; Tallulah's beauty was conspicuous by its absence and her voice was not particularly appealing, nor was there anything out of the ordinary about her acting. Even Clive Brook failed to redeem the picture—Clive so obviously was born knowing exactly the right fork to use that it's impossible to accept him in the rôle of a parvenu.

Irene Cavers,
25 Highland Ave.,
Detroit, Michigan.

DEFENDING TALLULAH

Why, oh why, didn't they give Tallulah Bankhead a picture worthy of her talents? I saw her on the stage once and I know she is a good actress. If she had been given the right vehicle she would have been a sensation in her American screen début. However, Miss Bankhead can't be judged by "Tarnished Lady" so I shall await with even more interest for her second picture. Please, Paramount, do right by Tallulah and give her a good story.

A. J. Manfred,
Garden City,
Long Island.

GRETA AGAIN

The enigmatic Garbo! What is the secret of Garbo's unique appeal to the American public? She has the courage to be her innate self—despite the fact that off-screen, she has been censored—because she remains silent and indifferent and does not join the crowd. Greta has no time for frivolity. Genius labors for perfection.

Within a year her contract will be completed. It is rumored that she will then return to Sweden, and give up pictures forever. But Greta Gustafsson never forgets a friend. She crossed the ocean to stand by the grave of the great man, Stiller, who recognized her possibilities. So I feel assured that Greta will come back to America; as a token of faith, to the moviegoers who respect the serious-minded girl, who has become a mystery to many because she moves in an atmosphere created by her own natural self.

Charity Domigan,
The Lilley Co.,
Columbus, Ohio.

AND DIETRICH

Since the majority of the Garbo fans seem to derive a great deal of pleasure from continually criticizing Marlene Dietrich, I'd like to say a few words in her behalf.

Why not give her a fair chance? I'm sure we would like Marlene if we could forget our silly prejudices. I have always been a Garbo fan but I think Marlene wonderful, too. She is very beautiful and a real actress. I would like to mention, though, that I believe they are making a grave mistake in over-emphasizing Marlene's legs. To my mind, the most poignant scene in "Dishonored" lacked sympathetic appeal; first, by Miss Dietrich casually applying lipstick; and second, by having the camera focused on her pedal extremities while she fixed her stocking.

Anyway, I admire Marlene Dietrich. If given the right rôles and direction, I'll wager she will become one of our most popular stars.

Jean McKenzie,
3691 West 25th Ave.,
Vancouver, B. C.

AN OVATION TO ANN

Amid the pandemonium raised by fans anent Garbo versus Dietrich and the Bow situation, and while Hollywood itself has been made blatant by stars trying to outshine and outdo one another, a quiet young lady has come upon us unobtrusively with a display of genuine histrionics deserving of ovation. We liked her in "Holiday," knew she must be a lovely person by "The Girl of the Golden West," but it took

(*Continued on page 128*)

A fond fan predicts stardom for Clark Gable. If you've seen him in "A Free Soul," with Norma Shearer, you'll understand.

Is Gloria's Glamor Gone?

Continued from page 29

with your friends and there *are* compensations. You develop a sense of humor and proportion, you learn to take life lightly instead of tragically. You remember that what's happening to you has happened to millions of others who survived it, so why should you bleat and be sorry for yourself? As for my work, I'm much more interested in character parts than in straight ones, and thank heaven, you don't have to stay young and good-looking forever for those."

Sour grapes? I don't think so. It sounds more like an excellent combination of courage and horse-sense than either sour grapes or a hidden complex.

Nevertheless, there's something wrong. She used to be a sensational box office draw, and now she's in the position of a suppliant for popular favor. "There's nothing strange about that," you may say. "She's not the first and she won't be the last to know first the adoration and then the indifference of the great movie public." True, but her case isn't quite that of the average movie star. She was to her fans a creature apart. She was the Glorious Gloria, and she held the same place then as that other phenomenon, the Glorious Garbo, holds today. Besides, there was "The Trespasser." How generously she was welcomed back in that! How widely it was believed that Gloria's stock had taken a second upward leap! Only to plunge again to a new low with "What A Widow!"

Has the fans' taste changed perhaps? Are they demanding something more or something different from what they used to want? If Gloria can't meet that demand, it won't be for want of trying. When the talkies came in she didn't, like so many others, get panicky. She didn't charge the game like a loco steer, head down and eyes on the ground. She set about coolly studying the problem. She found a good story, she sought a first-rate adviser in the person of Laura Hope Crews, she engaged a first-rate director in Edmund Goulding. For twenty-one days the three sat together, begrudging time out for food and sleep, and worked on the scenario, changing, arranging, improving, perfecting it down to the last minute detail before rehearsals began. And she hasn't abated her efforts since. She reads hundreds of scripts herself in her determination to find the best.

Her next picture, "Rockabye," is a discovery, a newcomer's first attempt. She is wildly enthusiastic about it. "It's the best material," she says emphatically, "that I ever had in my whole life. I've never known anything that impressed me so much or that I wanted more to do. The girl's a character—alive, unusual—she might even be sordid if she weren't played right. And her mother's a tously old party with a bun on most of the time; I'm trying to get Laura Hope Crews to play it.

"You see, with every new picture I make," she adds earnestly, "I grow more critical of myself. I love perfection. I may make a picture that isn't as good as the preceding one, but if I do, it's not because I haven't tried hard enough to make it better."

Maybe the secret lies somewhere in those words. Maybe she tries too hard. Certainly that's the impression created by the acting in her last picture—the effort is too much in evidence. Maybe Gloria's critical faculty stops at the same point as that of so many of the rest of us—ourselves.

She thinks that perhaps she hasn't made enough pictures to keep her place in the sun. And it's true that one a year is hardly more than a crumb to feed to the ravenous fans. Only a Chaplin can afford to be so restrained. She produced "The Trespasser" herself and found it such interesting and exciting work that she wanted to go on producing all her pictures. But after "What A Widow" she changed her mind. Exciting it remained, but also so laborious and exhausting that it took her practically a year to prepare for the picture, to make it and to recuperate from it. "It was a great relief," she says, "almost a vacation, to have United Artists produce "Indiscreet" for me—just to come and work every day and collect my salary and not have to worry about any of the details. Just the same, I'm not giving up producing. I'll alternate—do one myself, then have them do one. That way I hope to make three pictures a year." That will help, Gloria, we venture modestly—provided the quality rises with the quantity.

What do we think of her chances? On her side she has capital and a clear head, the prestige of the past and—one of her greatest assets—grit and then more grit. The kind of grit illustrated by the following story. She started by playing comedy rôles, which she hated. Like all youngsters, she wanted to play a dramatic part, and the first dramatic part she was offered was that of an athletic girl who did stunts in the water, one of them being to rescue a drowning man at night. Now Gloria didn't know how to swim and she was afraid of the water. But she kept that piece of information to herself and took the part. Meantime she went to the Y. W. C. A. for lessons, but every time the instructor came near her she shrieked and fled. At last the time arrived for the shooting of the rescue scene. It was a moonless night, dark as pitch, and the place was lit by flaring torches. Gloria, in evening dress, approached the director. "Just what do I have to do?" she asked, stalling.

"Haven't you read the script?"

"Yes," she said weakly, "but I thought you might have changed it."

"Nary a change," he assured her. "You just dive off."

"Well," she blurted, "I don't know anything about diving."

"Don't you think it's time you learned?" he asked unsympathetically.

"Yes, but I saw another girl in the car. I thought maybe you brought her along to double for me in this scene."

"Well, maybe I did, but I'd like you to try it first."

She walked blindly to the edge of the dock and waited in agony till she heard her name called, then tore off her dress and, a small bundle of terror and despair, jumped.

What happened after that she doesn't remember—she may have fainted—but the next thing she knew, she was clutching the drowning man, an excellent swimmer, and being hauled into a boat.

And the funniest part of the story is that, though they had the double do the dive after her, they used Gloria's shot. It was more graceful!

If that kind of grit were enough to boost Gloria back where she wants to be, she'd get there. But is it enough? She has grave handicaps to fight against—the vague but growing sense in the public mind that she is through, the fact that the present-day screen doesn't do justice to her physical attributes, the competition of newer and younger and more exciting rivals who have mastered a subtler and more appealing dramatic technique than Gloria has ever learned.

What does she think of her own chances? "I don't think about them," she smiled. "And I don't make any plans. I just go on, trying to discover where I stand. Of course, it's much easier getting to the top than staying there—but the toughest job of all seems to be climbing back after you've once fallen off.

"Sometimes, when I'm tired and things don't go right, I think I'll quit. But I know I'm only fooling myself. Two weeks away from the studio, and I'm like an old circus horse, sniffing for the sawdust again. Still, if the time does come when I'm convinced they don't want me any more, I like to believe I'll step out with a good grace.

"I have no complaints to make. The pictures and the picture fans have always been more than generous to me and, whenever I go, I'll say 'thank you very much for a nice time.'"

Spoken like a gentleman! Whether she comes back or doesn't come back, we offer a salute to Gloria, the Good Sport.

How would you like to sit in a projection room with all these famous screen players? Find Anita Page, Joan Marsh, Edwina Booth, Nils Asther, Polly Moran, John Miljan, Neil Hamilton, Dorothy Jordan, Leila Hyams, Monroe Owlsley, Marjorie Rambeau—and there are others, too!

Who Is Sylvia?—*Continued from page 83*

direction of Winthrop Ames, one of New York's best producer-directors. And Sylvia was good. Even Mr. Ames, himself, told her so. She received notices, and compliments from professionals.

"So I decided I was a cinch for a real job and I started out to get one. Then there was the inevitable spell of managers taking one look at the gawky kid with her hair down her back and carrying a pile of books and saying, 'Look what wants to be an actress—my God, throw it out, quick.' But it never seemed to bother me. I always went back again, keeping pretty well under foot."

Having at least made managers conscious of her for several months, one of them finally broke down and gave her a job. It was a part in a play called "The Challenge of Youth." The play wasn't very good—but that was quite beside Sylvia's point. She was now a professional, and at peace with the world.

"Then, on the second night of the run, I suddenly fainted in the middle of the first act. They thought it was appendicitis and were all for rushing me to a hospital. But I had read enough back-stage stories to know that 'the show must go on.' So I wouldn't listen to them and, with a brave little smile on my lips, I finished the show, loving every minute of it. Next day, an X-ray showed a torn ligament in my right side, result of jumping over a bannister in one scene. But, still the girl-martyr, I continued with the show.

"In fact, I was having such a swell time being the heroic trouper that they were afraid to tell me that the show was folding up at the end of the first week. Finally, on the last night, Mother broke it to me very gently. And I went to bed for two weeks—I think it was as much chagrin as torn ligament!"

Her next engagement was the ingénue in "The Squall," another play with a distinct aroma. Following that, however, was "Crime." With her in this cast were Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis. Little did they all know, etc.

"After that, I reverted to routine and picked a couple more flops. 'Mirrors' and 'Don't Count Your Chickens,' both of which died on me almost immediately. I decided I'd never get anywhere by rehearsing two weeks, playing one and then doing nothing for several. So I joined a Denver stock company, where I'd work constantly and in a variety of parts, getting the actual training I wanted. And in *that* company was Fredric March. It just goes to show you."

It was around this time that Fox, hungry for stage actors with which to feed their microphones, went *berserk* on Broadway and looted every theatre from the Battery to the Bronx. Included in one shipment west was Sylvia.

"That's a long story which we won't go into. It's a very sad one, it would break your heart! I did one picture—and what a picture it was, to be sure—and then there was just a general confusion. I've never been so miserable in my life. I like work too well to fancy being lost in a shuffle. They said I was hard to handle and I guess I *was* pretty disagreeable about the whole thing. Both sides were awfully relieved when I just stalked out and went home."

Pausing long enough in New York to say how do you do to her family, she continued on to Rochester to join the stock company there. Here, too, the talkies cast their shadows before. The director of the company was George Cukor, now one of Paramount's aces; and, when Sylvia played the daughter in "The Royal Family," the tempestuous *Julie* was done by Aline MacMahon, now Edward Robinson's decorative opposite in "Five Star Final."

After a long and successful engagement in Rochester, Sylvia returned to New York. By now an actress of some stature and reputation, she was recognized as one of Broadway's most promising. After playing with Robert Warwick in "Nice Women," she did "The Old-Fashioned Girl."

"I pulled my martyr stunt there, again. At the start of the run, sure-footed Sidney fell again. It was in the middle of the second act and the fall broke my ankle. They rang down the curtain until I came to, then I insisted we go on with the performance. Next day, they put a cast on my ankle and I went through the rest of the run leaning picturesquely on a cane. And adoring it.

"Before each performance, I had the stage manager announce to the audience that Miss Sidney was playing in spite of a broken ankle—I didn't want them to think I was born that way and it was always good for a hand when the brave little trouper made her entrance. And I could do just what I wanted with the other actors. I wonder they didn't get together and have me bumped off. I'd park myself in the centre of the stage and take every scene for myself—and they couldn't get mad at a pale, suffering wench who, every now and then, bit her lip to stifle a cry of pain. And the foolish ankle didn't hurt me a bit, you know. Someone really should have killed me."

Following this spectacular engagement, were "Crossroads," "Many A Slip," and then "Bad Girl," with Paul Kelly. It was in the latter that she was spotted by Paramount. After the brief formality of a test in the eastern studio, she was immediately signed on a long-term contract and brought west for "City Streets." Straight from this picture, she went into the much sought-after rôle of *Roberta* in "An American Tragedy," and then to "Confessions of a Co-ed."

She hates to see "rushes"—is terribly depressed by the record of the previous day's work and always wonders why the picture is continued. She has worked almost continuously since her arrival on the coast, for which she is glad; because, when she has time to think about it, she is nostalgic for New York and misses her father. She can't understand a town where the majority of people are in bed by ten or eleven. She is to be observed sometimes with Phillips Holmes, sometimes with Leonard Sillman, New York dancer. She has the impulsiveness and spontaneity inevitable to twenty, and a nice wit and intelligence not usually associated with that age.

She isn't at all sure that she will get by in pictures—says her mother overheard a woman remark, at the preview of "City Streets," that 'Sylvia Sidney was perfectly terrible.' But, on the other hand, there is them—including your, as they say, correspondent—as considers her just about the best of the younger acquisitions to the screen!

Eyes right! Dorothy Jordan and her sister, Mary Jordan, just stepped out of the Pacific to say hello to you. Dorothy is resting between pictures and Mary is on her summer vacation—she's a college student.

NAZIMOVA *SAYS,*

"I am over 40 years old!"

Famous stage and screen star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"ONLY the woman who *looks* it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

How 9 out of 10 screen stars guard complexion beauty

Nazimova is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap regularly.

NAZIMOVA. Who would guess, looking at this recent photograph, that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House,* became a favorite of the screen in such hits as *Salome,* and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard.*

Lux Toilet Soap..10¢

Cagney!—*Continued from page 21*

moved out of the district and James eventually started to Columbia University. Two brothers preceded him to college and are now doctors. The third brother entered the commercial advertising field. All that remains of James Cagney's early environment is his knowledge of the life and language of the district, so expertly used to make his rôle convincing in "The Public Enemy" and a tendency toward liberal political views.

"Shanty Irish" he may be, like Jim Tully who wrote the story from which Cagney's first successful part was culled, but he has most of the virtues and few of the vices of that strong-willed nationality. He has a jaunty, loose-jointed walk which makes him distinguishable in a crowd from any angle. It was the accentuation of this particular mannerism that made his amateur jigging amusing to his friends during that first year in college and that in turn furnished the background for his first professional engagement soon after that first college year when his father died and it became necessary for him to go out "on his own."

Out he went and back he came with a job dancing in the chorus of a big vaudeville act at $35 a week. A friend had helped him win the job and Cagney trusted his Irish resourcefulness to prevent the losing of it if the manager learned that it was his first professional engagement. He distinguished himself then by a trait he has always kept, a willingness, almost a passion, to learn.

Cagney is probably the best audience for an advice giver in the motion picture or theatrical world. And, if he thinks the adviser knows what he is talking about, he is certain to try it out.

In the comparatively small rôle he played with George Arliss in "The Millionaire," Cagney worked out his own interpretation of the insurance salesman part. It was admittedly an excellent bit because it gave the key to the whole action of the play. He rehearsed for three full weeks on those few lines, faithfully.

"I would have played the part at a slower tempo," Cagney confesses. "I still think it would have been better if I had played it that way. But Mr. Arliss is too good an authority for me to discard his advice, even if I disagree with it. And what I learned from watching him work with the others in the cast was worth a great deal to me."

The first entry in the abbreviated scrap book is a yellowed newspaper clipping that is not quite two inches square. It reads:

"James Cagney has replaced Donald Kerr as a dancing feature with the 'Pitter Patter' company, which opened for a week's run at the Shubert-Riviera Theatre last night. Some time ago it was predicted that this young man's cleverness would result in the recognition of his talent and that more of his work would be brought into the limelight. Now he is rapidly coming to the fore at a pace that eclipses all predictions."

That is the only scrap book entry of the early years of struggle for recognition on the stage. The next entry, on the same page, is an account of the opening night of "Outside Looking In." Charles Bickford made a name for himself in that production, too.

Strangely enough Cagney won his chance in "Outside Looking In" by trying out for a part with a road company which was to play "Desire Under the Elms."

"My reading of O'Neil's lines was so effective that I was chosen to play *Little Red* in Maxwell Anderson's play," he says with a chuckle.

Four pages of reviews of "Outside Looking In" follow and there is revealed an absolutely unanimous opinion that the work of James Cagney was very good indeed. Percy Hammond wrote, "Charles Bickford and Mr. James Cagney do the most honest acting now to be seen in New York."

But though Cagney's partner in "honest acting," Charles Bickford, was persuaded to try picture making shortly after that, Cagney himself stayed by the stage for five more pages of the scrap book and four more years.

They were not particularly prosperous

Maria Alba, the Rio de Janeiro beauty whom you'll see in "Goldie"—but Maria isn't dyeing for her art. Jean Harlow is Goldie.

years. One show after another in which Cagney appeared died in its infancy, leaving only comments from the critics upon the excellent work of Cagney and the worthlessness of the vehicles in which he appeared.

From time to time he returned to dancing and to revues and vaudeville. He headed the "Cagney School of Dancing" which furnished support for himself and his wife during the lean times between stage engagements. His stage life alternated between comedy dancing rôles and dramatic "weakling brother" parts. He liked to do the latter.

"The Grand Street Follies," "Maggie the Magnificent" and "Penny Arcade" were the rather unsuccessful shows which proved to be sturdy stepping stones for Cagney. He emerged from each near failure with additional flattering personal notices and valuable experience.

The boy who had so narrowly avoided becoming a tough in real life, found himself heralded as the most promising tough on the stage!

Then, of course, the screen claimed him. He was taken to Hollywood by Warner Brothers for the part of an unregenerate brother in "Sinners' Holiday" which he played so effectively that he was kept there to play in "Doorway to Hell."

Clippings from that picture complete the twelve pages of Cagney's scrap book. It is Cagney's past. His present and his future are yet to be pasted on the blank pages and registered on the public's consciousness.

James Cagney represents the most amazing combination of contradictions in the picture colony.

He drops into the gangster lingo as easily and naturally as a Chicago policeman but off the set he talks like a college professor. He shares with Bickford, who won fame with him in their first important stage rôles, an intense resentment toward any pretentions of the "classes" as against the "masses." It has already been suggested that he is something of a liberal in his political views. He is a student of economics and philosophy and is almost too willing to discuss them when the opportunity presents.

His opinions are firm but his manners are pleasant. He is almost gentle. His voice is low, his words tumble out, his red hair and freckles making the serious sentences sound almost incongruous. He refuses to learn to play bridge. He spends his evenings arguing with friends, telling stories, comparing beliefs and ideas. The art of conversation is not lost with him.

And this is the boy who was once known officially as the red-headed terror of Avenue A before his mother took him in hand and moved the family out of the district.

He fights at the drop of a hat even today, but not always with his fists. He is very earnest, very convincing, very generous. With a comfortable salary he saves no money but he has acted as a hard-times bank for his actor friends who are out of work. He apparently has no bad habits, except that he swears. If this is too noble a picture of the young actor who is playing "baby scarer" rôles in notably successful pictures, I can only plead that it is the result of a canvass of those who agree and those who disagree with him.

Having got along this far in life without ever having played the piano he has suddenly registered great interest in music, and is taking lessons. When not working in a picture, he practices several hours each day. He has an ambition to be able to play Debussy, whose music is, qualified experts say, as different from the Cagney type of stage character as it is possible to find. He reads long-winded Russian novels. Dostoievsky is his favorite. He is a severe critic of his own work and of the work of others. Asked how he liked a Los Angeles showing of a popular play he said:

"It's a great play—with some very hammy performances."

Mrs. Cagney was a dancer on the stage when they were married. She left the stage permanently when she went to the altar with him and has never ventured back. There are no children.

Independence is his weakness and his strength. His first day in Hollywood is the proof of that.

Cagney had an appointment with Director John Adolfi that day at the studio. Promptly on the hour he was there but Adolfi was not. Cagney waited fifteen minutes and then said to the secretary, "Tell Mr. Adolfi that Mr. Cagney was here."

Then with all his motion picture career still ahead of him in a not any too certain future, Cagney walked out of the office, out of the studio and out of sight so far as studio officials could discover. It took them two days to find him!

They found him eating spaghetti in an Hungarian café and discussing Russian novelists.

He is, so far as I know, the only ambitious young actor who ever walked out of a studio when he had been invited to stay.

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FOR THIRTY YEARS COLGATE'S HAS BEEN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE

Clive Brook Confesses!—*Continued from page 53*

to annoy him.

Movie fans are forever writing to "Miss Clive Brook," and "Miss Olive Brook." Most of the letters contain requests for photographs. He has a form letter with which they are answered, and it begins "Dear Friend: If you will kindly send ten cents in stamps, etc."

One of his old friends wrote a personal letter asking for a photograph. It became mixed in the fan mail and he received the form letter. Imagine what trouble there was for Clive in squaring that.

He spoke of his home life only once, when I asked if he liked dogs.

"Crazy about them," he said. "I have one—a Doberman Pinscher, but he is so ferocious that I can't take him around with me—keep him at home to watch over the children."

Mrs. Brook, as you know, was the former Mildred Evelyn, popular English actress. They met when she played opposite Clive in "Over Sunday," his first big stage success in London.

She stays out of the spotlight now, believing that the only thing for a wife to do when her husband is famous.

Although Clive taught topography during the war, he has no sense of direction, he revealed to me. He is forever getting lost. Even in the studios he has trouble finding his way about. When he is in New York, Mrs. Brook is his chief guide around the city.

He loathes anything pertaining to clothes. Hats, particularly, cause him much anguish. He can never find one that feels comfortable after he tries it on at home. He buys them by the score, and seldom wears them. He prefers a bowler, or none at all. And as for his dozens of suits, he has them made and wears them just because it is expected of him. The back-to-nature cults springing up in Germany sound good to him.

In the privacy of his own boudoir, he is happiest. In the winter he sleeps in just the top of his pajamas. In the summer, wears none at all.

Outstanding in his memory is his first real stage appearance.

"I played in 'Oliver Twist,'" he said, smiling at the memory of it. "It was in a province of London. There has never been anything like that thrill since. Of course I was scared. But at last, I was on the stage!"

And the desire for the stage that arose in Clive when he was just a youngster came from his mother. She was an opera singer.

His family tried so hard to dissuade him from seeking stage fame that he left home at the age of 14, and became assistant secretary at the Colonial Club in London. It was not until after the war, though, that he took the stage seriously. Before that, he did everything from teaching elocution to starring frequently in amateur dramatics.

After the war, he broached the subject of a stage career to Sir Alfred Butt, famous British producer, and was awarded a rôle in "Fair and Warmer"—the leading rôle, to be exact. This led to a contract with Basil Deane, and later to a movie rôle opposite Betty Compson. It was two years after his first screen appearance in England that he came to America to accept a contract with Thomas Ince for one picture. He has stayed six years. At first he free-lanced, and later was placed under a long term contract with Paramount.

When the talkies came along he was ahead of the majority of screen stars. His long stage training had made his voice acceptable.

Clive Brook has a strange philosophy of life. Says it isn't exactly fatalism, but smacks of it.

"My belief is that we are influenced entirely by secretions from various glands. I mean, for instance, it is the chemical make-up of people that determines their actions and reactions. We like some people and dislike others all depending on this. We do one thing and do not do another because of it," he told me. "But it is hard to explain. When you get into it, I suppose it is fatalism, in a sense."

He has no desire to be fabulously rich, like many stars.

"I want just enough money to permit me to travel," he pointed out. "I want the money and time for it, that's all. Home life is great for a while, but it can get tiresome. And it is very easy to become hampered with too many possessions.

"Right now I'd rather go to Russia than any place I know. Why? Because I have never been there, I suppose."

And speaking of possessions, his most precious ones are his collections of pewter and glass. Not large collections, but very rare and valuable.

He picked them up in his spare moments. His other spare moments he spends playing tennis or polo. And sometimes he writes. Now, he writes for amusement, rather than publication. And although he won't discuss love, he writes about it.

His first short story, which he sold to *Smart Set*, was about "l-u-v," he confessed, laughing.

Dancing appeals to him. So does chewing gum. His favorite drink is champagne. And he smokes almost anything. He prefers cigars. Oysters and partridge are his favorite foods.

He is on a diet, now. Doctor's orders. Before the doctor came along he used to eat enormous breakfasts.

Yes, he can remember being hungry and broke. It was no fun. He doesn't like to talk about it.

He admits a strong streak of sentimentality.

"Past happenings and associations are very dear to me," he said. "They are the two things that stir up my sentimental side."

Perhaps it is his moodiness that makes him hard to know. Or maybe it is just his British nature. Anyway, his circle of real friends is small, his circle of acquaintances large. People who know him slightly cannot understand him. One day he is up in the clouds; the next, in the dumps.

He is reticent about speaking of himself. Doesn't feel that his opinions are of interest to anyone except himself. And he is petrified when a reporter approaches him.

"I like reporters only in the abstract," he said. "In real life they can do too much harm. A star is at their mercy."

Besides having an extensive screen career, Clive has had another—that of a soldier.

In September, 1914, he joined the Artists' Rifles as a private. Six months later the unit was dissolved and all of its members made commissioned officers. His first duty as a subaltern was to take charge of the machine gun section of a London regiment which waited for Zeppelins on the east coast of England.

Next, he was assigned to the machine gun corps and saw service in that organization for the greater portion of the war. Among the larger engagements in which he was active were the second battle of Vimy Ridge and the Battle of Messines. The latter was the fight in which the British mined a tremendous portion of the front and blew it up with an explosion so great that it was heard in London.

Clive was among the soldiers buried beneath the avalanche of earth, but escaped apparently unhurt. Five days after this rather hectic experience he was sent home on a ten-day leave.

While attending a theatrical performance in London, his memory suddenly left him. In the early morning hours he found himself on the opposite side of town, not knowing how he happened to be there.

Because of this attack he was retained in England to drill troops there. During the course of the work he suffered a second attack. Tells how he went down to the drill grounds in the middle of the night and drilled squadrons of troops which were not there. But this was the last attack of amnesia.

He rose to the rank of Major during the war, winning his commission because of gallantry in the front lines.

Since coming to America he has been one of the most popular leading men. Before the talkies became popular, he tells how annoyed he used to be when on entering a theatre, people would reach out and touch him.

"Suppose now that audiences actually hear their favorite stars talk, they know we are real," he explained. "Until the talkies they thought touching us was the only way to find out. It was awful!"

Because he hates being pointed out in a crowd explains probably why he seldom goes to the theatre.

And if you ever write him a letter, don't expect to receive a reply in his own handwriting. He writes on the typewriter, always. His handwriting is so terrible that ofttimes he finds it difficult to read it himself. It is the only handwriting in Hollywood that handwriting experts have been unable to copy.

It is no wonder that Clive Brook has succeeded in the world. He got a great start.

He weighed 20 pounds when he was born!

If you don't believe it, he'll show you his birth certificate!

Blonde Mary Nolan has a corner on beauty—her face, figure, and coloring are things to talk about.

ROUNDED SLIMNESS

Photograph by Ray Jones

MARY NOLAN, *charming Universal star, wears this moulded evening gown of satin and pailletted chiffon. She is equally adorable in satin and velvet lounging pajamas, or in this striking bathing suit.*

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THE new ensembles are getting more involved. Paris even specifies now about figures and faces! We must be slender, ah yes! But rounded. We must glow with health while we grope with calories!

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The Truth About Cosmetics—*Continued from page 92*

and light; Queen of the Nile, which is just as seductive as you hope it will be, and Royal Gardenia, which is our favorite. They are all the same price, $6.50 per bottle, which contains four ounces.

Another house has been doing itself proud with a new perfume. This is called "Orchis" and is made by that fine old English firm, Yardley and Company. It comes in a very simple little bottle with bevelled edges dressed up in a charming yellowed silver box. In fact the press agent of this perfume—ah, yes indeedy, perfumes have press agents these days and why not?—said something about its looking like silver birches under the November sun. Of course, I have no words after a statement like that. But the perfume really is swell. It's delicately fresh and spring-like. And it isn't too fearfully expensive. There's a two ounce size for $7.50, a one ounce size for $3.75, or if you want a trial size you may try a quarter of an ounce of it for a mere dollar and a half.

And here's Elizabeth Arden's Treasurette kit. It has a lock and a great big mirror, as well as any selection of Arden products that you desire, and I recommend it heartily for summer travelers. It is light and compact and it will save your having to have cosmetics rattling around in your bags or your trunk to say nothing of saving your sweet-girl-graduate complexions. The price is $16 complete, unless you go wild and select the most expensive things in a shop that has very costly—and delightful—things indeed.

Yardley introduces a new scent; it's called "Orchis" and is delicately fresh and spring-like.

One more perfume and I'll have to cease for this month. This is Prelude and is put out by Pinaud. One look at the package Prelude comes in and you want it, and one sniff at the perfume and you hear yourself murmuring "Daddy, buy me that." This Pinaud company do have what it takes when it comes to putting selling packages on the market.

Prelude comes in a soft green shade in a bottle so simple and yet so lovely it is almost impossible to describe it. You really must see it for yourself. Even the label has been put on the top of the broad rectangular stopper so that nothing will clutter up the face of the bottle itself. Then the bottle has been slipped into a case lined with padded white crêpe de chine, no less, and sits on a little white satin ribbon that pulls it politely out of the box whenever you desire it. The outside of the box is of a heavy black paper that looks like fine leather with one chaste little silver label. Now I ask you, does that sound like something you'd cry for? If you wouldn't you're just too strong minded. The price is reasonable for all this splendor.

Do you read Mary Lee every month for the latest about the newest and most exciting cosmetics? You should!

Revuettes—*Continued from page 6*

TARNISHED LADY. *Paramount.* Tallulah Bankhead makes a personal triumph in a shop-worn story. Clive Brook and Phoebe Foster do their best.*

THE FLOOD. *Columbia.* Fair melodrama with some good river flood scenes and Eleanor Boardman and Monte Blue—but a poor story.

THE GOOD BAD GIRL. *Columbia.* Still another gangster yarn. Mae Clark does good work as a gangster's moll who tries to break away from the gang. James Hall is the nice boy and Robert Elliot is the "heavy."*

THREE GIRLS LOST. *Fox.* The adventures of three small town girls who come to the big town to make good. Mildly interesting film with Loretta Young, John Wayne, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton.

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY. *Warner Brothers.* An uninteresting story with no kick, but sprinkled with a few laughs. Loretta Young, Grant Withers, O. P. Heggie and Emma Dunn are featured.

UP POPS THE DEVIL. *Paramount.* The trials of a young married couple who live in Greenwich village. Carole Lombard and Norman Foster play the Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher cops all the laughs.*

VIRTUOUS HUSBANDS. *Universal.* An amusing farce for grown-ups with Elliot Nugent as the "virtuous husband" and Jean Arthur as his charming modern wife.

YOUNG SINNERS. *Fox.* Thomas Meighan saves this trite story of modern youth. Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright are the romance.*

Short Features:

AIR TIGHT. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* An amateur rides in a glider. It should have been thrilling but instead it fell very flat.

ALL GUMMED UP. *RKO-Pathé.* You'll get quite a few chuckles out of this domestic comedy triangle with Edgar Kennedy, Florence Lake and Louise Carver.

BETTY CO-ED. *Paramount.* Rudy Vallée singing and his Connecticut Yankees playing. College atmosphere. You'll like it.

CHIP SHOTS. *Warner Brothers.* Another golf lesson by that expert, Bobby Jones. John Halliday, William Davidson and Robert Elliot are some of Bobby's cinema pupils. See it.

Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett in a scene from "Doctors' Wives," a sophisticated yarn. Joan and Warner make this film interesting.

COUNTRY SCHOOL. *Universal.* Oswald, the rabbit, is very naughty in this one; and besides, he offers only a sprinkling of laughs.

DON'T DIVORCE HIM. *Educational.* Clyde Cook plays a sap clerk employed by a divorce lawyer. It's slapstick which the kiddies will enjoy.

HERE'S LUCK. *Universal.* A Slim Summerville comedy with the comedian scrapping with a tough sergeant. Good for many laughs.

LAUGH IT OFF. *Paramount.* June McCloy plays a nurse who thrills the men patients with her voice. Trite songs and story.

MIDNIGHT IN A TOY SHOP. *Columbia.* A spider goes haywire in a children's shop. Entertaining.

NOT SO LOUD. *RKO-Pathé.* Not so good. Edgar Kennedy plays a dumb detective who tries to keep tabs on the goings-on in a roadhouse.

OUTBOARD STUNTING. *RKO-Pathé.* A zippy Sportlight showing some hair-raising stunts in outboard sports. It packs a wallop.

SKIDOO. *Vitaphone.* Lew Fields doesn't register very well in this comedy due to a weak story. Fields plays a hen-pecked husband.

THE MAD MELODY. *RKO-Pathé.* One of the best cartoon comics with Professor Lion writing an opera. Good gags.

THE SPIRIT OF 76TH STREET. *Vitaphone.* Most of the action takes place during a spiritualist seance with Helen Broderick wisecracking. Enjoyable.

THE TROUBADOUR. *Vitaphone.* If you go for opera you'll enjoy this one. Giovanni Martinelli is in splendid voice as usual.

THOU SHALT NOT. *Paramount.* Billy House as a sappy waiter in a night club manages to be funny despite the poor plot.

WILD WEST OF TO-DAY. *Fox.* Beautiful scenic backgrounds with sequences showing wild horses, steers, sheep and bison. Well worth seeing.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT. *Vitaphone.* An interesting Ripley feature showing various oddities he has encountered. Entertaining.

HE WAS HER MAN. *Paramount.* Dancing, music and Gilda Gray doing her famous dance. "Frankie and Johnnie" is the theme.

ROUGH SEAS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A war comedy of high standard with Charlie Chase and Thelma Todd at their funniest best. Good gags.

THE HUDSON AND ITS MOODS. *Paramount.* Showing the beauty and charm of the Hudson caught from a river boat. Good photography.

TIGERS VERSUS ELEPHANTS. *Talking Picture Epics.* A thriller. Deals with a herd of elephants surrounding tigers. A lecture accompanies the film. You'll enjoy it.

WINE, WOMEN, BUT NO SONG. *Columbia.* Eddie Buzzell manages to instill laughter in this one. Eddie masquerades as a butler and, of course, things go wrong.

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Pent House—*Continued from page 34*

the lips. "Be good, kid. I'll send you the booking story in the morning."

As he walked quickly away, she saw the glint of his cigarette against the pale glow of his face. Through her tear-dimmed eyes, it looked like a tiny heart, that was bleeding. He did not look back.

* * *

When Don Bosinney purchased Supreme Pictures, he brought with him what the industry laughingly referred to as the "fifteen cowboys from Montana" to help him run the business. They were in reality fifteen subordinates who had served Bosinney faithfully in his various enterprises over a period of many years. Before their dramatic appearance on the movie horizon, they had been employed by Bosinney in one form or another on his ranches in the west. If the truth were known, not one of them had ever sat on a horse. They now occupied various executive posts. One was a vice-president; another was a supervisor on the lot in Hollywood; a third had been appointed purchasing agent, and so on. And John Cummings, who had an uncanny flair for phrases, had been given the post of advertising and publicity director.

And so when Cummings turned over the entire publicity campaign and opening on "The Love Melody" to Angela, she was glad. It meant work, day and night work, until the première of the picture. There would be no time to think, to brood, to yearn for a Gerry who would not write.

She didn't mind the days. But the evenings were lonesome. She went to no more premières. There were no more after-theatre excursions to the penthouse with a red-haired boy whose beauty brought a lump to one's throat and a trembling to one's body. She made a habit of coming back to the penthouse, alone, after her dinner. She would sit in the little maple swivel chair and look toward the Battery. And when Broadway became aglitter with a million lights, she felt a strange ache in her heart, an aloneness. She sometimes found herself calling Gerry's name aloud. But there was no answer; nothing but the excited, expectant beat of her heart. She was grateful to Cummings for loading her with twice as much work as any human could possibly turn out.

The work preceding an opening night was almost as much fun for Angela as the première. There were the first and second night lists to be prepared. The first night list consisted of celebrities of the stage and screen, political figures, the world of art and society. And the press. Angela concerned herself most seriously with the press. Don Bosinney sincerely valued their opinion; unlike the majority of producers, he wanted Supreme to make pictures that received their approval and approbation as well as pictures that swelled box office receipts. And Angela wanted him terribly to have what he wanted. She felt it was a pity that he was called to London two days before the première. He seemed so disappointed about missing it.

As the night of the opening approached, excitement in the offices of Supreme grew to fever pitch. Five years in the picture business had not dampened the enthusiasm of the fifteen cowboys for a "world première." There was even a rumor, which went the rounds of the various departments, that John Cummings had grown so mellow on the afternoon of the last opening, that Mrs. Brady, the young and red-cheeked charwoman of the organization, had been the somewhat amazed recipient of his alcoholic embraces. Angela dismissed the yarn with a laugh.

Two o'clock of the great day arrived. Angela sat at her desk with a layout of the theatre seats, and the opening night list before her. It had been John Cummings' suggestion that the opening night tickets be painted red, and shaped like hearts. These now lay in neat little piles on her desk. She had inaugurated the custom of having opening night tickets delivered by messenger boys on the afternoon of the première. This created a dramatic effect; made the opening seem more important when the little pasteboards were delivered personally and signed for by the recipients.

Angela worked quickly, placing two of the little red hearts in each round, red envelope. She was happy. For the first time since Gerry had gone, there was a singing in her heart. Before he left for London, Don Bosinney had laughingly promised her another increase in salary. She knew he would keep his word and that she might expect a check for two hundred and twenty-five dollars in her envelope next week. She was easily the best paid girl press agent in the industry. Her cheeks flushed at the thought. Yes, she was happy. And Pierre de Grossac, who had directed "The Love Melody" and was in New York expressly for the opening, had invited her to go with him. She would wear that new flesh-colored satin gown, with the maroon gloves and slippers. A dream of an evening ensemble! It was nice to be asked to the biggest première of the season by the greatest director on the lot. He would take her to a night club afterward, and try and make love to her in the taxi. It was sweet to be desirable—it was good to be alive. Yes, she was happy!

She placed the last little red heart in the last little round envelope, and walked across the hall to give John Cummings his tickets for the evening. She knocked on the door. There was a mumble, blurred, indistinct. She knocked again, then slowly turned the knob and went in. The room was pitch black. The hands on the clock of the Paramount Tower, brilliantly lit, pointed to ten minutes after five. A voice from the blackness mumbled:

"Who is it?"

"It's I, Angela. Why isn't your light on, Mr. Cummings?" Her hand felt for

William Bakewell jumps over the net to meet his opponent for a game of tennis. You're on, Billy, but if you play as well as you act we'll have to look to our laurels.

the switch.

"No! Don't want any lights. Want to sit in the dark." His voice was thick.

"Mr. Cummings! Let me bring you some water. And perhaps I'd better turn on the light."

"No!" he roared. "I don't want any lights. Only gin. C'me here, Angela. I been thinking about you all day." He felt in the darkness for her hand.

She drew away. "Don't, Mr. Cummings. Here are your tickets. I've got to go." She started toward the door, feeling her way along the side of the table.

"Stay and have a drink. One lil' drink!"

"You don't know what you're saying." Her voice trembled. She kept her hand on the knob of the door.

He lurched to his feet. The glass on the table fell to the floor with a crash. Angela felt the liquid dripping on her instep.

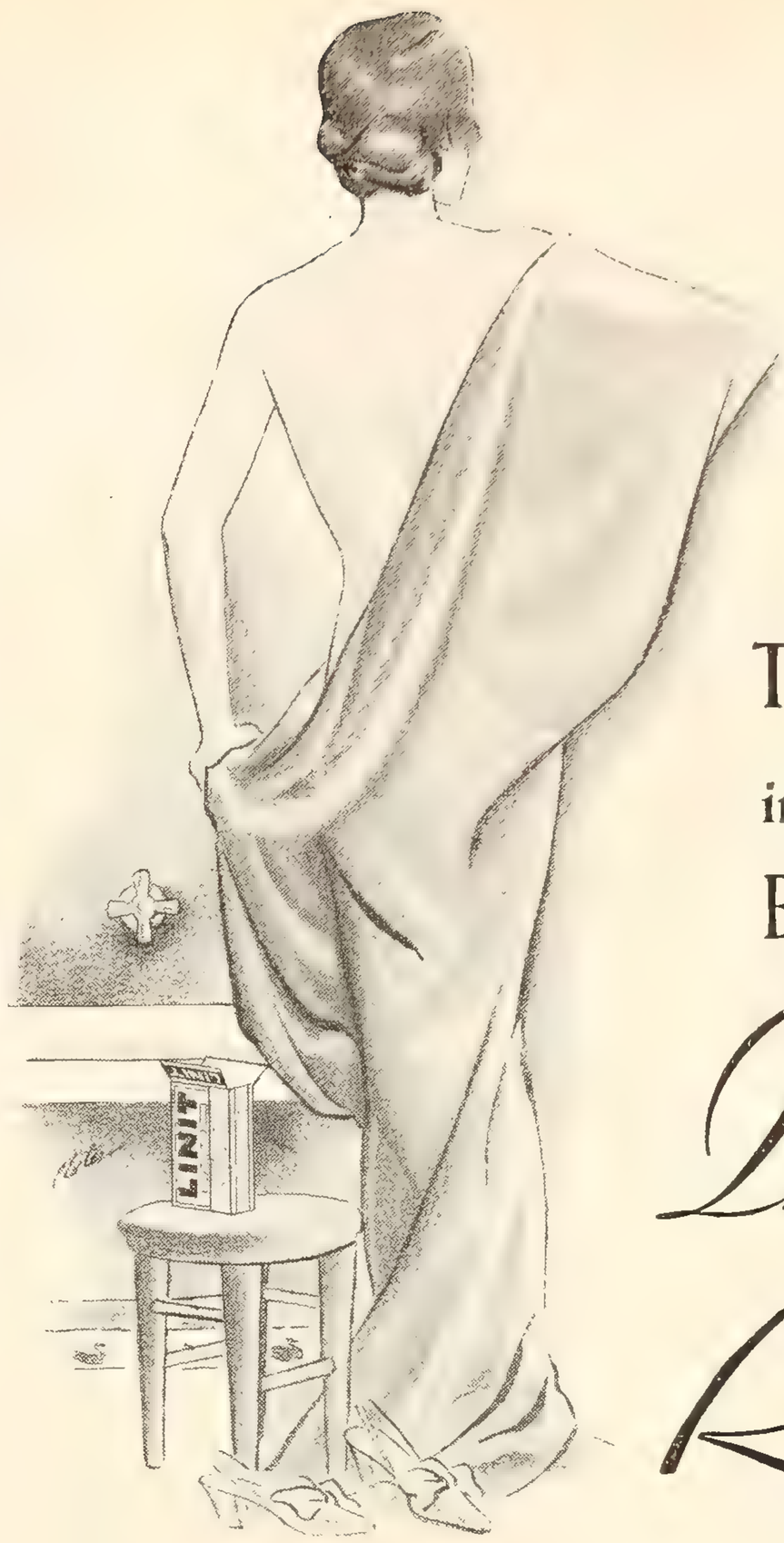
"You didn't mind that red-haired fellow on *Talkie Topics,* did you?" He walked over to the door heavily, brushed against her, and covered her hand on the knob, with his. "I know all about you and that Gerry March and your carryings on in your office. What do you think Bosinney will say when he hears that your boy friend——"

Angela swayed dizzily for a moment, then jerking her hand away from under Cummings', she raised it in the air for one second of indecision, and brought it across his face in a stinging slap. She heard his gasp of pain, of amazement.

She could never remember how she got into her hat and coat, and out of the penthouse. She suddenly discovered that she was on the street, and that there was such a pain in her heart that she felt she could not bear it. Not even when Gerry went away had her heart ached so. Across the street, the electric letters on the marquee of the Supreme Theatre mocked her as they announced the world première, tonight, of "The Love Melody."

She heard nothing from anyone in the penthouse. She did not expect word from Cummings. But it was a month now since that night, and Don Bosinney had evidently been informed of every detail. She suspected that the story might have been greatly garbled, but still she knew he had returned from London. He might have telephoned her or written to her to come and give him some explanation of her strange conduct. This indifference, as though she had been no more important to him than the most impudent office boy, hurt like a physical pain.

Yes, yes, Gerry, you were so right! When they need you they smile on you and flatter you and give you a Colonial office for a Christmas gift, but when they don't need you any longer, you do not exist for them. What do *your* feelings matter? Pride? Banish the thought. You must have no pride. Love of the work? More fool you, then. Collect your salary each week and love a man, not a job. The motion picture industry can well get along without you, little one. Someone else will place the little red invitations in the little red envelopes as capably as you—someone else will use his ingenuity, his wit, to make the front pages of the newspapers—someone else will sit in the Colonial office on the pretty couch—someone else will step out on the terrace on warm summer evenings and on cold winter nights when the snow comes down in merry, mad little flurries. Angela stood on the corner of 45th street and Broadway and looked at the clock on the Paramount Tower. The electric lighted hands pointed to ten minutes after ten. A little further north, a toothpaste girl swung gaily back and forth, smiling coquettishly at the Broadway strollers. Directly in back of the swing-



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The bathway to a soft, smooth skin

ing girl stood the penthouse, slim and majestic and gray against the star spangled sky. The thirtieth floor was dark. She suddenly felt chilled, and drew her coat more tightly around her. She had avoided the penthouse for weeks. She didn't want to see it, or anyone connected with it.

But tonight something stronger than her own will had drawn her to it. She had been sitting in the living room of the apartment, alone, trying to read. But she could concentrate on nothing; her eyes had been drawn to the leaping flames in the fireplace; it was so like—and yet not like—another fireplace. And suddenly, she wanted to see that other fireplace; to sit before its coziness again, if only for one moment. To see the maple desk and the chintz couch and the Colonial lamps and the view of the city from the balcony of the penthouse.

Her heart beat heavily as she stepped out of the elevator. There was a dim light in the entrance hall; a murmur of voices from the executive offices. An all-night conference, of course. She heard her own labored breathing as she made her way quietly down the hall to the Colonial office. She opened the door softly and turned on the lights of the lamps. She looked around quickly. Everything was the same. The couch, the desk, the dim lamplight, the fireplace. Just as she had left it, six long weeks ago. No, it was not the same. She looked more closely at the couch. The couch, the dear little chintz couch, was covered with cigarette holes, dozens of mean, brown cigarette holes!

The little brown cigarette holes were more than she could bear. In one more moment, her heart would burst.

Blindly, in the dim light of the lamps, she groped her way to the balcony. She opened the door, and stepped out on the terrace. The wind groaned, moaned and softly died. Below her, thousands of humans swarmed, like mad little ants, creeping feverishly, no one knew where. To what purpose, to what end? Above her, the stars, piercingly beautiful, white and peaceful, twinkled back: To no purpose, to no end.

Her mind was playing her tricks. Her eyes closed. For one brief moment, she swayed dizzily, drunk with wretchedness, heartache, futility.

"Miss Calvert! What are you doing out there in the cold?"

She opened her eyes, and as if in a dream, turned slowly. "I—don't—know, Mr. Bosinney."

"Come in here and close that door."

She obeyed mechanically. Bosinney looked at her.

"I telephoned your house tonight. But you were out. Strange, your coming here this way." He lit a cigarette and puffed at it slowly. "You're trembling. Lie down on the couch and let me put a coat over you." He left the room and returned almost immediately with a large, woolly coat which he spread over her. She lay breathing quietly, her eyes closed. She could feel the scent of his cigarette in her nostrils.

"Very unhappy, Angela?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"I see." He rose, and started to pace the tiny room with quick, nervous strides. He turned to her suddenly.

"Why didn't you write to me, cable me to London, make some explanation of your sudden departure? At least, in fairness to yourself?"

"I couldn't," she whispered. "I was ashamed—of my temper."

"Nonsense. You did exactly right. But you made a mistake when you left. You're much too highly strung, too sensitive, and think too much of the other fellow's reactions." His voice grew harsh. "I will not tolerate any drinking during office hours and Cummings knows that he goes back to the cattle country if it happens again. Angela, I telephoned you tonight—to—ask you to come back to us. We need you."

She sat up suddenly, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining. The coat dropped to the floor, unnoticed.

She walked over to the fireplace and stood leaning against the mantel. The flames brought a ruddy glow to her cheeks, a brighter sparkle to her eyes.

Ruth Etting, the sweetheart of the radio and queen of short features, on her farm in David City, Nebraska. You make a right nice farmerette, Ruth.

Don Bosinney looked at her, a little smile playing around his lips.

"Angela, tell me how a girl as intelligent as you could let a boy like Gerry March walk out of her life? I saw him—in—Paris. He's heartbroken about you. In the good old-fashioned way."

"Is he?" She sighed. "No one would suspect it. He didn't write; I haven't had a word from him since he sailed. I thought he'd forgotten me completely."

"Quite the contrary," dryly. "Tell me something, Angela. I'm enormously interested in the modern young women I see around me. There are so many of you clever young ones. You all want big jobs, high salaries. Don't women still need love more than anything else in life? Can business life be as much of a retreat for them from the world of feeling as it is for men?"

"Gerry explained that the night before he sailed," Angela answered. "If we're more intelligent than the average girl our egos become inflated. Like the men around us, we become drunk with power—in our own small way," as she saw him smile. "I'm afraid we have a terrific amount of energy—and brains—and that loving a man isn't a sufficient outlet."

"*You* don't think loving a man is a sufficient outlet, Angela?"

"I don't know," soberly. "I've never given it a fair chance."

"Angela, will you come back to us? I want you to, very much. We need you more than you know."

"It's sweet of you to ask me, Mr. Bosinney. But you don't really want me. No, I'm through with the penthouse and the penthouse is through with me. But this unhappiness I've gone through seems to have suddenly set me right with life. A woman is stupid who thinks she can sublimate her emotions in a job. If she's fortunate enough to be loved by the man she wants and to have a job she's crazy about, then she's lucky. But if she must choose between the two, then she—she should take love."

"You've come to a very wise conclusion, my dear, and I'm glad of it. Very glad. Will you excuse me for a moment?"

"Of course." She watched him as he walked quickly out of the room, his step gay, light-hearted. A great man, a brilliant man, but best of all, a good man.

She sat on the couch, her eyes drawn to the golden flames. Just so she had sat with Gerry a long, long time ago, watching the flames, the falling snow, the million lights of New York. "Gerry, Gerry!" she whispered.

"Here, my darling."

She turned her head slowly. Someone was coming toward her—someone who looked exactly like Gerry, with Gerry's blue eyes, and Gerry's mop of ruddy hair.

"Gerry! It *is* you!" And as she felt his arms tighten about her she murmured:

"How did you know? Gerry, how did you come, when I needed you most?"

"When I need you most, you mean," he whispered. "I saw Bosinney in Paris. He was awfully decent to me. He wormed everything out of me, my feeling for you, and told me I was a fool to let you go the way I did. That a man in the cattle country would kidnap a woman if he wanted her hard enough." He smiled wryly. "I've come to kidnap you, if you'll let me. I couldn't stand it any longer, Angela. I caught the 'Paris' and got in this morning. I telephoned Bosinney and he asked me to come over tonight. He was going to telephone you to come over, too. And then put it up to you straight in man-to-man fashion. Offer you the job again. And if you accepted it, I was to go back without seeing you. If you turned it down, then——"

"Then you would know that you and not the job are the biggest thing in my life. Gerry, I turned the job down, and you can kidnap me any time you want to. There never was a more willing victim! How about right now?"

Phillips Holmes' Own Story

Continued from page 61

concern a picture. It was about a play, the first of a series to be produced by the Los Angeles Civic Repertory Company in their effort to establish a western Theatre Guild. The play was Sidney Howard's "The Silver Cord"—one of the big hits of that season in the east—and Nance O'Neil, Kay Johnson and Philip Strange were already signed for it. And Mr. Cromwell gave me the rôle of the younger brother, one of the most dramatic parts in the play.

You know that old expression about "walking on air." Well, as a matter of fact, it isn't nearly so silly as it sounds. I literally couldn't feel the ground under my feet when I came out of that office, having read the part for Mr. Cromwell and gotten his definite approval.

All the circumstances were with me, this time. The Repertory group spared no money on production, the play was a brilliant one and Mr. Howard himself was on the coast and supervised; Miss O'Neil, Miss Johnson and Mr. Strange are all fine actors; and, of course, Mr. Cromwell is one of the very best directors. Because of his careful rehearsal, I managed to evolve a pretty fair performance.

During our run, all the studio executives and directors saw the show at one time or another. And, all at once, my stock rose. Big plans were made for me. As soon as the play closed, they told me I was to do "The Genius." This was a script by one of Professor Baker's students at Yale—a really marvellous story and I was to have the lead, virtually a star rôle.

That script was as vital a part of my daily routine as breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I steeped myself in it, I learned every line and every scene of it, and I continued to probe still deeper into the nuances of character in the leading rôle. It was the part of a violinist and I religiously studied fingering and bowing, so that that detail, too, would look authentic.

This intensive work followed directly on the nervous strain that had carried me through "The Silver Cord." I had been totally unprepared, technically, for the demands of a rôle that would have taxed the ingenuity of an experienced, seasoned actor. Because I had lacked technical equipment, my one resource had been a complete immersion of myself in the character, a resource which experienced players are never forced to employ by itself.

On top of this had come the weeks of study and practice and rehearsal and excited concentration on "The Genius." It was just then that the story was shelved. I was left hanging in mid-air. Because I had been living and working on my nerves, they inevitably snapped. I went to the hospital with a nervous breakdown.

As I see things now, from the superior vantage point of my present experience and common sense, an overabundance of earnestness, so misdirected, is certainly the better part of futility. Even granting that life really is real and earnest and all the rest of it, one human being is a pretty small part of the general machinery. Flying into a lather about the little disasters —or, on the other hand, good fortunes— that drop into one's path strikes me now as quite a bit sillier than beating the head against a well-made concrete wall.

But, two years ago, I was still idealizing the importance of things in relation to me, and me in relation to things. So I had a nervous breakdown. *Now* will you all troop upstairs and relax?

It was bound to happen. I had been

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How often have you studied and tried to identify friends of yours out on a bathing beach? The artist perceiving how difficult this was, conceived the idea of drawing up a bathing scene which would at the same time be a difficult observation test. He has placed on the beach in the picture above twin bathers who are exactly alike. Try this yourself and see if you can find these important twins. They are wearing bathing suits which are exactly alike, they are in exactly the same posture, they are the same size. In fact they are identical in every detail. Can you find them? If you can, mark them with a cross and rush this ad to me by the very next mail. (*$2500.00 to you if you send the correct answer and are prompt and win the first prize or, if you prefer, the 1931 Studebaker and $715.00 in cash.*)

Look carefully now. I'll tell you this much that the large figure of the girl in the foreground is not to be considered in the search for the twins but you had better observe the others closely if you hope to find the real twins.

If you think you have found them, lose no time but mark them with a cross and mail the advertisement to me. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Rush!

T. A. Hughes, Adv. Dir., Dept. 443, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

headed that way ever since I got back to Hollywood. I had been so damned intense about everything—all my nerves strung so tight. First, there had been the long idleness when all my energies were keyed up for work. Then the concentrated work I had put in on the play and the even more concentrated work on preparation for "The Genius." And when that picture fell through and I appeared to be back where I started, something inside me seemed to snap.

I was in the hospital for six weeks. During that time, an option came up and Paramount temporarily suspended my contract, the idea being that I was "unreliable."

That hospital room, symbolic of that period of my life, was a more dismal, nightmarish, hopeless place than I ever want to be in again. The minute they heard about it, Mother and Dad rushed west to be with me—Dad leaving an all-star revival and, since he and Raymond Hitchcock were the mainstay of the show, his going meant that the play closed.

When the door of that hospital room opened and disclosed these two people, my parents, I was never so glad and so sorry to see anyone in my life. Glad, because I knew that their beautiful understanding would encompass every smallest detail of the whole affair and I could lean on them for comfort and support; sorry, because I was mortally ashamed of myself for getting into such a mess.

Hollywood being Hollywood, the conventional rumors were launched. Inevitably, they came to my ears—vague, unpleasant stories for which there could be no decisive come-back. I had failed in the first important attempt of my life and seemed to bear the bad name that hung the dog in the proverb.

When I came out of the hospital, I wanted to get away, far away—to Europe, South America, anywhere that was several thousand miles from Hollywood.. And I'd have gone, if it hadn't been for Mother and Dad. They nipped any such notion in the bud. If I didn't stay and fight this out, they insisted, I'd never be able to cope with anything else again; it would mean that the rest of my life would be spent in running away from things. So I stayed.

The moment I was well enough I went to the studio and asked to have my contract renewed—not an easy thing to do. After due cogitation, they agreed to give me another chance.

For several weeks I didn't have an assignment. Then, brief bits in "The Wild Party" with Clara Bow and in "Illusion" with Buddy Rogers did little to re-establish my self-confidence. Again there was another long interval of idleness. After which, they gave me the juvenile lead in "Stairs of Sand," the last silent picture made by Paramount, and a routine western which they hurried out unobtrusively to fulfill previous contracts with exhibitors. That picture was a considerably mitigated pleasure. I was terribly anxious to do a good job of it—the first real work they had given me since the great debacle. The two men who were featured in it were notoriously "tough guys" to work with. They delighted in discomfiting any younger, less calloused player—and I was great game for them. Particularly because Jean Arthur was also in the picture. I had always had a slight crush on Jean and the chance to play opposite her was an Important Occasion. The two men sensed this and made my life miserable.

After this opus was finished and duly sneaked into the sticks, I again retired to my retreat. Mother and Dad stayed with me. They took a beautiful place on a hill side where we still live. For six months, I went nowhere and saw no one. Occasionally, but very rarely, I'd go to a movie at some neighborhood theatre; or maybe go for a long drive. But that was the extent of my social activities. Mostly, I sat in the garden, overlooking the whole valley from Los Angeles to the ocean and read and loafed—trying to restore myself to health and strength.

During that long period, I didn't once take a girl out or even go out with any of the boys. I went occasionally to the studio to see if there were anything for me—but always making brief, unobtrusive visits. I really believe that such a battle—a fight to regain a reputation—is the hardest of all, if only because it must be an inactive one.

And then, when I had begun to feel that this nightmare would go on forever, the studio called me—told me I was to do the juvenile lead in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" to be made in the east, and that I would leave for New York in a few days!

The significance of that assignment! It meant that I could get away from Hollywood for a bit, without *running* away. It meant that the studio still had a little faith in me. It meant work—active, actual work.

When I arrived in New York, I was put to work at once. The fact that the picture didn't turn out to be any world-beater didn't matter. I was working. Also, I saw a good deal of my old Princeton friends. And again tasted the sane, prosaic normalcy I had known before. In my confusion, I had been making a range of mountains out of a very modest molehill, and contact with these sane friends completed the restoration of balance.

And, as is the way of such things, when the sun does shine after a storm, it grows steadily brighter and brighter. Before we had finished "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," word came from the Hollywood studio that Edward Sutherland wanted me for "Pointed Heels" and was holding up production until I could get back.

I can't tell you what that did for me. It was the first time that anyone had openly expressed a desire to have me around a set. My acquaintance with Mr. Sutherland had only been a very casual one, but he had decided that I could do the part and wouldn't take anyone else. I shall be eternally grateful to him.

So, once more, I came back to Hollywood. But this time I was a conscious, *aware* person. I had acquired a sense of values and proportion now—and I wasn't afraid of anyone or anything.

From "Pointed Heels" on, things have progressed more or less smoothly. After "Only the Brave"—my first real chance to characterize—I did "Devil's Holiday" for Edmund Goulding. That was a marvellous schooling. I played a young boy—the kind of part usually done by an older actor whose experience can express such a character much better than a boy of requisite age who, consequently, has no perspective on it. Goulding almost fought with me, wresting from me the requirements of the part by sheer force. When I finished that picture, I had acquired, in a few weeks, technical experience that would ordinarily have taken me years to learn.

Then, another conventional juvenile in "Grumpy." And then Tay Garnett gave me one of my best breaks by letting me do the tough sailor in "Her Man." This was the hardest actual labor I've ever done in a studio—whatever athletic training I'd had in school stood me in good stead then—and I loved it. Also, it served to prove that I needn't always be the "juvenile love interest."

Being farmed out to other studios and being, at one time, in demand for the leads in "All Quiet," "Journey's End," and "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," did me a lot of good on my home lot, even though they didn't let me do one of those three parts. I feel that I have some sort of footing now. We are just finishing "Confessions of a Co-ed" now, and I'm hoping for good things from the previous one, "An American Tragedy."

Life has balance, now. I shouldn't want to live the last couple of years over again, but I'm glad that things happened just as they did. My lessons were forcible ones, compressed into a short space of time. Usually, that period of learning extends from twenty to, say, thirty. I think that, in a way, I am lucky to have learned my lesson quickly, gotten it over with, and settled down to the enjoyment of its mastery already. I hope!

Our hero at the age of three—or Phillips Holmes as a heap-big-Indian Chief with a head-dress, and a canoe, but, alas, no tribe. This was his first American Tragedy.

Lois Talks About Gloria and Ruth!—*Continued from page 51*

they talk well on any subject. Ruth reads two newspapers through every morning at breakfast, whereas Gloria depends on 'Time' to keep her posted."

We recognize the obvious fact that both Ruth and Gloria are women of great determination and individuality. Left to shift for themselves at the age when the average girl is being protected by her family, they had to develop their own characters.

"Neither of them ever flinches," Lois testifies. "They are wonderful sports. Gameness is their god. Playing square against big odds is their meat.

"I don't suppose most people would believe it, but both of them are honestly shy when they meet strangers. Their sophisticated, calm manner is a cover-up."

Gloria is Lois' longest-known friend. They have been pals ever since they worked together at Paramount in those by-gone days when Gloria was a clothes-horse and Lois the eternal ingénue. Remember how we used to rationalize the wild things we heard about Gloria with the fact that Lois approved of her?

We were right, too. Lois says in explaining this side of Gloria, "She is the more impulsive of the two, but she is not as gay as her screen rôles. Gloria is not flamboyant in person. Her publicity has played up the colorful angle. All of the 'wild' rumors about her have been built up around her fictitious screen character. In real life she is as normal as anyone else."

When Chatterton came to Hollywood to enter pictures, Lois was one of the first film people she met. Immediately a great friendship arose. Lois spends half her time at Ruth's cottage at Malibu nowadays.

"Because Ruth's past in the theatre has been dignified, due to the inherent differences between the legitimate and the movies, people are apt to jump to the conclusion that Ruth is a perfect lady and Gloria a mere engaging poseur.

"Actually, Ruth is not Bostonian in her tastes and Gloria is not at all the amateur in the art of gentility. Both of them can and do act like ladies when they feel so inclined. But their dignity is a mask which they drop whenever they feel in the mood to cut up, caper, and laugh.

Jill Esmond, British beauty and star of numerous stage successes on both sides of the Atlantic, has signed a contract with RKO.

"What I like is the grand sense of humor each has. It enables them to see through the tinsel and false glamor which inevitably surrounds a movie star. And it makes life a gallant battle. Whether they win or lose in each problem that confronts them, they are sure to have fun facing the working-out of the dilemma.

"Women do not like Ruth or Gloria as well as men do. This is due to the fact," says Lois in analyzing them, "that they are essentially men's women. Men flock to them. Their male admirers are legion and are sincere and true. Women are jealous of their vitality and charm. The few girl friends they have, however, are terribly loyal." Which one can well believe after consulting Lois!

As regards acting, Gloria and Ruth take an equally intense interest in heir productions, sitting in on the writing most of the time. They will go to infinite pains to see that every detail is correct. Both of them are musical, having studied voice and possessing fine singing voices.

Emotionally, Ruth and Gloria love with the passion one would expect from them. Behind the glitter they have each known heartbreak, but both are too proud ever to refer to the past. What is done is to be forgotten, they think.

Their best friend vouches for their similarity. But whoever would have thought that Regal Ruth and Glorious Gloria could double for each other?

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What Chance Has a Second Coogan?

Continued from page 27

have been lisping. His only companions were grown-ups—other stage people—who treated him more as an adult midget than a child. He was unbelievably smart. Even smart enough to cover up his sophistication in his picture rôles. Technique. Acting was nothing new to him when he entered the movies at the more or less mature age of four. Hadn't he already spent half of his life on the stage?

But when Robert was taken out of his backyard world and put on a motion picture set, *everything* was new to him. He hardly knew what a moving picture was, having viewed only four of them in his life. He was afraid at first. But he discovered that playing with other children and people is an altogether delightful experience. And that messing in plain mud, muck, and assorted goo is heavenly, after having to get along somehow for six years in an ultra-sanitary back yard where even the dirt was liable to be sterilized.

It seems that orchids are fond of good rich loam.

Robert has picked up an idea somewhere that children should govern their actions by the wishes of their elders. A rather quaint notion for these modern times. He is careful to conduct himself quietly in the presence of grown-ups, but at other times is a bundle of energy. He will answer your questions very seriously and deliberately.

"The part I liked best about acting in the picture," he told me in his shy, yet precise way, "was the clothes I could wear, because they were very, very dirty and mostly holes. If I act in another picture I hope my clothes will be even much more dirtier and much more holier."

He really didn't mean "acting." He meant "living," but he doesn't know there is a distinction between the two. He lived every moment of his part as *Sooky*. When they made the scenes in which he is crying for the dog—he actually believed *Penny* was going to die. After the completion of the picture, he couldn't understand why they wouldn't let him have the dog to keep. Didn't he and *Skippy* work hard to earn the three dollars for his license fee?

It took three days to make the crying scenes. To coax the tears, they had to keep convincing Robert that *Penny* was going to expire at most any moment. The proverbial cat hasn't any more lives than that much-lamented canine. On the third day, when both kiddies were completely "cried out" but there still remained some scenes to be shot, Mr. Coogan said wearily, "Well, Robert, I'm awfully sorry to have to tell you this, but the dog is very sick and I think he's going to die again."

There wasn't a tear left. Robert gave his father a most reproachful look and said, "Daddy, I'm ashamed to say it—but I don't believe you're telling me the truth. I just saw *Penny* five minutes ago and he never looked more friskier."

The hardest scene was getting him to fight Jackie Searl. "I can't fight Jackie," he pleaded pitifully, "he's my friend. I like Jackie—I can't hit him!" This problem held up production until the director learned from the family that Robert can't stand to be called "Chicken." He instructed Jackie Searl to use the abhorrent epithet, and it worked like magic. Little Robert flew at him in a blind rage. After the scene was taken, they explained to him why it had been necessary to trick him. He ran to his friend, threw his arms around him, and wept on his neck.

One day Mr. Coogan was sick (instead of *Penny*, for a change) and as Mrs. Coogan was in New York, Big Brother Jackie stayed on the set to help the director manage Robert.

Perhaps in the hope of inciting him to greater histrionic achievements, Jackie told him he was a bum actor.

The credulous little fellow took Brother at his word and promptly walked off the set, announcing to the astonished company that he had no future as an artist, so he meant to take up a useful trade without further waste of time. *He was going to learn to be a cameraman right then and there!*

Daddy Coogan had to be called from his sick-bed to untangle that one.

Need it be added that the incident abruptly terminated Jackie's career as an assistant director?

Robert was evidently reconciled to his destiny as an actor, for when he had seen some of the rushes in the projection room and his father asked him what he thought of them, he replied very solemnly, "Daddy—I think I'm positively marvelous!"

After the picture was finished, Norman Taurog, the director, sent Robert a mammoth battleship—about the only toy he didn't have, and one his heart had been aching for. He called up Mr. Taurog to thank him. "Uncle Norman—that is the most beautiful battleship God ever created," he said over the phone. "I think it is perfectly gorgeous, and I don't know how to thank you for it but there is something wrong with the propeller!"

"Maybe you don't know how to wind it," the genial director suggested.

"Oh, yes I do," he contradicted, *"but it hasn't got any brakes!"*

I saw Robert after the preview of his picture the other night. Effusive women were covering his cheeks with their carmined congratulations. He had the most bewildered look—to see him was to wonder how long he can keep that quaint, ethereal charm under the wilting incandescents of Hollywood.

Well, I suppose one can't go on being an orchid forever!

Lew Ayres at home. Lew might be pulling a "Romeo and Juliet" except that "Juliet" isn't on the balcony with him. However, take note of the girl's picture on the cabinet—it's Lola Lane! Lew's next picture will be "Heaven on Earth."

Yip-ee! See Hoot's Rodeo Show

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pictures a film called "Tumbleweed."

Starting back to Hoot's and Sally's ranch house, cowboys mingled with the crowd, and Marguerite Churchill took a delight in talking to them, as she is a great horsewoman, and has worked in pictures with many of them. From every side we heard the call, "Hello, Miss Churchill!" as cowboys recognized the actress.

Everybody loves Marguerite. She is a good scout, as the small boys say.

Patsy wanted to visit the corrals on the way back, and we saw the horses being loaded into trucks for their trip home, having earned their ride.

We expected the cowboys and girls to be all worn out, but instead they were kidding among themselves, twirling ropes, and chatting vivaciously over the rodeo matters. We talked a moment to the woman who was running the hot-dog and sandwich concessions, too, and found that she follows rodeos all over the country! Then we drove over to the ranch house.

And what a delightfully picturesque place it is! Built in the old Spanish mission style, it has broad verandahs surrounding it, amidst its old-fashioned gardens and its lawns. Its guest suites, we found, when we went in to remove our wraps, all face a patio, and are simply but most comfortably furnished, as becomes a ranch house.

The cool of its verandah was most welcome after the heat of the bleachers, and there a lot of us gathered to have a chat before supper, which was to be served in the huge living room.

Hoot and Sally live there all the year round, coming and going to their work, no matter how far the distance may be, for they love this home of theirs.

"I suppose," remarked Sue Carol, "that if we really could bring back those old Spanish days in California, we should be terribly disappointed. There wouldn't be any proper plumbing, we'd have to ride in those terrible old *carretas* with the wooden wheels, that would certainly jolt the life out of us modern girls, athletic though we imagine ourselves to be, or else get ourselves all dusty riding horseback for miles, and the cooking would give us indigestion. No, I'm sure I prefer this imitation Spanish life."

Sue was looking cute as paint in a white knitted sport suit with a white beret to match.

She was telling us, too, about losing that thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of jewelry which was stolen from her and Nick in Chicago, and right from under the shadow of the police station, too.

"But Nick and I got one thing out of it," said Sue. "We went over to see the prisoners, among whom were the two girl bandits who had made their victims take off their trousers after they had robbed them so that they couldn't run away. They were awfully cute girls, and I think Nick liked them!"

George Lewis, who has gone completely Spanish, now that he is playing in Spanish versions, was there with his pretty wife, and others were Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Clark Gable, Marie Prevost, who has grown very chubby, and who was wearing khaki riding breeches; Howard Hawks, Micky Neilan, Eddie Sutherland, Alan Crosland and his wife, Natalie Moorhead; Wesley Ruggles, Alyce Mills, and many others.

Ed Hillman, Marian Nixon's husband, had flown down to the rodeo, we learned, but Marian had not flown with him, but had arrived discreetly, at the conservative speed of sixty miles an hour, in her roadster!

Skeets Gallagher and his wife were among the guests, and Mrs. Gallagher said the baby was growing beautifully, spending a lot of time out-of-doors arrayed in little except a smile.

When supper was announced, we all went inside, and Sue brought us a plate, the supper being a buffet affair where you buttled for yourself.

"I've brought you," Sue said, glancing with comic ruefulness at the very full plate, "all the things I'd like to eat myself, but cannot account of fearing the ruinous fat."

Sally had rushed in, when she reached home from the rodeo, to wash her face, powder her nose, and change to some very cute blue-flowered silk pajamas; but just before dinner she disappeared again and came back dressed in a suit of rose-colored pajamas, with wide sleeves and trousers, and most becoming.

Sally's father and mother were among the guests, Sally's dad being just seventy years old that day.

Over at the Gleason table, where were Lew Cody, Natalie Moorhead, Alan Crosland and others, they were kiddingly offering prizes for whoever could eat the most.

"But we're stopping now, and concentrating on Lew Cody. We know he'll win anyway," laughed Mrs. Gleason.

Mrs. Gleason said she herself was worn out—that she had been personally riding in every race and doing every stunt, right along with the rodeo performers—in her mind, of course—and that she was completely tired out.

"It's very hard," she grinned, "that bucking contest, on a middle-aged lady's liver and heart!"

"Altogether a great day!" exclaimed Patsy, as we took our leave.

"I find that string quartettes," remarked Patsy, "are something that you either like very much or don't like at all. No one ever seems to be neutral about them. Now as for me, I like any kind of string quartette, whether it's good or not. And I'm sure one which Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett is to have at her party will be the best possible in that line."

We went with Jose Crespo over to the Tibbett home that evening, where, although we weren't to have the pleasure of seeing Lawrence Tibbett, since he was absent on a concert tour, we were to be Mrs. Tibbett's guests.

And certainly it was a wonderful quartette—the London String Quartette, and really and truly from London, too, as one could readily tell when its members stopped being musicians and became guests and talked with us.

It was performing when we came in, and we had to tiptoe around behind the enraptured guests to find seats in the semicircle which was gathered in the big living room.

And what a wonderful hostess Grace Tibbett is! She has that amazing vitality, that quick warmth and cordiality, which make her able to radiate welcome and kindly friendliness to all her guests at once.

When the program was over, we drew together in little groups.

Fay Wray declared herself charmed with the Brahms numbers.

"Yes, he always seems to mean something without being too awfully serious about it," Kathlyn Williams declared.

Miss Williams only lately returned from Europe, but is going traveling again very soon.

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"I'm an inveterate globe trotter," she said, "but I love China best of any place, Shanghai in particular. There is a wonderful cosmopolitan society there that is very fascinating."

She said that she knew two Chinese princesses, both writers, who had been ladies-in-waiting to her majesty, the Dowager Empress, about whom one of the princesses had written under the title of "The Old Buddha."

"And it's quite true," she said, "that the old Dowager had thrown a rival into a well, and listened to her drowning cries. They said, these princesses, that being lady-in-waiting to her celestial majesty had been a tough job, inasmuch as they never knew when she was going to fly into a cold, cruel rage over some small matter."

Miss Williams lost an only son a few years ago, you know, and never since has she been able to settle long in one place—while the edge of her sorrow is dulled, she is forever restless.

Mr. and Mrs. Gleason were among the guests, and we went over to chat to the vivacious Mrs. Gleason, while James joined Walter Huston and his son in another corner of the room to argue about stories.

Mrs. Gleason told us of a chat that she had had with Charlie Chaplin just before Chaplin went abroad.

"He said he would be happy," she told us, "if England would confer knighthood on him, saying, 'Here, little Cockney, good for you!' But they wanted, it seemed, that he should make some pictures over there in return for knighthood, and he wouldn't stand for that. Then he whimsically drew a coat of arms," she went on, "with mustache rampant, cane a bar, and his shoes couchant!"

Ramon Novarro was there, and joined our group just then, and the two talked of their travels. Ramon, you know, may retire from pictures and live in Europe. He wants to keep on with his musical studies.

Mrs. Gleason told about how she and Jimmie had lived in cold old London, in the same square where the Prince of Wales had his apartments, of how the guards came every morning to awaken him at six o'clock with the band playing.

"And all the Americans," she said, "used to come to our house because they said it was the only place in London where they could get warm! We had a lot of fires."

Jane Cowl, she said, had an apartment right across the square from theirs, and Jane used to stick her head out of the window every morning and call across to tell them how bad the plumbing was.

Then we spoke of dear Robert Edeson and his passing, and of the devotion of his wife, and of how, because he could not sleep for pain, she would sit all night on the bed, holding his head and shoulders upon her breast.

"I went to see him just a few days before he passed away," Mrs. Gleason said, "and his eyes sparkled with humor, though he could talk but little. The barber came to shave him while I was there, and thought to cheer him up by saying, 'Ah, but Mr. Edeson, you'll be coming to me soon!' 'Don't kid me,' Bob answered. 'Don't worry about me. I'm not worried. I've had my life!'"

Eleanor Painter was among the guests. She is to do some picture work one of these days, following her marriage.

Janet Gaynor was there with her husband, Lydell Peck; and other distinguished guests included Elsie Janis, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, John Monk Saunders, Theda Bara and Charles Brabin, Paul Bern, Doris Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Laura Hope Crews, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner, Carmen Pantages, and many others.

Supper was served in the big living room, after which we chatted with Rob Wagner, who told us an amusing incident about the butler.

"I asked him for a drink of water," he said, "and told him that the food was very good. 'Ah!' answered the butler, rolling his eyes up, 'That is true—but ah, sir, the music—!'"

"Well, of course," Elsie Janis retorted, "the Lawrence Tibbetts would have a musical butler!"

We had a few words with Mrs. Tibbett, who told us that Lawrence was expected back soon. Indeed by the time this is printed he will be in California again and at home.

Do you remember Madge Evans, the child actress? Well, Madge is all grown up now and is playing in "Son of India" opposite Ramon Novarro.

Somebody rallied her on the fact that she once sang herself.

"But that's forgotten now!" she said brightly, "and I'm happy just to be Mrs. Tibbett and the Tibbett twins' mother!"

"Thalians," Patsy remarked, "is just a classic name for a classy bunch of picture youngsters. They're giving a party tonight at the Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador, and of course we wouldn't miss that lively crowd."

I have never seen the Cocoanut Grove so crowded, and momentarily expected to see a bunch of Thalians climbing a cocoanut tree to find a nice, cool place to sit and watch the crowd, but nothing of the kind happened.

"They are the nicest youngsters in the business," Anthony Bushell confided. "There's not a cocktail in a carload of them!"

Anthony had brought his wife, Zelma O'Neal, and as we had to wait for some friends who were to join us, Anthony and Zelma kindly invited us to sit at their table with them. Zelma, who created such a furore in "Good News" in New York, and who had just returned home from another Broadway show, said she didn't intend to leave her husband again, show or no show.

"I don't blame Zelma," Patsy confided to me as we returned to our own table. "Anthony is one of those real gentlemen of whom the world has all too few."

Charlie Murray came over to ask Zelma if she would help with the entertainment by dancing the Varsity Drag, but after she had conferred with the orchestra leader, and he had conferred with the musicians, and Zelma had conferred with her husband, and it was found that the orchestra didn't have her music and couldn't play it, why, they reasonably decided to drop the idea, although I'm sure everybody was disappointed.

A lot of cute feminine Thalians were selling gardenias, including Nancy Drexel, who came up to us just then.

The object of the party, we learned, was to raise funds to build a real club house for the Thalians.

"It will be so different," Sue Carol, who had just come by our table, said, "from the beginnings of the club, when nobody was club-conscious at all, but we were all just a lot of kids who gathered at the Montmarte for dancing and fun."

Nick Stuart, of course, had brought Sue, and we decided they are one of the nicest couples in pictures.

Out on the floor we met Lincoln Stedman, president of the club, who had managed to leave off his heavy duties as special host long enough to fox trot.

We met a lot of stage people there, including Edward G. Robinson and his lovely wife, Gladys Lloyd, who has just entered pictures; James Gleason and his wife, Lucille Webster, Chic Sale and Virginia Sale, Arline Judge, Sadie Burt, who looks like a child, although she said she had put four children to bed just before coming to the party; Joseph Santley and his wife, Ivy Sawyer; Eddie Cantor, and a score of others; while included among the dyed-in-the-wool screen folk were Laura LaPlante and William Seiter, Martha Sleeper, John Wayne, Lenore Bushman, Dixie Lee, Harold Goodwin, Edna Murphy and Mervyn LeRoy, all Mary Carr's children; Reginald Denny and Bubbles, Polly Ann Young, George Lewis, Rex Bell, Florence Lake, Jose Crespo, Sally Phipps, Frances Lee, Russell Gleason, Barbara Kent, Mary Brian, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Fifi Dorsay, Matty Kemp, Ivan Lebedeff, Jack Oakie, Harry Green, Georgie Stone, and many others.

Charlie Murray was master of ceremonies to open the show, and was followed by Benny Rubin, and both were a very good part of the show.

Everybody dined and danced, or at least you might call it dancing if you wanted to, although, as Billy Bakewell put it, it took an hour to pass a given point, the floor was so crowded.

Quite late the various artists were called on to perform, and it was certainly, as Patsy remarked, a million dollar big time bill.

Eddie Cantor sang and danced; Fifi Dorsay was as seductively wicked as usual in a little song and dance; Arthur Lake did a funny burlesque of Rudy Vallée crooning a song; Georgie Stone and the Mosconi Brothers danced; Dixie Lee imitated her husband, Bing Crossby, in a song; Rosco Ates stuttered as amusingly as only he can; his lovely daughter, Dorothy, did a wonderful tap dance, and after that Rosco played the violin without a single stutter; Harry Green made a little speech, saying that he was just back from a hospital operation in which he had lost his appendix, and Benny Rubin demanded to see his scar!

We noted Alice White dancing a lot with Jack White, who, you know, is divorced from Pauline Starke.

It was all so wonderful that I am sure the sun would have been shining into the Cocoanut Grove if its rays could have gotten in, but as it was the synthetic moon kept right on shining above us!

Help Save Clara Bow!

Continued from page 20

schoolgirl beauty-contest winner from the first. Thus Clara was forced to be a man's woman as distinct from a woman's woman—where the friendship of fine women could have done so much to develop this harassed, alluring child.

Nor was Clara vouchsafed the right kind of men—their interest in her was ever selfish, never toward the spiritual and intellectual progress of Clara's character. Of the dozen men we know to have been romantically interested in Clara—Donald Keith, Gilbert Roland, Robert Savage, Victor Fleming, Gary Cooper, Morley Drury, Bela Lugosi, Dr. William Pearson, John Rinehart, Harry Richman and Rex Bell—not one of them could claim to have contributed anything to Clara's spiritual, moral, intellectual or professional progress.

Which is one reason why an autographed

Another one of Hollywood's best dressed women—Juliette Compton! Miss Compton's evening wrap is of white satin trimmed at the cape border and the hem with wide bands of red fox.

portrait of Rudolph Valentino still occupies the place of honor next to Clara's bed. Valentino asked nothing of this little girl, risen to stardom from the brownstones of Brooklyn. Instead he treated her like a princess, paid her the deference due a charming cultured woman, enhanced her self-respect, contributed to a righteous pride rather than to a jazzy vanity.

Alma Whitaker, SCREENLAND's Western Editor, gave Clara her very first interview when she came to Hollywood, self-consciously stepping through the door of fame. Clara was so anxious to do the right thing, to behave courteously, to make a nice impression. But her father, in his shirt sleeves, with a handy cuspidor in constant

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use, made things difficult even then. He broke frequently into the conversation with remarks about knowing just what men wanted from his girl and he was going to show 'em. Mr. Bow had been a barker in Coney Island and his outlook on life was just that. Always talking about "keeping my girl out of trouble with these guys," although it was later pretty obvious that Clara's job was keeping father out of trouble.

Things might have been so different had Clara's mother lived. No one of Clara's sister-actresses felt impelled to take social responsibility for this dashing, eager, flamboyant girl. Instead they snubbed her with designed neglect.

Yet Clara has a sweet, generous, and deeply sympathetic disposition—born in July, she comes under the sign of Leo, and so has great power for feeling. When morally developed such characters can rise to fine heights.

Elmer Clifton, who gave Clara her first chance in pictures, still believes her capable of great dramatic portrayals. Even under the multitudinous handicaps that have beset Clara in Hollywood, shackled as she has been by parasite relations and lovers, harassed on all sides by second-rate men, attacked by the gutter press, Clara has developed a fair measure of soul—her very break under the brutality of scandal proves that she has not become brazenly hardened.

It was only a few days before her breakdown that Clara said, "Perhaps things have been too easy for me, perhaps I needed some suffering."

So Clara was well on the way to learn that out of sorrow comes happiness after all.

She seemed so hopeful, so eager to be brave and to set things right. She knew this was to be a test picture upon which her future fate depended. She tried to rise to it, to throw off this hovering impending break, to hold her chin in the air and confound her foes. But things proved too much for little Clara.

She has always been loyal and generous. According to report her father had finally been forbidden to show his face on the Paramount lot. If only he could have been persuaded to take a long, long trip three years ago, it would have helped Clara's case considerably. She was always beset by all sorts of undesirable hangers-on who helped to complicate things for her. It is now conceded that the whole affair with Harry Richman was designed as a publicity stunt for Harry, and a great many of Clara's beaux have made similar use of her fame for their own benefit.

But Clara is a loyal, trustful soul—never could believe people were faithless until it was proved.

Only a few days before the final breakdown Clara had said, "I am just trying to work hard now, and putting in all my spare time at my beach cottage to try to keep well. If the worst comes to the worst, of course," she added wistfully, "I have my trust fund which will support me in my old age. I'm through with love. I don't ever want to marry. I want most of all to be a good dramatic actress now—and, oh, I do hope I am going to make good!"

Will you help her? If you are still for Clara—if you want her to stay on the screen—write to her and tell her so. Your letters will help to bring her back. It was her fan mail that persuaded her company to give her another chance. This fan mail is an indication of just what her audiences think of her—whether they still want her or are through with her. There's a definite place for a new Clara Bow on the screen. And when she does come back—perhaps in a rôle different from any she has ever played—a highly emotional rôle to test her talents to the utmost—then is your chance to give her your support. Help her forget the wild little "It Girl" and you'll help save Clara Bow.

Those Little Gay Homes in the West!—*Continued from page 31*

Downstairs again, that utterly gorgeous swimming pool—sculptured marble, with a sculptured bridge across it, and a fancy tiled bottom to reflect the colors. Around this are grouped canvas chairs and sunshades, and flower beds let in the marble floor, gay with blooms. To the south of this is the tennis court—swing-seats and umbrellas all around—and flowers everywhere.

The tap-room, beneath the house, was brought over entire from an old English inn, with bar, chimney seat, carved oak tables and chairs, and a big fireplace. Here the bathers may frolic and refresh in their wet suits. On either side are rows of dressing rooms, one side for the men and the other for women. These are fitted with every imaginable need, cosmetics, combs and brushes, mirrors, lights in the right places, and Marion can also supply her guests with bathing suits, caps, shoes, and wraps.

Next door Ina Claire occupies Marion Davies' first beach cottage, and up the street is the new adorable Spanish one of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon—which boasts an entire wing of guest bedrooms. It, too, is ensconced behind a high patio wall. Mary Pickford and Doug are also at Santa Monica—a compact little pink stucco, with a swimming pool and sunbath privacy. Aileen Pringle and Dorothy Mackaill also favor this end of the beach.

Malibu Beach beyond Santa Monica is, of course, very famous as a picture colony. Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck have a twelve-room "cottage" and they have gone in strong for trick lighting. Dick Barthelmess has just rented his Malibu home—brown frame house of seven rooms, furnished in wicker. John Boles has a duck of a place, and they manage to keep a lovely garden and lawns, too—so hard to grow them at the beach. It's Early American, two stories high, with jolly open fireplaces. Lew Cody has joined the beach cottage ranks, by renting Pauline Frederick's place; and Louise Fazenda, whose cottage was burned down, is about to raise another more beautiful one upon the site. Leila Hyams' cottage escaped the fire, although built of cream boards. It has a huge living room done in chintzes and lots of wicker furniture. Neil Hamilton has gone in for cream and green color scheme, with a wicket fence and a ping-pong court.

Charles Bickford and Dorothy Jordan are a bit different—they favor Playa del Rey, beyond the Venice end. The Bickford place is high on a bluff, done in brown stucco with a red roof, and Charlie has devised a most dashing garden down the hillside which is quite enchanting. Dorothy is on that bluff, too, only her house is white stucco with a red roof and she has actually contrived a lawn right down the side of the hill. She, too, has a garden, but it is enclosed at the back of the house, protected from the wind.

Greta Garbo has left the beach in favor of a home in the canyon. Joan Bennett, John Gilbert, Polly Moran, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, and Clara Bow are all Malibu beach-combers, as are also Warner Baxter and George O'Brien.

Constance Bennett has usually rented Corinne Griffith's place at Malibu, but will take a different one this year. Victor McLaglen goes as far away as La Jolla—very remote and exclusive. Will Rogers owns a ranch at Santa Monica. Mae Murray has a home at Venice, right next to the oil wells. Mae Marsh is renting a house at Manhattan Beach. Nils Asther did own a fine place at Malibu but is parting with it this summer. Jetta Goudal and her Harold Grieve live at Manhattan Beach all the year round, in an old Spanish place, which one reaches via a high narrow stone staircase.

This does not complete the list of beach homes on the shores of the Pacific at which our starry ones acquire their lovely summer tans and maintain their health at high standard. Naturally they enjoy them for week-ends all the year 'round in that California climate. And down there they dress in pajamas or bathing suits almost all the time, and set the beach styles for the world. Most of the girls are wearing huge beach hats this year to protect their pretty noses from sun blisters.

Charlie Ruggles lives in his charming beach house at Malibu all year 'round. Charlie has a garden and tennis and ping-pong courts.

"I Want $200!"

Continued from page 55

one who might have grown up in France. Despite her guarded girlhood, despite her European upbringing, the new world left its mark on her, and it was the mark of a greater independence than she could have achieved in the old. Here every girl, barring the daughters of the very rich, took it for granted that she would work, and Claudette took it for granted with the rest. Her father wasn't exactly smitten with the idea, but he had no valid objection to offer. Of course she'd marry early. It needed no fond parent, but only a casual glance at her winsome face, to offer that prediction. Meantime, what harm in letting her flap her wings a little and play at working?

She had studied commercial art at Washington Irving High School, and she was going to earn her living by designing beautiful clothes. But when she discovered that she wouldn't be allowed to design beautiful clothes until she'd spent a long time copying ugly ones, she abandoned Fashion for private lessons in French. It wasn't an exhilarating job, but at least she liked the people she worked with and she made as much as thirty dollars a week.

One of her pupils whom she particularly liked was Helen Hackett, and one day Helen Hackett, after studying her face thoughtfully for several minutes, suddenly demanded: "Claudette, why don't you go on the stage?"

"Why don't I!" cried Claudette. "How can I? I don't know a soul on the stage."

Well, it seemed that Helen Hackett knew a soul named Anne Morrison, who had just written a play called "The Wild Westcotts" which contained a part of three lines that Claudette ought to go after. It couldn't hurt to try. No experience? Who was going to prove it? If Claudette was willing, she'd speak to Anne Morrison about her.

Claudette went home in a state of babbling excitement. Could she try? She *must* try. They couldn't say no—they'd always given her everything she wanted, and she wanted this more than she could ever possibly want anything else in the whole wide world. She *had* to do it, and even if father thought it was dreadful to be an actress, it really wasn't, anyway not in America, and no matter how much of an actress she turned out to be or not to be, she'd always be the same nice Claudette —"I promise you, father."

Her mother, as always, was on her side. "You know we cannot help you," she said gently, "but if you think you can do it—well," turning to her husband, "why not let her try?"

It wasn't easy to persuade him. All his preconceived ideas of the theatre, of its dangers, of its evils, of its tawdriness, had to be combatted. But in the end they won. It was difficult for him to resist his daughter, but it was almost impossible for him to resist his wife. "I honestly believe," said Claudette, "that if she had said to him, 'I'm going to jump out of that window,' he'd have answered, 'I'll go with you.'" (A soft sound of protest from the other end of the sofa.)

Not only did she try for the three-line part, but got it, and with it an Equity contract and a salary of fifty dollars a week. Every day she would look at herself in the dressing-room mirror and ask solemnly, "Is it you, Claudette?" and watch her own familiar head nodding back at her. But even then she found it hard to believe that this real actress in a real dressing-room in a real theatre was the girl in whose skin she had been living all her life long.

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Still no one took her seriously. When the girl who was playing the second lead had to leave the cast and she asked the manager to give her the part, he gave her the horse laugh instead. Her friends smiled maddeningly. It was just by a fluke she had managed to get this job. What would she do when the play lay down and died, as it gave every sign of doing?

Look for another, of course. But looking and finding are two different things. Back and forth she trudged, up one pair of dingy stairs and down another, from one rebuff to the next, the heartbreaking routine that most theatrical aspirants know too well. "The question I always dreaded most was, 'What experience have you had?' I knew that if I said none, my goose was cooked. So I lied. 'Stock,' I'd say. 'Where?' they'd ask. 'In France,' I'd say. It never went over very big. They didn't say in so many words, 'What a liar you are!' but they'd slide their eyes up at me and say, 'Yeah?' and they knew and I knew exactly what they meant. But I swallowed it all and went right on lying."

A French doll—even at the age of three Claudette Colbert had poise and personality.

"Yes," her mother's quiet voice interposed, with just the barest shade of disapproval, "that always seemed to me a little silly." Claudette threw her a smile and went on.

"One day Madame Burani, who had been my music teacher and who played character parts occasionally, phoned me that she was rehearsing in 'The Marionette Man' and that Brock Pemberton needed an ingénue who looked like an Italian. I gave him my usual song and dance about having played in stock and wanting two hundred dollars. He offered me a hundred and I grabbed it."

Her father frowned at the notion of her going to Washington, where the play was scheduled to open. But Madame Burani was an old friend of the family, and Madame Burani promised to look after her like her own mother, so, reluctantly, he yielded. Unfortunately for Claudette, Washington agreed with her father. Washington didn't think Miss Colbert was an actress. "The ingénue," said Washington, "was a particularly weak spot, and since she forms the pivot of the play, the whole structure naturally collapses with a crash and buries her under it."

Madame Burani spent the following day trying vainly to stem the flood of tears that threatened to drown the already buried ingénue. The play closed after a brief run, and Claudette returned to her mother's consoling arms and to a father who concealed his pity for his griefstricken child beneath a stern ultimatum. "Now you must stop!" he said. "Now you see you have no talent, you will never be an actress, and you must put this mad idea out of your head and be content to do as other sensible girls do."

But a little time and a little thought went far toward resurrecting his daughter. All right, she *wasn't* a world-beater. All right, she *had* a lot to learn. Who said she couldn't learn it! Better men than she had been panned and lived to thumb their noses at the panners. If she was going to collapse at the first unkind word, her father was right. She'd better stay at home and wash dishes. She went to him and said: "Give me five years. I'm young yet. If at the end of five years, I haven't done anything, if by that time my name doesn't count for something in the theatre, I give you my word I'll quit and do as other sensible girls do—get married or anything else you like." He looked at the pleading eyes, at the resolute young chin that was doing its best not to quiver, and his heart melted. "Very well," he said finally, "I will give you five years."

What happened next wasn't designed to steady his faith. She got a job in a show that was opening in Chicago. That was the first thing about it he didn't like, but when she came home, wildly waving her first $200 contract, he hadn't the heart to be a wet-blanket. "I don't believe it!" cried her mother. "It's true! Look! Look!" and three heads were bent incredulously above the miraculous sheet of paper. There was a word after the figure 200—the word *co-operative*—but it meant nothing to any of them. It was just one of those words that lawyers like to stick into legal documents to make them harder.

But at the end of her first week in Chicago Claudette discovered what *co-operative* meant. It meant that instead of $200 for her week's work she collected $15. It meant that she would have collected two hundred if the play had been a success which, alas! it wasn't. But her hotel bill wasn't co-operative—that was flat, and exactly four times as large as her salary check. She had to write to her father for money to pay it. He sent the money with a peremptory note: "Come home at once!" He didn't realize that Claudette's obligations weren't co-operative either.

For three weeks Papa paid Claudette's hotel bills. When she got back, even her mother was beginning to waver. Perhaps Father was right. Perhaps it was going to be too difficult. But she shook her head doggedly. She wouldn't give it up. "Very well," said her father, "I've pledged my word and I won't break faith with you. Go on if you must, but only in New York. Here at least you can live for nothing. Here at least I know you are properly fed and cared for. But to pay bills for you somewhere else, for some manager to make experiments with a play—no, that I have done for the last time."

Well, as it happened, he *had* done it for the last time. Claudette got an engage-

ment to tour in an "all-star" company of "Leah Kletschna" at a straight salary of $125 a week. She not only paid her own bills, but saved money. She not only saved money, but taught herself to act. If she was going to be an actress, she'd have to make herself one. Nobody else would. Helen Gahagan was in the cast, and José Ruben and Lowell Sherman — seasoned troupers all. Every night for nine months she stood in the wings and went to school to them—drinking in every intonation, every gesture, and going home to repeat, to analyze and to remember.

But despite the glory of this all-star engagement, the managers remained undazzled. The disheartening trail that led from agent to producer and back home again began once more. One day she was steered by a tip to Al Woods' office. His secretary looked her over. "Are you by any chance English?" she asked.

"Yes," said Claudette. After all, why not? Her brother had been born on the Island of Jersey and she might have been.

"All right," said the secretary. "Come back at 2:30 and see Mr. Woods."

"Did you say you were English?" asked Mr. Woods at 2:30. "You talk like an American."

"I've lived in America a long time," said Claudette in a hastily manufactured British accent, "but I was born in England."

"All right. Come back at 4 and see Mr. Lonsdale. It's his play."

She came back at 4 in a fever and read the part to Mr. Lonsdale.

"It's a curious accent," said Mr. Lonsdale doubtfully. "Where did you say you came from?"

"The Island of Jersey," faltered Claudette, close to tears.

Mr. Lonsdale fell on her neck. He himself had come from the Island of Jersey. He cherished a passion for the Island of Jersey. Anyone who came from the Island of Jersey was practically his brother.

She got the part and she got her first straight contract for $200. She was in a Lonsdale comedy. She was to play opposite Godfrey Tearle. Her costumes were to be by Bendel. She was to have a wedding gown smothered in pearls. Life's cup was full.

They rehearsed for almost three weeks without Mr. Tearle. He arrived from England on the Thursday before the opening. On Friday she was at Bendel's with her mother, having her final fitting. Suddenly the telephone rang. How or why she cannot explain, but she was seized by a sudden premonition of evil. "It's for you, Miss Colbert. Mr. Woods wants to see you." Her heart sank.

At the office building her mother waited downstairs. Claudette went upstairs and was received by Al Woods' brother. "I'm sorry, Miss Colbert, but you'll have to give up the part. They've decided you're too young." She couldn't protest, she couldn't utter a sound. She felt as if she'd been dealt a stunning blow on the head. The room began whirling round and she remembered nothing more till she found herself lying on a couch, her mother's tears falling on her face.

She knew there was nothing to be said or done—that this decision, whatever lay behind it, was final. They'd give her two weeks' salary in lieu of notice and that was all. It was finished. But her gentle, timorous mother, who didn't feel comfortable with theatrical people and never went near them if she could help it, was suddenly a creature transformed. Eyes blazing while the tears still streamed down her cheeks, she said what she felt needed to be said.

"Yes," Madame Colbert contributed calmly at this point, "I said I could not see them do this to 'er and say nothing. I said, ''Ow could you do it? She never 'urt anyone. 'Ow could you 'urt her like this?' I think 'e was sorry. O yes—I think so. 'E took my 'ands and 'e said, 'In the theatre business, madame, you cannot 'ave a 'eart. Believe me—you cannot 'ave a 'eart. These things 'ave been done to everyone—to Jane Cowl, to Elsie Ferguson, to everyone.' 'Yes?' I said, 'that is bad. I am sorry for these ladies, though I do not know them. But still, I do not understand 'ow you could do it to my Claudette!' Oh," with a reminiscent shudder, "it was 'orrible!"

But if this was the most tragic experience of Claudette's professional life, it was also the turning point. "Listen, kid," said Mr. Woods, "next show I have, I'll give you a part. No matter what it is, I'll give you a part." And he was as good as his word. He gave her a part, and she got such enthusiastic notices that from that moment everything began to change. No longer did she run after managers. They ran after her. She was earning $200 a week regularly. People who had laughed at her began to flatter her. "Watch Claudette Colbert!" sang the critics in chorus. "She's going fast and far!" Only one year was gone of the five she had begged, and already her name was beginning to mean something in the theatre. Her father still pretended to pooh-pooh the whole business, but he wasn't fooling anyone much. "'E carried all 'er notices about with 'im in 'is pockets," said his wife softly, "and when 'e thought I am not looking, 'e took them out and showed them to 'is friends."

Madame Colbert was in Chicago with Claudette, whose play had two more weeks to run, when she suddenly decided that she must return to her husband, that two weeks was too long to wait. A week later Claudette received word that her father was ill with pneumonia, and three days after that he was dead.

She went home—to a home that had lost half its light—to a stricken mother who lay for weeks in a stupor of indifference out of which only her daughter could coax her.

"That's my father," she said, nodding at the picture on the piano. "He lived through all the worry, but he didn't have much of the fun. He never saw me play a really good part."

The good part came later—the part of the swaggering little tent-show tramp in "The Barker"—and if her joy in it was darkened by the fact that there was no longer anyone to stuff his pockets with her notices, she played it none the less memorably for that.

To Claudette herself the play was memorable for more reasons than one. As she hurried into the theatre, late, for the first reading of the play, her eye was caught by a long-legged youth, obviously the juvenile lead, sitting on the floor on a telephone book. She liked his face, and she liked the way he read his part, and she liked his manner generally. And the better she learned to know him, the better she learned to like him. His name was Norman Foster and he came, as she did, of a non-theatrical family. "I think that was the first bond between us," she said. "Most of the actors I had met were stagey and he wasn't. I'd been warned again and again, 'Don't fall in love with an actor,' and I was sure I never would. But I was wrong," she concluded, a contented little smile playing about her lips.

"We were married secretly five months after 'The Barker' opened. Don't ask me where," she cried impulsively, "we've never told anyone. Even the witnesses were people we'd never seen before. I was terribly

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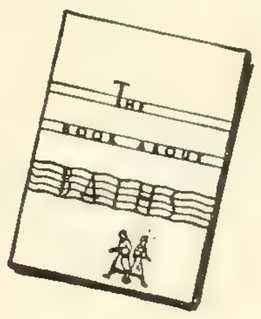

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happy. The only flaw was having to hide it. I knew it would make my mother miserable. She thought I was too young to marry and she was afraid of losing me. She thinks," teased Claudette, "I'm much nicer than I really am. But when we were playing in London and mother went to Paris for a few days, Norman and I stayed together, never dreaming anyone would pay any attention to us. And then one day a reporter stopped us as we were leaving the hotel and asked pointblank whether we were married. Well—" with a Gallic shrug, "—what could we say! Poor mother saw the news first in a paper and came dashing back. But it's all right now—and she's discovered she can't get rid of me. You see, Norman and I decided to go modern and keep two establishments—one for him and one for mother and me. We see each other every day and spend as much time together as we like. But when I have a headache or he has a grouch, each of us crawls off to his own hole and sulks in peace. And the result probably is," she said, nodding her head wisely, "that we do far less sulking that we otherwise might.

Maurice Chevalier said Frances Dee has the makings of a great actress—and that's praise from an expert, Frances! "You'll see Miss Dee in "An American Tragedy."

"Well, that brings me to the pictures, which just followed naturally on my stage work. I wasn't interested in the silents, but when the talkies came and Paramount made me an offer, I was only too happy to accept. I love the screen and I love the stage, and I'd hate to give up either. Sometimes I still have that sense of strangeness about being an actress that I used to have in the beginning—especially when people stare at me in the street. It makes me feel like a sap, and—" with disarming candor, "my husband says it makes me act like one too. If I'm with someone, I begin talking very fast, and if I'm alone, I generally dive into a taxi. But most of the time I know I'm the same girl, only—" and the corners of her eyes crinkled engagingly, "a great deal richer than I ever expected to be.

"My biggest kick? It's hard to say, but working with Chevalier was one of them. He'd always been a family idol. Whenever we went back to Paris, I'd rush straight from the train to the theatre to get tickets for his show. Once he walked down the aisle and I saw him close, and I can still feel the thrill I got out of that. So when they told me I was to work with him," she said, raising her silken lashes demurely, "naturally I was pleased. And now that I *have* worked with him," she added emphatically, "I like him better than ever. He's just about the nicest Frenchman I know."

Madame Colbert was leaning forward eagerly. "We saw 'im long ago," she said, "I and my 'usband—in Paris. We went one night to a little small theatre—and there was a boy—very young—very slim—with a funny red nose—'oo sang. 'Is voice was nothing but 'e made us laugh down to our feet. Afterward 'e said—my 'usband—'I will be surprised if that boy isn't going to be something great some day.' And you see—that boy is Maurice Chevalier. So you may think if I was pleased when they ask Claudette to play with 'im. And when I talked with 'im I was pleased still more, because 'e is exactly like I. Ah no, Claudette, you mustn't laugh at me—you know 'ow I mean it—'e is simple, 'e is kind—'e doesn't know 'ow to make 'imself grand."

"He doesn't know 'ow to make himself grand!" She was speaking of Chevalier, but she might have applied the words with equal accuracy to her daughter. It's a trait they have in common—these two attractive children of France—the inability to "make themselves grand." Ask anyone who has had any dealings with Claudette Colbert what he thinks of her. His eyes are likely to light up and in nine cases out of ten the answer will be, "She's a darling!" And if you want to know why, you will probably be told: "Because she's simple. Because she's genuine. Because she doesn't think she's the sun and the moon and a couple of planets thrown in. Because you don't have to kneel when you talk to her. Because she keeps her feet on the ground and her head on her shoulders. Because she knows what it feels like to be the other fellow."

"I'll tell you why," said one man who has had his troubles with screen stars, "it's because she's the kind of darned nice kid you'd like to have running around your house all the time. And how many of them," he demanded fiercely, "do you think I'd say that about!"

How many indeed! Perhaps only one who has been in the business can appreciate the splendor of that accolade.

You'll soon see Claudette in "Secrets of a Secretary" with Georges Metaxa.

Look Out, You Hollywood Bachelors!

Continued from page 57

field for a wife—or a wife may overtake him before he expects her. He'd be worth having—not only for his gold and his expectations as an only child of two famous Gleasons, but because of his personal charm.

Kent Douglass and Joel McCrea are two youngsters with wealthy families behind them; the former the son of a Pasadena jeweler, the latter, of Hollywood's millionaire colony. Both youths seem to spend their money freely, but why not? Joel has built himself an elaborate home, which might be considered an investment.

Donald Dillaway and Douglas Walton, both now under pleasant studio contracts, insist that if films ever fail they have other ways of bringing home the bacon. Donald studied law before he became an actor and has sung in public since he was twelve; and Douglas had a three year course in architecture.

Billy Bakewell and John Darrow can use their excellent salaries as they see fit, for Billy's mother has a successful insurance business, and John has no dependents. John is saving his money on a novel insurance plan; and Billy's mother is advising him.

Junior Laemmle at the age of 23 is perhaps one of Hollywood's best "catches," as heir to "Uncle Carl" and producer in his own right. But Junior, though popular with girls, has never been serious about one yet.

Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, George O'Brien, Gary Cooper and Charles Rogers have been on lists of bachelors-in-Hollywood for lo, these many years.

Richard lost heavily in the stock crash, but since his salary runs into four high figures weekly he has doubtless retrieved his losses by this time. He has a six hundred acre secret ranch in Topango Canyon where he hides away from too much social attention, and is creating a trust fund to take care of Old Man Dix's son.

Periodically, he threatens to get married, but he never does it.

Ramon Novarro bought the big old-fashioned home in which his parents and numerous brothers and sisters live and is often said to be their sole support. But many of the brothers and sisters are earning their own livings now, and since Ramon's investments are conservative, and his way of life not extravagant, he should have a fortune to bring a successful huntress.

George O'Brien's father and mother were well off before George started in pictures, so he is not called on for support. He lives at the Athletic Club but owns a home in Malibu, an expensive car and a pile of gilt-edged securities. Olive Borden, who used to be spoken of as his fiancée, has stepped out of the running and married another man.

The dude ranch Gary Cooper bought a few years ago is making money for its starry owner, so Gary recently bought another ranch in the Imperial Valley near Palm Springs, where he hopes to raise lucrative crops.

Lupe Velez seems to have the tall Montanan fettered, however, and unless the engagement is broken, hunting for Gary will be just no use.

A home in Beverly Hills, a Dupont and an Austin—plus a father, mother and brother—are Charles Rogers' assets. He speaks of trying the stage for a year, and says he won't be in the market till he's 32.

Any girl who snares Travis Banton, clothes creator for Paramount, will be lucky. He's building a French home which will be fitted with museum pieces picked up on his yearly trips abroad, and his excellent housekeeper, butler and chauffeur will take all housekeeping cares off her hands.

Twice a year Travis goes to Europe with all expenses paid. That wouldn't be hard to take, now would it?

Carole Lombard seems to have the inside track with Bill Powell. However, if Carole shouldn't accept a wedding ring, Bill should be worth a campaign.

Alfred Santell, now drawing three thousand a week, has made big money for years. Since he hasn't been involved in any stock or bank crashes, he still has most of it. He owns a fine home in Malibu, where he keeps three servants and three cars, and a large apartment house in Hollywood where he maintains a place for himself. Plans are also being drawn for a new home in Bel Air.

Lew Cody has a delightful bachelor home built to his own ideas seven years ago; his servants have been with him ever since the house was finished, so no servant problem faces a possible wife.

Lew's money is invested mainly in real estate—houses and apartments, including a new summer home in Malibu, but he has a hundred thousand in bonds.

Six thousand a month is the remuneration paid to Bela Lugosi by Universal, but Bela turns it over to a bank for investment and keeps but a small sum for himself. He's been married and divorced twice but has no alimony to pay since each wife had her own fortune.

Then there's Paul Bern, the associate producer, who pays attention to lovely ladies and knows how to present beautiful gifts, though up to now he hasn't decorated any feminine fingers with wedding rings. Paul has a fine home in Benedict Canyon and a very large salary.

Clarence Brown is said to be the highest paid director in pictures. He owns his own plane, rides sky lanes as his own pilot, is a major stockholder in an airplane concern. He has been divorced for a number of years and is often rumored engaged, but it never seems to come to anything. At present Mona Maris is seen with Clarence most often.

Among the available producers, matrimonial prizes may be found in James Cruze, who has an estate in Flintridge and makes his own pictures; and Harry Joe Brown and Sid Rogell of Pathé.

James Cruze says that Walter Lang is the "best directorial bet in Hollywood"; he has many of the qualities women like, sings, plays and paints, plays bridge well, is cultured and traveled and has a dream of buying a chateau in France.

Nick Grinde, one of our younger directors, might be considered by maidens with minds toward matrimony. He has a house in Hollywoodland and a contract.

Newcomers who might be worth consideration, also, are Monroe Owsley, former stage actor, who has acquired a home in Beverly Hills; Donald Cook and Hardie Albright, neither of whom have dependents —(Hardie breeds wire-haired terriers on the side); and Lester Vail, who swears that he spends his money as he makes it, but who might be controlled by the Right Woman.

Oh, and I almost forgot Phillips Holmes, who has bought a home on a Hollywood hillside and a high-priced car, and is in such demand for pictures that producers cry for him.

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FIRST PRIZE may be won by you, or you, or you, if you can find the photographs of the stars that fit the silhouettes.

Both are in this issue. The Star Shadows are on pages 36 and 37 and the photographs are on —?—?—pages!

Read the rules and try for some of the

$2,500.

Let's Make Up!—*Continued from page 63*

toward your ears in a sort of triangle, out toward the end of the eyes, down toward the jaw. But don't let the rouge touch the hollows in your cheeks as it will only make them more pronounced.

If your face is round, don't put your rouge on in little round spots, unless you want to look like a Christmas doll. It should come in fairly close to the nose and fairly low on the cheeks.

For a face that is too long, apply rouge high on your cheek bones and shade outward toward the temples. If this sounds as though it were too high on the face, you try it and you'll be amazed at the result. Also remember that the smartest make-up now-a-days tends to emphasize the eyes more than any other feature—and very right that is, too. Never, however, rouge the cheek bones themselves, particularly if they are too prominent. Put a little extra color beneath them and their prominence will be less noticeable.

For an oval face, simply apply rouge at the spots where your color would naturally appear.

One rule applies for every type of face, however. Always put on rouge with an upward and outward motion shading it carefully so that no sharp edges of color are left. It should all blend into the real skin tones.

The cheek rouge—if you are using paste rouge—ought to be put on before any other make-up. Naturally you've started with your face perfectly clean and have rubbed in just a bit of cold cream, unless you are usually oily-skinned, as a base for the make-up. Now with your rouge applied, the next big thing to worry about is your lips.

To make up your lips correctly is absolutely the hardest thing of all to do. Even picture actresses who have spent years in Hollywood, making up carefully every day, tell me lip make-up still bothers them. You'll just have to work and work at it until you master it. Here are a few rules to help you.

If you have a small mouth that you want to look bigger, rouge it to the corners. If you have a thin mouth that you want to look broader, accentuate the center of the upper and lower lips. If your mouth is too large, make up the center of the lips and don't shade the ends of the lips very much. Full lips should be very lightly made up. But whatever you do, don't make your mouth look artificial. Think of Greta Garbo. It is that long, lovely mouth of hers made up in its full line that gives half the charm to her face. Artificial "Cupid's bows" and such are not only passé but bad taste.

After making up your mouth, turn your attention to your eyes. If they are too

Lloyd Hughes, Laura La Plante and Marian Marsh introducing a new innovation in beach costumes of red and white Turkish towelling.

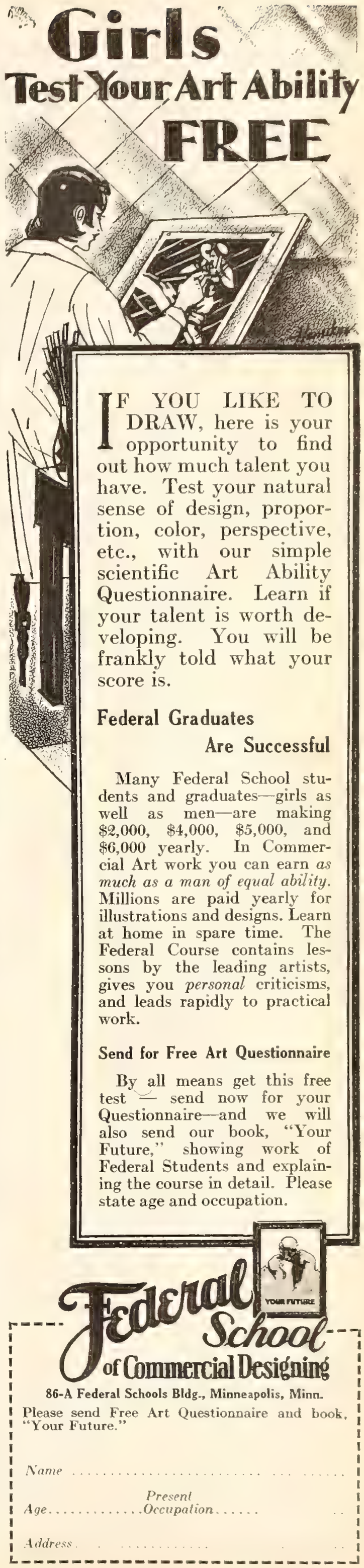
Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett welcomes her famous husband home in Hollywood on his return from a successful concert tour. Larry is all set to start on his next picture.

far apart, though this is really interesting, a bit of eyeshadow at the inner corners of each eye will make them seem closer together. And naturally you do just the opposite for eyes that are too closely spaced. Put your eyeshadow over your eyelids, heaviest next to the lashes and shading lightly back toward the eye sockets. Never, never put any eyeshadow under the eyes. That will merely make you look ill.

You are almost finished now, and all that remains to do is to put on your powder and a few extra touches. I think a large flat powder puff is best and a big, generous box of powder that you can dip your puff into. I hate little dabs. Cover your whole face with the powder very generously. Don't be afraid that you're getting on too much, for I want you to have the powder, the cold cream and the paste rouge all thoroughly blended. So when you have powdered all your face you can gently brush off the extra powder and your skin will be very soft and glowing and your make-up will be one that will last through hours, even though you are dining and dancing, or doing something equally strenuous.

Now you are nearly all finished. Inspect yourself carefully in your mirror. Put on just the tiniest bit of extra rouge on your lips and cheeks. This is just to heighten the whole effect of the make-up all nicely set under your powder. Take the towel off your head, that you wrapped around your hair before you started (you must always start this way). For the final touch—dust off all the powder from your eyelashes and brows and brush them lightly with mascara. That's all and I hope you look exquisite. You will if you really have followed the instructions.

But that isn't quite all. The final thing is to positively, absolutely, remove every bit of make-up before retiring at night. It is only the work of a minute or two, particularly if you use liquid cleansers, but it makes all the difference in the world in the appearance of your skin the next morning. Your skin simply cannot remain its loveliest if you sleep with your pores all clogged up. So take your hot bath, rub in your cold cream, if you are dry skinned, or your liquid cleanser if you are more oily skinned, no matter how late the party broke up or how sleepy you are. For this will save your beauty, which is quite the most important asset you have.



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Katherine MacDonald, Hollywood, Calif.

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New Men Wanted In Hollywood

Continued from page 23

hoping his Paramount contract will give him his big chance.

Warren William, who makes his bow in "Expensive Women," Dolores Costello Barrymore's come-back picture, has had a long and honorable career as a Broadway leading man with famous stars. William went on the stage to escape being what his father ordered—a newspaper man. He's from Minnesota, and served in the war, and after the armistice he stayed in France for a while with a theatrical troupe. He's suave and rather subtle, and he just *may* develop into a Powell-Lukas menace.

Donald Dillaway's work in "Body and Soul," with Charlie Farrell, resulted in a Fox contract. His next picture is "Over The Hill."

As we have said elsewhere in this issue of SCREENLAND, Leslie Howard hasn't been done right by so far in Hollywood. In Norma Shearer's "A Free Soul" he is somewhat submerged by the more brilliant rôles of Lionel Barrymore and Clark Gable, while to Broadway audiences who raved about "Berkley Square" it comes as something of a shock to see their Leslie in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." But sooner or later they are sure to cast the clever Mr. Howard in a properly poetic rôle, and then watch him. He is an Englishman, married and a devoted father, and writes clever satire in his spare time.

"Don't say Geoffrey Kerr. Say Jeffry Karr. Not that June Walker's charming husband is a stickler for pronunciation. He doesn't care so much what you fans call him just so you call him. He's a well known actor from Broadway with an impressive English stage background, and his father is that delightful old actor, Frederick Kerr, whom you liked in Ronald Colman's "Devil to Pay."

Another stage recruit is Hardie Albright, who has made his mark in pictures with his performance in "Young Sinners." He is scheduled to play opposite Janet Gaynor. Albright hails from Pittsburgh and is a graduate of Carnegie Tech. He isn't married.

You liked Kent Douglass in "Paid," with Joan Crawford, "Daybreak" with Novarro, and "It's a Wise Child," with Marion Davies. He was born in 1907, in Los Angeles, and began acting as a boy in community theatres, performing in everything from classics to musical comedy. No wonder he's good! He's six feet tall and prefers character leads to straight. A lad of promise.

William Boyd—we refuse to designate him as William (Stage) Boyd, because the other Pathé Boyd is known definitely now as Bill—is hardly a newcomer. He's a veteran from Broadway with years of experience. He likes to play bold, bad rôles. Paramount has him under contract and will present him next in "Murder by the Clock."

And then there's Donald Dillaway. Donald was born in New York City on March 17, 1905. He went to Cornell University and the University of Buffalo but he did not graduate from either university. Donald studied law but quit to go on the stage. His first talking picture rôle was in "Min and Bill" his next is "Over the Hill." He is six feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes and is a bachelor!

Another comer is Ray Milland who was born in Drogheda, Ireland, and who played in "Bachelor Father" and "Strangers May Kiss." His first stage experience was in London which accounts for his grand British accent.

Probably the most colorful new man on the screen is Metaxa—first name Georges, but call him Metaxa—programs do. He plays with Claudette Colbert in "Secrets of a Secretary" and if you like him he'll be shoved into more and more important rôles. Metaxa's father was a judge in Bucharest. His grandfather was General Metaxa of the Russian army, and his antecedents were of Greek origin, having migrated from that land through Russia and into Roumania. Plenty of picturesque background, you see, to say nothing of a grand voice and genuine acting talent. He is married, and has a seven-year old daughter, Yvonne. And admits it. You like Metaxa—yes, no?

Ray Milland has a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Remember him in "Bachelor Father?"

The Stage in Review—*Continued from page 65*

them. While they are demanding of one another who's who and what's what, the delightful frail, our little *Eleanor,* kisses them a collective good-bye and goes to Boston to see *Aunt Hattie.*

It's by Philip Gerton and moved my larynx to intermittent ha-has! Here's a mighty fine little picture for some sophisticated director, made for intelligent City Folks.

"Rhapsody in Black"

The best negro revue I have ever seen blew into Broadway. It is Lew Leslie's "Rhapsody in Black." The art-effects of "The Green Pastures" are plainly visible. "Rhapsody in Black" is actually, in parts, serious. It is a forerunner, I hope, of the collapse of the cheap Harlem vulgarity and imitation-white claptrap that have heretofore passed for black entertainments.

No cheap humorists. No scenery of any consequence. But solid eye-tickling and stirring entertainment from the appearance of the Only Ethel Waters in "Harlem Interlude" until Cecil Mack's chorus concludes with a stunning rendition of the *St. Louis Blues.*

The Cecil Mack chorus with the songs of Ethel Waters are alone worth the price of admission. Then there are Valaida, Blue McAllister, the Berry Brothers and Al Moore—all gold medallists.

I hand Lew Leslie this year's Nobel Prize out of my own pocket. And the audience howled itself black-in-the-face the night I was there. We all went Afric.

"Devil in the Mind"

Leonid Andreyev has in "The Devil in the Mind" builded a play on the Raskolnikoff theme of Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment." A doctor, a "superman," believes he can murder as a psychological experiment by feigning insanity. After he murders he really goes insane because the widow of the murdered man, whom he loves, does not believe he is sane.

This rank Russian dish by an incompetent playwright was made memorable by those who saw it by the epical acting of Leo Bulgakov. Seldom have I seen such a marvellous portrayal—of a man whom everybody believes to be insane trying to convince himself and the world that he is sane, a "superman." His acting is literally terrific. The lovely Barbara Bulgakova was superb as the woman he was in love with.

Screen News—*Continued from page 91*

Irene Dunne, of "Cimarron" fame, also has a pet idea, which she brings with her from the stage. She never "fancies up" her dressing-room. Says it means a short stay!

A while ago that affair between Constance Bennett and the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray, former spouse of Gloria Swanson, seemed to be worth a couple of aces. Recently it dropped to Jacks, and now I wouldn't call it worth even a couple of ten spots.

Notice the scintillation that has crept into Kay Francis' work since Kenneth McKenna slipped that wedding ring on her finger? Yes, those two are still honeymooning, and happy.

Theodore Dreiser, with all his international fame, could not prevent his "American Tragedy" being changed to suit movie tastes—although they paid him $95,000 for the story as it is. But Dreiser threatens unpleasant reprisals. He maintains that the author has a lifetime equity in his brain children, whether they have been sold or not, and that no producer has any moral or legal right to make changes and thus jeopardize an author's reputation. So we may have a very fancy law-suit in the news presently, in which every writer everywhere will be vitally interested.

This gossip writer, in the long ago, sold a scenario for $1,000. When the picture finally appeared, there was not one single item of the original story left. Never could understand what they paid the $1,000 for!

An unpleasant little boy, Horace Wade, once known as the 11-year-old boy author, but now 22 years of age, has written a particularly messy book about Hollywood. The lad let go all his repressions. He's a cocky youngster and quite insufferable in conversation—told me to write a review of his book in much the same manner in which one gives an order to a bellboy. We still prefer our small boys with nice minds and good manners.

Motion picture celebrities are planning other methods of keeping the wolf from the door—knowing how uncertain is the life of fame in their treacherous business. So we find Cecil B. De Mille running a bank, Belle Bennett a roadside restaurant, Lois Wilson with a major share in a laundry, Jean Hersholt an art shop, Jetta Goudal an interior decorating business, Hoot Gibson a ranch rodeo, James Hall a hot-dog stand, Ethel Clayton a beauty shop, Fritzi Ridgeway a hotel at Palm Springs, Noah Beery a trout ranch, Corinne Griffith a drive-in market, Bill Haines an antique shop, Lina Basquette a gown shop, Raymond Griffith a market, Hugh Trevor retaining his insurance business, Kathleen Clifford a florist shop, Vera Gordon an antique shop, Chic Sale writing advertisements, Esther Ralston a beauty shop, Charles Bickford a gas station—and every one knows Charlie Chaplin has an interest in Henry's restaurant.

Just as well to be on the safe side against that day when the studios no longer open gates at their bidding.

There's a gang that calls itself the "Horrible Hemingways," youngsters organized for purely social purpose. One of their dinner-dances at the Town House proved most hilarious, with Fifi Dorsay singing "Oh, but I could eet you" with enormous verve. Fifi is one of the good-natured dears who will occasionally accept invitations from non-professionals and win their everlasting gratitude.

The Four Marx Brothers are duly settled in their California homes. Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx at Beverly Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Groucho Marx at Hollywoodlands, Mr. and Mrs. Chico in Hollywood, and Harpo, the bachelor, in an apartment.

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The SERVANT PROBLEM *in* HOLLYWOOD

WOULD you like to know how the stars keep their cooks and their butlers and their maids—and what those same cooks, butlers and maids think of the stars?

The August Silver Screen tells you. And that's on sale on all newsstands July tenth. The price is ten cents.

Lois Moran opened up her Beverly Hills home again after her New York engagement in "This is New York," after she had persuaded her tenants to find other quarters. Lois has a huge room devoted to dancing, with a big piano in the corner. Here she keeps in trim with all sorts of terpsichorean gymnastics and is also teaching her small niece to grow up and be a svelte modern athletic girl.

Although Ina Claire's contract says she need not appear on the set before 9 a. m. and may leave at 5 p. m., she has been at the studio at 7.30 a. m. every morning since the filming of "Rebound" and cheerfully works as long as the director wishes. It never does one any good to stand on the letter of a contract in small matters in Hollywood.

Because Winnie Lightner is making a circus picture, she had the jolliest excuse to attend the visiting circus in Los Angeles twice last week.

"Yes, and I saw plenty of other movie people there too," grins Winnie, "with no excuse whatever, John Barrymore, for instance."

Leslie Howard's little daughter visited the set of "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and was shocked to see daddy put his arm around Conchita Montenegro—sulked with him for hours afterwards. Leslie has been explaining ever since.

William de Mille says authors of stories for the screen should be billed above directors! William, by the way, in spite of his talents and his long influence in the game, hasn't worked since before the end of 1930. Oh, the tribulations of Hollywood!

A near Hollywood heartbreak is the case of Wyndham Standing, who hadn't worked for lo, these many moons. Then he gets a corking good rôle with Pauline Frederick in "Elizabeth the Queen" in the stage version, also to be done on the screen—and the poor chap falls sick right after the play opens. However, he's been promised his part back directly he's out of the hospital.

Whether or not Esther Ralston will stage a permanent come-back remains to be seen, but in the meantime she has opened a smart beauty salon and so will cash in on her name in that way.

Which reminds us, Billy Sunday, of all people in the world, also has opened a beauty shop in Hollywood. But, the erstwhile evangelist is mainly promoting what he calls "Cream of Sheba" so you are to remember that the Queen of Sheba was a dusky Ethiopian queen who fascinated King Solomon, a great colored siren in her day. Hence this cream is to bleach dark skin white, and will be mainly advertised in all the colored newspapers!

William Wallace Reid, Jr., and his little sister Betty had a mournful experience recently, when, while at a picture show, an old film of their famous father's was run as a filler on the program. It had not been advertised, so the shock was a completely sad surprise. They knew so little of that daddy—and now they see him as a totally different person belonging to someone else altogether in these pictures. A little difficult for these children of dead stars.

Constance Bennett and sister Joan have taken houses next door to each other, so that Connie's adopted boy and Joan's small girl will have each other for playmates. The houses are on Malibu Beach, and they've been rehearsing for Joan's next picture right down there at the beach

Ona Munson as she appears in "Five Star Final," as a girl reporter. We've never seen a newspaper woman who looked like this, but then that's just our hard luck.

cottage. They stop for swims in between.

Ray Long and Peter B. Kyne tell a sweet little story about Mack Sennett's mother—down at Aqua Caliente and a bit lonesome, while Mack was dancing. So she went over to the writers' table and said, "You are the most interesting looking people in the room—may I sit down and join your party?"

They found her a most delightful lady and kept her talking all the rest of the evening.

It's jolly to be sixty—no "nice" young beauty could have got away with that.

Lillian Roth meant to elope with William C. Scott of Pittsburgh by airplane in the good old romantic manner, but it went and rained, so they took the unromantic old train instead. They had a home wedding and a pastor and everything in Atlanta, Ga.

Chanel, the Paris dressmaker who refused to become the Duchess of Westminster, with the remark that "There have been several Duchesses of Westminster but only one Chanel," has a rival in Hollywood these days—Countess Valentine de Tukino, here for Paramount. The latter has proved that a title really isn't a serious handicap in business.

Dick Arlen gets a new contract with a nice advance in salary. Dick and his Jobyna have a delightful home at Toluca Lake, across the road from Charlie Farrell, and did most of the work themselves. Caught them one day laying bricks in the patio and cementing them down. One corner was very crooked, but they became experts as they went along and the last half is quite professional.

"Cimarron" certainly did sumptuous things for Edna May Oliver. Now RKO intends starring her in a story by young Anthony Veiller, son of Bayard, right after she finishes with Marie Dressler in "The Queen of Hollywood."

Oh, these are great days for the older girls—the baby-blue-eyed cuties of the silent days have an awful job to hold their own. No wonder the Wampas, made up of all the Hollywood press-agents, no longer select 13 baby-stars each year as of old.

Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby, of the New York banking world, had a marvelous time in Hollywood, as introduced to the inner circle by Gloria Swanson. Later they, in turn, were the hosts, with Gloria okaying the list of guests. We may therefore gauge that Gloria likes Mr. E. L. Doheny, Jr., (oil); the Bobby Joneses (golf); Gene Markey (most recently approved Swanson escort); the Walter Moroscos (Corrinne Griffith); Eileen Percy and Aileen Pringle, (film actresses), and the brother of her late Marquis, Count de la Falaise and his lovely countess.

Lawrence Tibbett doesn't get vacations—stage all winter, pictures all summer. Lucky Larry, though—the studio has given him several plays to choose from—one of the few stars who really can select his own rôles.

There was a whole week during which Constance Bennett went out with other escorts than the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray and all Hollywood made a note. Of course, it may have been because the Marquis was entertaining his brother and sister-in-law—but we couldn't understand why Constance did not get in on that, too. Anyway, Joel MacCrea looked happy.

Little Bessie Love was as thrilled as a girl going to her first party, when she appeared in her very first stage play, "Whispering Friends," and delighted to discover that club and society women formed enthusiastic matinée audiences, going round behind after to present her with bouquets and compliments.

It also put an end to the rumor that Bessie was retiring in expectation of an interesting family event.

"I know how that rumor started," she says. "I got a dreadfully sore throat and had to have a nurse on the set to help me out at the studio. And a nurse can only mean one thing out there, when one has been married about a year. But I fooled them that time!"

Dorothy Lee, the hilarious little hoyden of the screen, is so fleet-footed that she can challenge almost anyone to a race and lick them—outside of Charlie Paddock. She can also vault with poles, climb trees, do high jumps of a very modern young collegiate. She goes bare-legged off the set, sporting those socks, even in what California calls cold weather.

Charlie Farrell and his bride, Virginia Valli, returned from their European honeymoon in high spirits, on the same boat as their Highnesses of Japan.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., will publish a book of poems shortly. If Joan can continue happy with both a poet and an actor, it will almost form a record in matrimonial success. Joan assures us that Doug's poems are not at all "mushy!"

Every so often we are reminded that there is a morality clause in motion picture contracts. During the hearing of Cliff Edwards' divorce suit, it transpired that Edwards had signed a property settlement with his wife "On condition she did nothing to affect the morality clause" in his, Edwards' picture contract!

Casts of Current Films—*Continued from page 93*

"YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID." *Radio.* From the novel, "Big Brother," by Rex Beach. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Jim Donovan*, Richard Dix; *Midge Murray*, Jackie Cooper; *Kitty Costello*, Marion Shilling; *Father Dan*, Frank Sheridan; *Cokey Joe*, Boris Karloff; *Burke*, Dick Rush.*

"UP POPS THE DEVIL." *Paramount.* From the play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Biney Hatfield*, Skeets Gallagher; *Stranger*, Stuart Erwin; *Anne Merrick*, Carole Lombard; *Polly Griscom*, Lilyan Tashman; *Steve Merrick*, Norman Foster; *Luella May Carroll*, Joyce Compton; *Gilbert Morrell*, Theodore von Eltz; *George Kent*, Edward J. Nugent; *Mrs. Kent*, Eulalie Jensen.*

"YOUNG SINNERS." *Fox.* From the stage play by Elmer Harris. Adapted by William Conselman. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Tom McGuire*, Thomas Meighan; *Gene Gibson*, Hardie Albright; *Constance Sinclair*, Dorothy Jordan; *Mrs. Sinclair*, Cecilia Loftus; *John Gibson*, James Kirkwood; *Trent*, Edmund Breese; *Baron Von Konitz*, Lucien Prival; *Butler*, Arnold Lucy.*

"VIRTUOUS HUSBAND." *Universal.* Based on the play, "Apron Strings," by Dorrance Davis. Adapted by Dale Van Every and C. Jerome Horwin. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Daniel Curtis*, Elliot Nugent; *Barbara Olwell*, Jean Arthur; *Inez Wakefield*, Betty Compson; *Mr. Olwell*, J. C. Nugent; *Mrs. Olwell*, Allison Skipworth; *Ezra Hunniwell*, Tully Marshall; *Peters*, Eat 'n' Sleep; *Hester*, Eva McKenzie.

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You readers discovered Clark Gable and asked for a story about him. Here you are!

Clark Gable isn't a handsome leading man with curly hair and chiseled features—if he were you probably wouldn't remember him! "Horseflesh" is his next picture.

CLARK GABLE'S face is undoubtedly his greatest asset. No, this newest recruit from the New York stage isn't a handsome young leading man, with curly hair and chiseled features.

If he were, you probably wouldn't remember him, because leading men do have a way of looking disconcertingly alike.

Gable, on the contrary, has been the recipient of this sort of comment, from the days of his stage triumph in "The Last Mile," through the first of his talkies: "What a thrillingly homely face!"

"Homely" is a little rough on Gable. He isn't really that. But he isn't "beautiful," to be exact. No sculptor would ever pick his as the handsomest face in all the world. He hasn't that kind of profile.

Gable's face is as strong and irregular as the side of a granite cliff. Its very lack of regularity makes it respond quickly to emotional stimuli. His work in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Secret Six," and Norma Shearer's "A Free Soul," his first picture assignments, have "pegged" him with theatre-goers as a young actor well worth watching.

Gable has exceptionally vivid gray eyes. They can sparkle with laughter in a characterization like that of the reporter in "The Secret Six"—(helped decidedly by the suggestion of a dimple which appears in these lighter moods)—or become filled with deadly menace, for the gambler in "A Free Soul."

Clark Gable's eyes are too deep-set for the traditional leading man type of good looks, and his nose is too short for the rest of his face. His mouth, too, is wide. But it is these very discrepancies from the normal, of course, that constitute the reason why this young man is being so much talked about.

Gable's sudden hit with the public has been compared by many to that achieved by Robert Montgomery. Although they are entirely different types, many folk see a parallel in the screen careers of these two young New York stage actors.

As Montgomery flashed out of the nowhere overnight in "So This is College," so did Gable "click" instantaneously in Joan Crawford's "Dance, Fools, Dance." As Montgomery's rise was augmented by his appearances in "The Divorcée" and "Strangers May Kiss," so has Gable forged steadily upwards with his work in "The Secret Six" and "A Free Soul."

The rôle of the young gambler in "A Free Soul" is considered to be a particularly fine test of his abilities for the part calls upon him to build sympathy for himself in the first half of the picture, and destroy it completely in the closing reels. How he does this by slight changes in voice and diction, but without altering his physical make-up in any way, has been denominated by "critics" as real acting.

In his first talkies Gable conclusively proved that the sensation he created on the stage in "The Last Mile" was no flash in the pan. Readers of contemporary stage reviews, of course, will recall the pæans of praise which broke out in New York when "The Last Mile" opened on Broadway. "Extraordinary" was one of the mildest adjectives used to describe the work of the young man who painted such a vivid, bitter picture of a killer in a death cell, and the last moments before his execution for the crime of murder. There was something in the personality of this compact lad with heavy shoulders and deep-set eyes, that caught on.

But there were some skeptics.

"He's a one play star," some said, "he will never be worth anything in any parts except those like the 'killer'."

Such critics were undoubtedly confounded when they saw the comedy touches of Clark Gable in "The Secret Six," and his verbal duel with John Mack Brown for the love of Jean Harlow.

But, of course, Clark Gable had the sort of dramatic training which would bring versatility.

He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, and had barely graduated from high school when the stage bug bit him, hard. He was just in his teens when he worked with a stock company in Steubenville, Ohio, and then went on the road with a ten, twenty, thirty cent melodrama company. He has played with Jane Cowl in "Romeo and Juliet" and as *Sergeant Quirt* in "What Price Glory." He was the reporter in "Chicago." He was the young son in "Madame X." He has played old men and young men, with beards and without.

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